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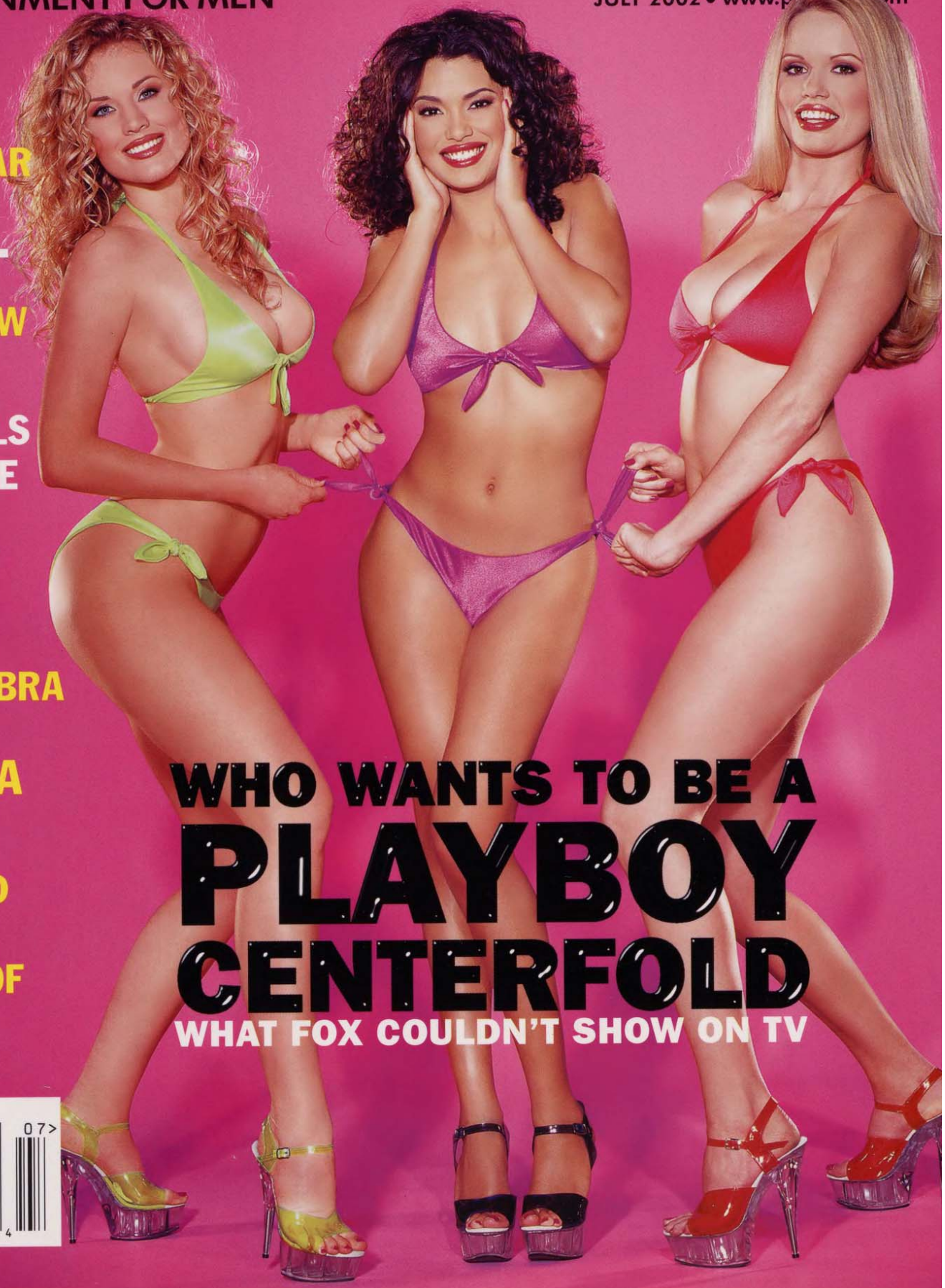

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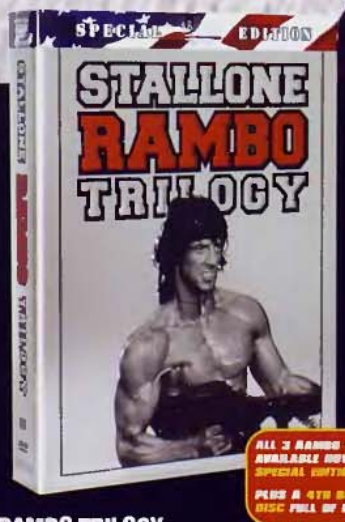
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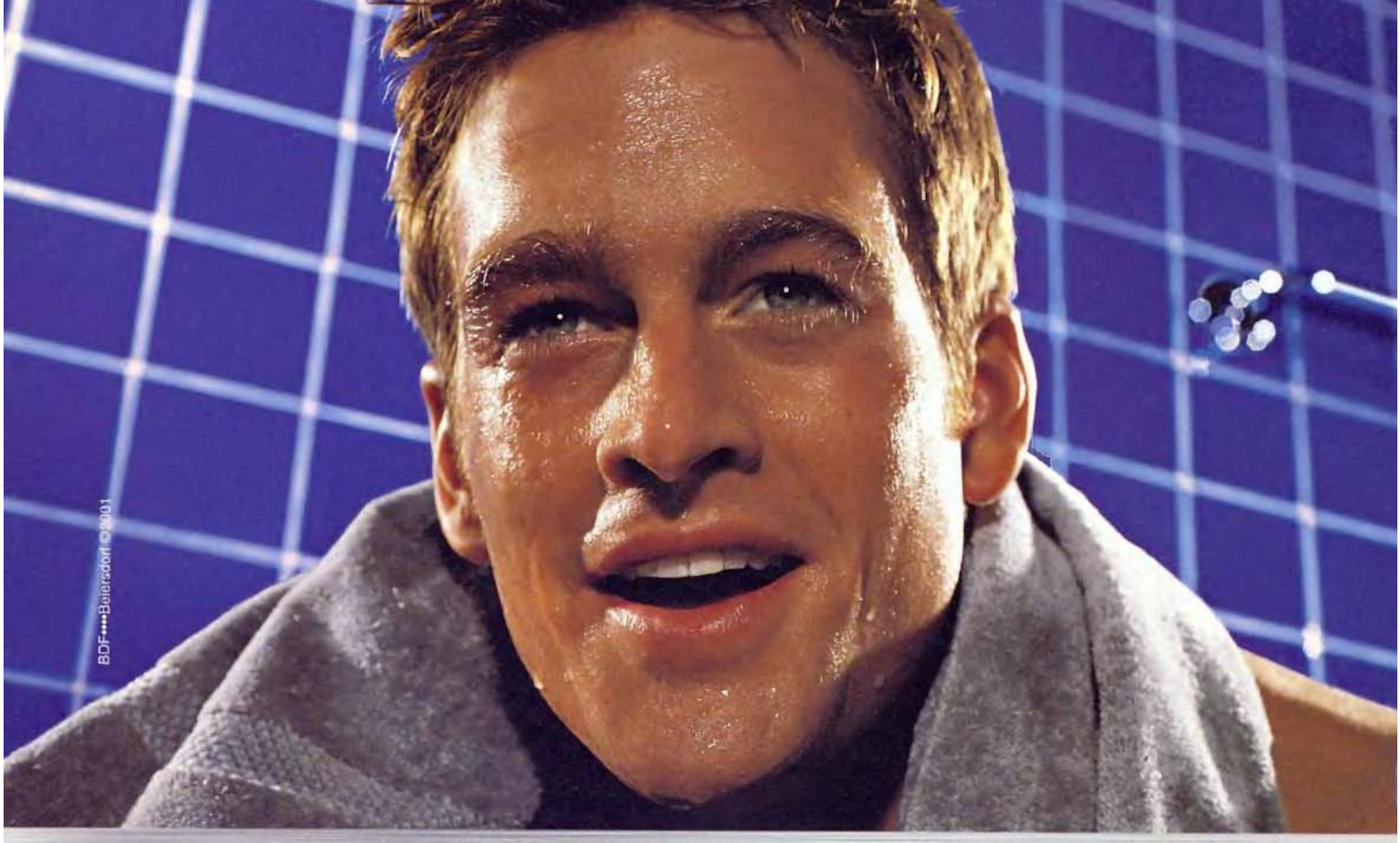

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Playbill

THIS MONTH, reality TV turns into fantasy. You know all about Fox TV's *The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*. The tribe spoke in ratings points, and while the proceedings got fiery, nobody walked away with anything worse than a tan. Now you're holding something hotter than a TV remote: the issue in which we unveil foxtress **Lauren Anderson** in all her unscrambled glory. Kneel, son: She's a prime-time queen and Playmate of the Month. To see how she got there—and who she edged out—turn to *The Making of Fox TV's Search for a Playboy Centerfold*. It was shot by **Arny Freytag** and **Mark Edward Harris.**

Limp Bizkit front man **Fred Durst** is a star of the first magnitude. He has set sales records, survived controversies (the Woodstock 1999 riots), discovered bands (Staind and Puddle of Mudd) and dated enough women to crash a Palm Pilot. For three years, Associate Editor **Alison Lundgren** has collected all-access passes and seen Durst handle it all. "For a guy with so much going on, he's actually a bit of a loner," says Lundgren. "He uses the idea that a few people hate him to fuel his desire." In an intense *Playboy Interview* by Lundgren and Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** the big Bizkit refuses to crumble and blasts Kurt Loder, Scott Stapp of Creed, Christina Aguilera and Trent Reznor. Get ready to duck. To help you chill, we've thrown in a mellow bonus track: a *20 Questions* with **Chris Isaak** by **Robert Crane.** Now in its second season, *The Chris Isaak Show* is a precursor to *The Osbournes*: an intimate peek into the mind of a music star.

If you're a patriot who thinks the FBI should be looking for terrorists, not potheads, don't read *Put These Guys in Rehab* by **Geoffrey Norman.** Don't read it if you're a taxpayer who shrinks at the thought of supporting an ouroboros that saps billions of dollars per year from the economy. Because, as Norman decisively argues, since 1971 the government has failed in stemming drug use and instead created a mammoth bureaucracy interested solely in its own existence. It's time to declare war on the war on drugs.

Lennox Lewis versus Mike Tyson. Oscar De La Hoya versus Fernando Vargas Jr. Tonya Harding versus Paula Jones. With an average of three shows on TV per week, boxing is bigger than ever. It's also constantly—and justifiably—under attack. If you're worrying about your favorite guilty pleasure, turn to *Bloody Good Show* by **Kevin Cook.** Cook has the straight dope from the best analysts and trainers, and it will make you a better fan. Fans of Hong Kong cinema know the genre revitalized the American action movie, and no one was more responsible than director **John Woo.** All of those stylized, balletic fight sequences that have cropped up in recent years are an homage to him—in other words, everybody is ripping him off. Woo cashed in by coming to Hollywood and making *Mission: Impossible II*. Now he has decided to stretch his repertoire with the new World War II drama *Windtalkers* (starring Nicolas Cage). Get the inside story in *Disaster Artist* by **Michael Fleming.** The illustration is by **Scott Laumann.** From chop-sockey to tonsil hockey: You may think you know what to expect from *Nice Girls Do* by **Amanda Green,** but trust us, you don't. Green, who is nothing if not forthright, recently conducted a brief poll and realized that her best, kinkiest stories came from her friends who look and act like librarians. We're talking spastic colons, back-door betties and salacious soccer moms. Then we put a little gravy on the subject with our short story, *Sauce*, by **Steve Almond.** (**Olaf Hajek** did the artwork.) It's about a pizza man who eavesdrops on a conversation that's delightfully gooey. Like this whole issue, it's a delicious slice of life.

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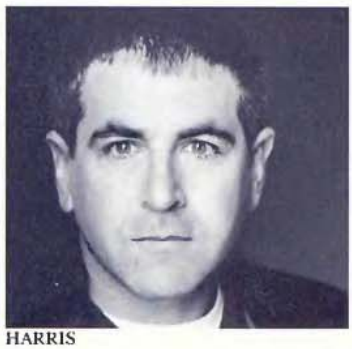
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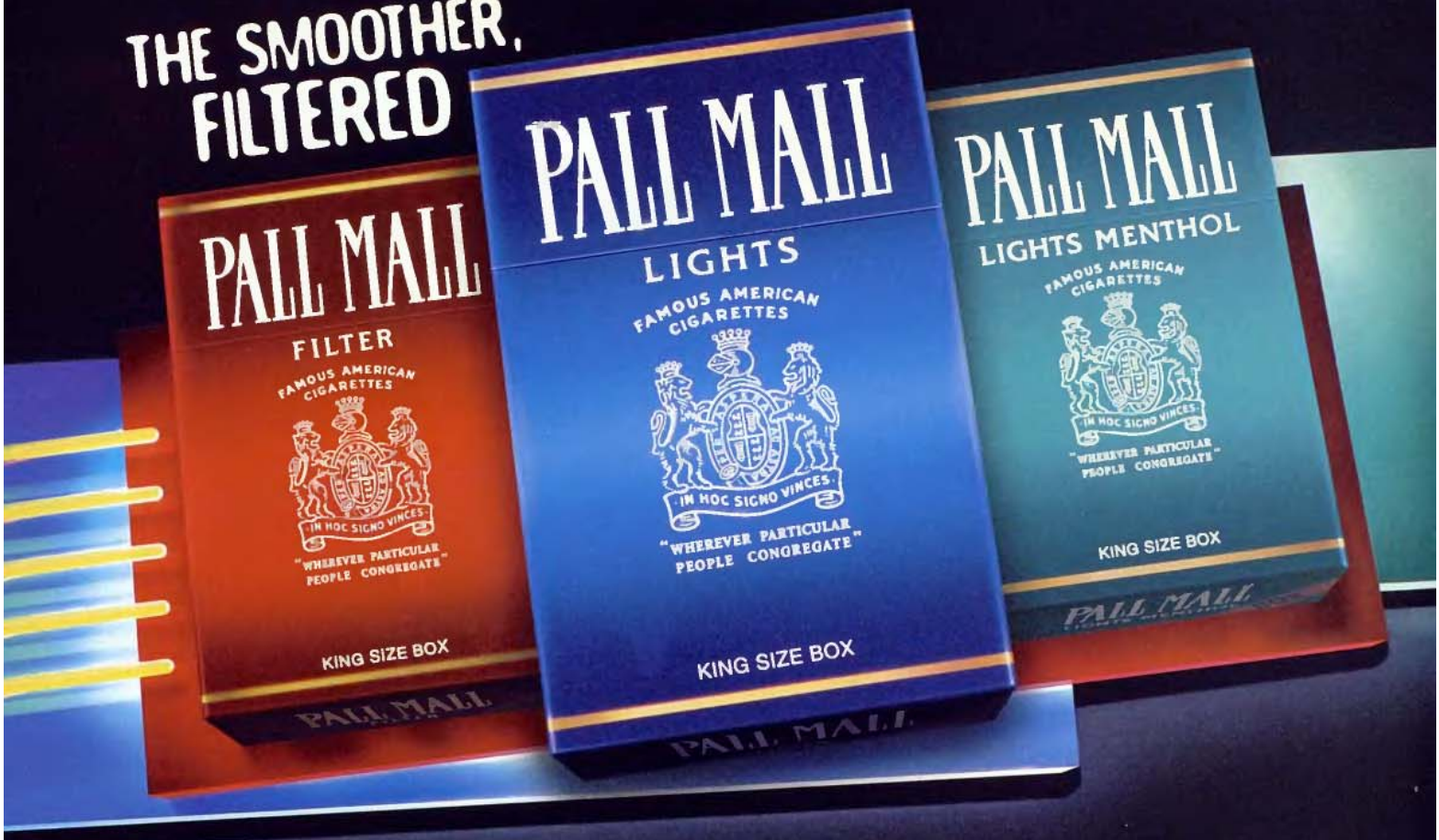

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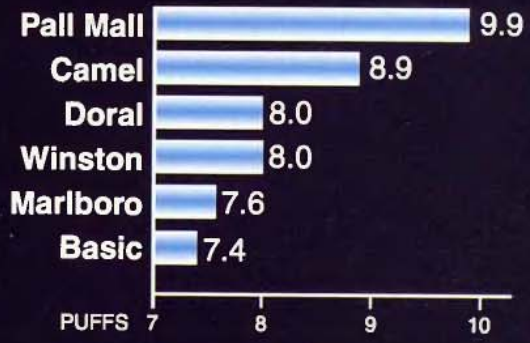

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BY ALISON LUNDGREN AND DAVID SHEFF

cover story

Reality TV has brought us *Survivor*, *The Bachelor* and *The Osbournes*. For a healthy dose of the naked truth, don't miss *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*. Join finalists Shallan Meiers, Christina Santiago and Lauren Andersan (left to right) on a casting call that makes the Osbournes look like Ozzie and Harriet. Our Rabbit ties one on.

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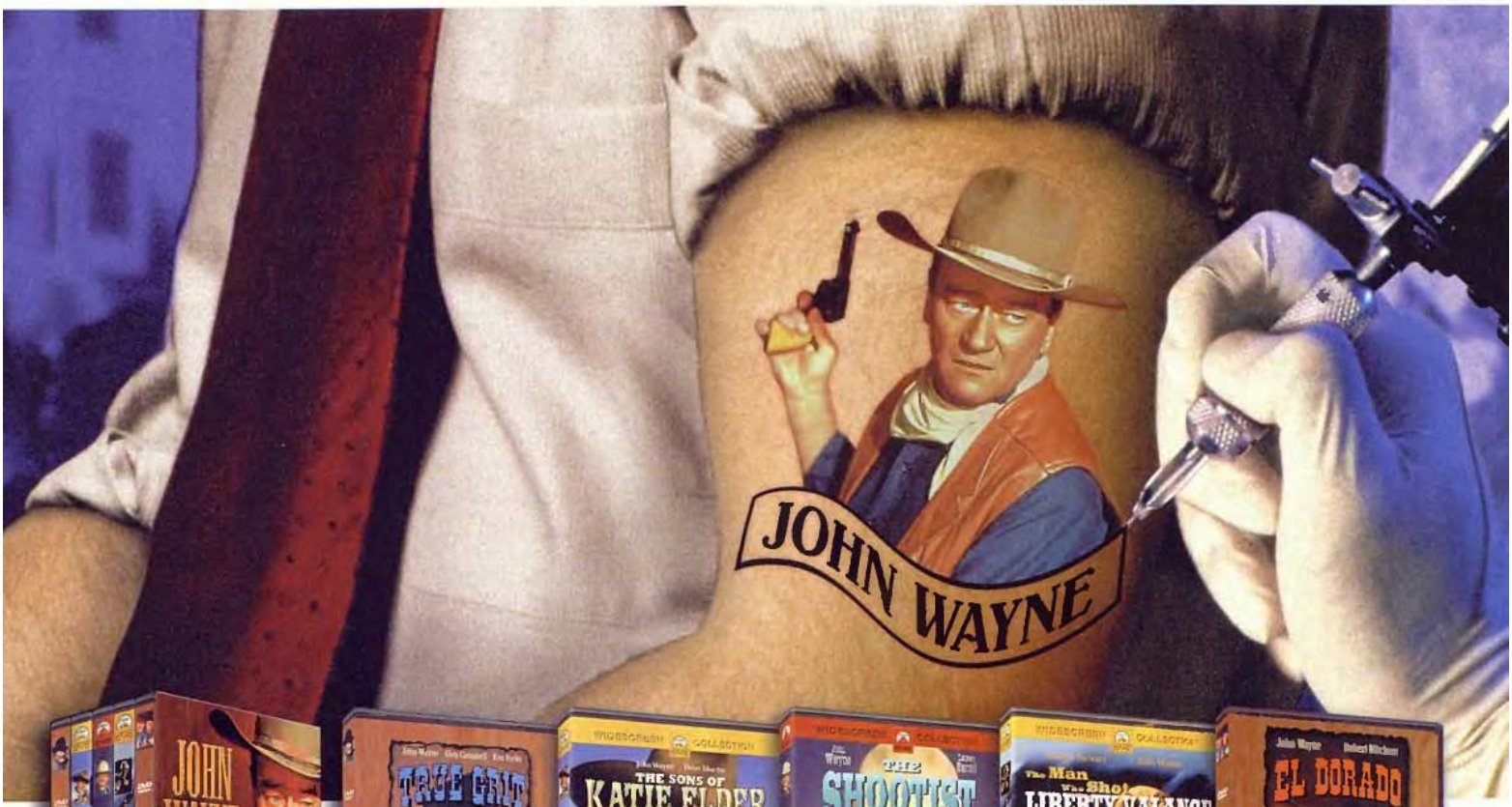

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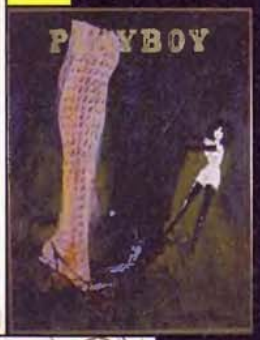

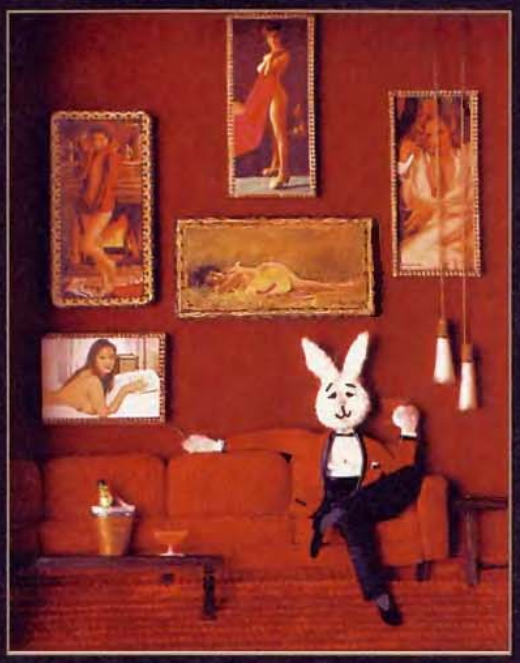

original cover artwork from the January 1963 issue

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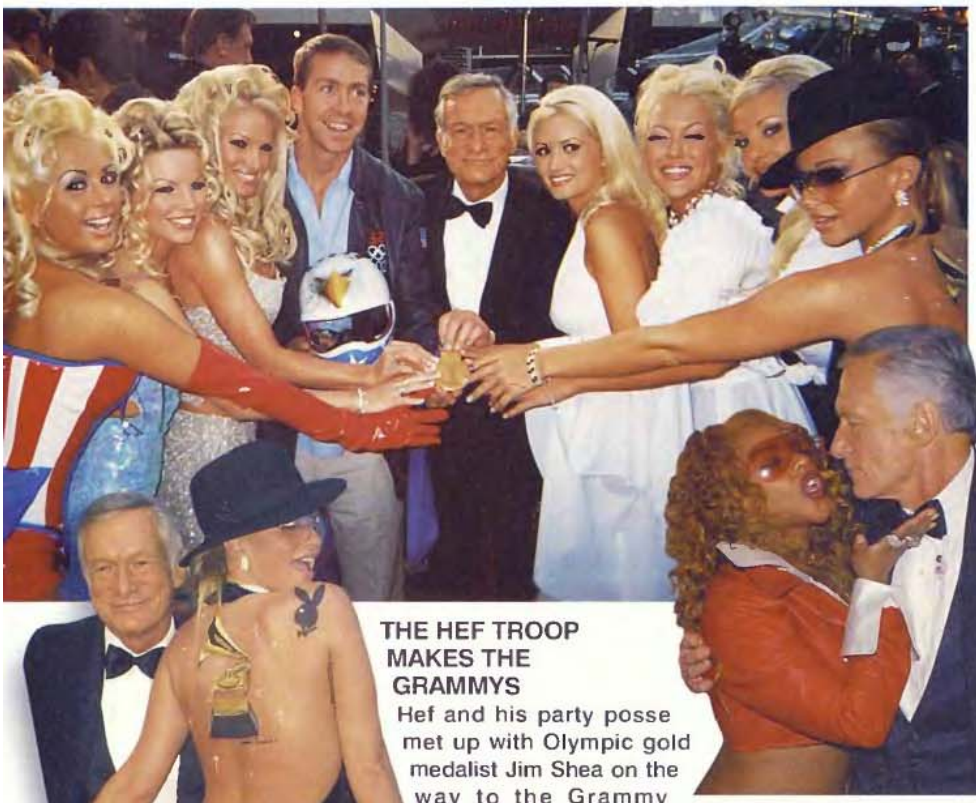

THE HEF TROOP MAKES THE GRAMMYS

Hef and his party posse met up with Olympic gold medalist Jim Shea on the way to the Grammy Awards, but it was Zoe Gregory-Paul's body art that turned heads on the red carpet. Hef gave Lil' Kim a smooch for her *Moulin Rouge* award at the afterparty.

TONGUE-TIED

Fooling around between takes for the cover of the premiere issue of Gene Simmons' new magazine, *Tongue*, Hef, Tina Jordan and Buffy Tyler kept theirs in their cheeks.

MUSICARES MEDLEY

Musicians in crisis can turn to the Grammy Foundation's MusiCares for help. This year's charity event honored Billy Joel, and among the guests who greeted Hef, Tina Jordan and the girls were Evander Holyfield and Dr. Ruth. Tony Bennett and Hef played paparazzi, photographing each other.

MOVIE NIGHT WITH MCLAUGHLIN

Hef welcomed journalist John McLaughlin and his wife, Christina, to a movie night at the Mansion. This year, McLaughlin celebrates the 20th anniversary of his PBS show, *The McLaughlin Group*.

PROMOTING THE PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

Veteran master of ceremonies Bill Cosby, headliner Herbie Hancock and Hef got together with George Wein to publicize the star-studded lineup for Playboy's two-day annual Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl in June.

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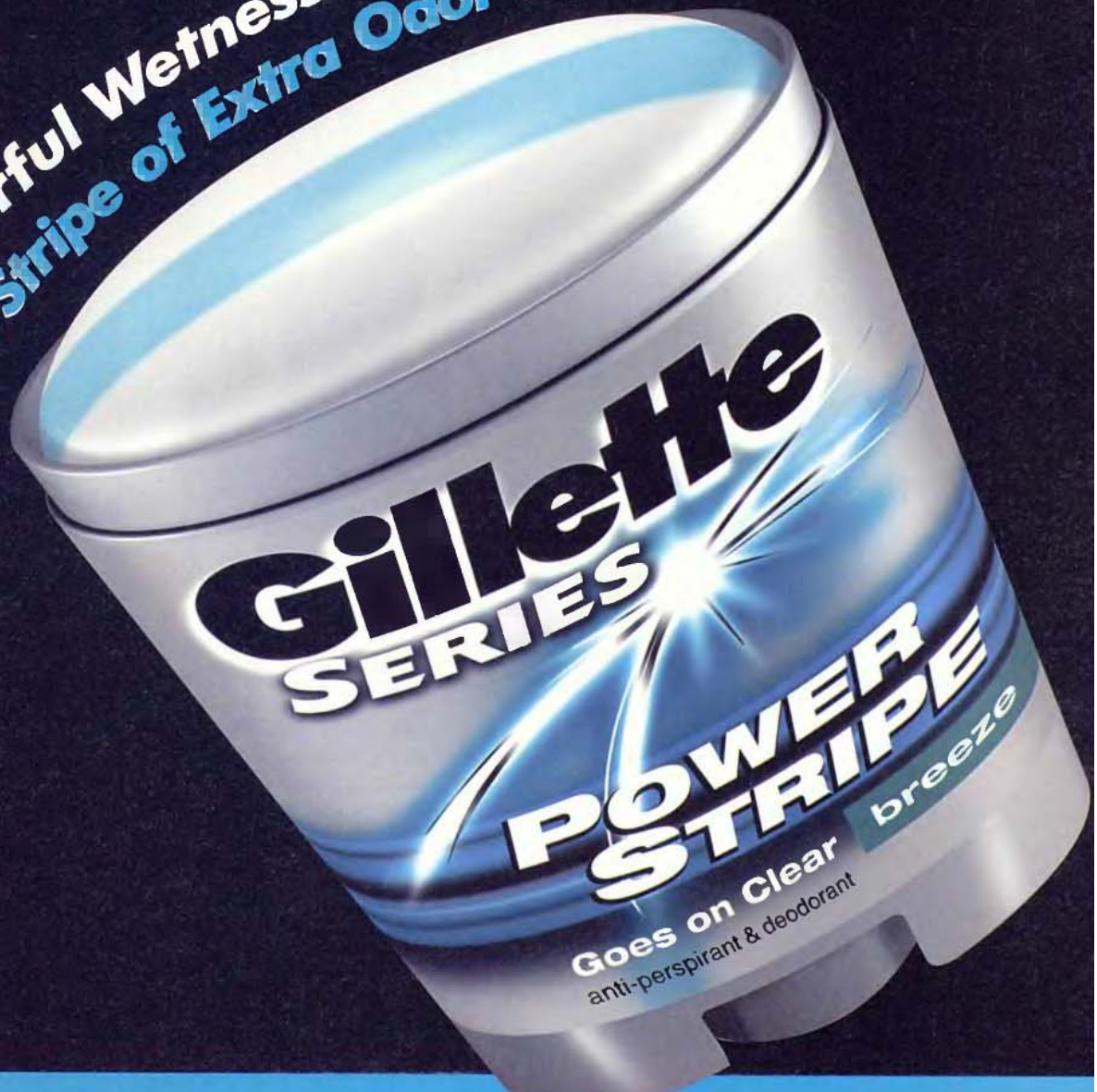

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Dear Playboy

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TEEN QUEEN

I had a big crush on Tiffany (April) in the late Eighties. Seeing her all grown up and sexy as ever has brought back fond memories.

Mike Vallier
Eugene, Oregon

Tiffany rocks.

Phil Brooks
Charleston, West Virginia

I have wanted to see Tiffany in a PLAYBOY pictorial ever since I was a kid. Now that it's finally happened, I don't really know what makes me happier—seeing her naked or being able to legally purchase the issue.

Brian Stanley
Los Angeles, California

Tiffany's back.

My jaw dropped when I saw Tiffany nude. I don't know how PLAYBOY does it, but if you can convince Britney Spears to do the same, I'll have a heart attack. What a sweet way to go.

Nick Angelacos
Chicago, Illinois

GENTLEMAN CHAMP

British heavyweight champ Lennox Lewis (*Playboy Interview*, April) looks like a certain mild-mannered reporter from the *Daily Planet*. Is there a big red S under his shirt? Nah, couldn't be. But Mike Tyson might be smart to stock up on kryptonite, just in case.

Evan Santos
Adelanto, California

IN THE PINK

I am a huge fan of Walter Mosley's Easy Rawlins series, and I was excited to find a short story of his (*Pinky*, April) in the magazine. Mosley found a way to talk about September 11 that is completely different, and the illustration is tremendous.

Mike Johnson
Las Vegas, Nevada

ROCK ON

I'd like to thank PLAYBOY readers for voting U2 into the Hall of Fame (*The Year in Music 2002*, April). The Dublin rockers have been the best band around for more than 20 years.

Bryan Burchfield
Fultondale, Alabama

I can't think of a more deserving winner for best rock artist than Stevie Nicks. It's nice to know my fellow readers have good taste.

Tara Showalter
Reading, Pennsylvania

I bought the latest Diana Krall CD because of her amazing gams on the cover. Now that she's won the PLAYBOY Jazz CD of the Year, I hope a pictorial is the next

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notable achievement in this lady's career. That would be great.

Douglas Davies
Kent, Washington

A MANTRA TO REMEMBER

As I was shuffling through boxes in search of decor for my new office, I came across one of Asa Baber's 1994 *Men* columns, "A Return to Our Senses," which I had framed. The message was that men should embrace their guilty pleasures

Think Pink.

and shelve their puritan perceptions, and the capsule quote was "I love to fuck, eat, drink and play. In that order. And often." Then, and now—eight years later—I live by that mantra. Baber can take pride in the fact that his columns continue to inspire readers.

Doug White
Dallas, Texas

RED HOT

I felt like Archimedes when I opened my April issue and saw Playmate Heather Carolin, a gorgeous all-natural woman with red hair, blue eyes and 30-inch hips. Eureka! She's the perfect woman.

Kip Smith
Mooresville, North Carolina

Heather's got the jack. With her fiery red hair, perfect body and beautiful blue eyes, she's mesmerizing. I don't have to see any more Playmates to know Miss April deserves to be PMOY.

Jack Quinn
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I've subscribed to PLAYBOY for years and have all my dad's issues from the Sixties to the late Eighties. In all those decades of amazing Centerfolds, none has come close to Miss April.

Denis Champagne
Cornwall, Ontario

I'm an unabashed lover of redheads, and Heather doesn't disappoint. What a treat to see three redheads appearing in one issue—Miss April, Tiffany and Heather Christensen from the spring break pictorial.

Brian Carkhuff
Bethany, Oklahoma

Thank you for selecting a true girl next door in Playmate Heather Carolin. She looks like a friend of a girl who lived in the apartment upstairs. You guys are spoiling me.

Drew Carson
San Diego, California

DADDY'S GIRL

I'd like to clarify that when I said my dad had a violent temper (*20 Questions*, April), I meant it in the yelly, uncontrollable-anger way and not in a physically abusive way. For the record, I have a great dad who loves his daughters more than the earth and sky, and he never hit us (although he spanked me twice). Thanks, dinks.

Sarah Silverman
New York, New York

P.S. Vagina.

Sarah Silverman is witty, girlish and simply adorable.

Solomon Greenberg
Sacramento, California

I'm a true-blue PLAYBOY customer—I subscribe to the magazine and playboy.com and I purchase Special Editions every month. I even wear the Donna Michelle camp shirt. As an Asian American, I'm disappointed in how your interviewer handled Sarah Silverman, who used the word chink on national TV. Silverman says NBC apologized, but did she apologize? If she had used the N word, she'd be blackballed and would never be featured in your magazine.

Norman Yamashiro
San Francisco, California

You guys got it backward—you should have had Tiffany do the *20Q* and shown us Sarah Silverman naked.

Robert Waller
Cartersville, Georgia

BEAM US UP

It was great to see Jolene Blalock in April's *Dressed to Kill* fashion pictorial. Most viewers of *Enterprise* don't know what T'Pol looks like without her brunette wig.

Bob Schroeder
Trenton, New Jersey

READ ALL ABOUT US

I'm new to PLAYBOY, but it didn't take me long to realize that subscribers really read the magazine for the articles. A quick reader, I can usually finish *Elle*, *Vogue* or *Shape* in less than an hour. But PLAYBOY takes me at least three hours to read. The articles are interesting, humorous and well written. I'm surprised and delighted to find a broad range of topics. Thanks for making my experience arousing and enlightening.

Andrea Kalish
New York, New York

When I turned 18, my mother bought me a PLAYBOY subscription. How many sons can boast that? I'm 40 now, and I've enjoyed viewing countless beautiful women on your pages.

Doug Stahl
Springfield, Oregon

WE AIM TO PLEASE

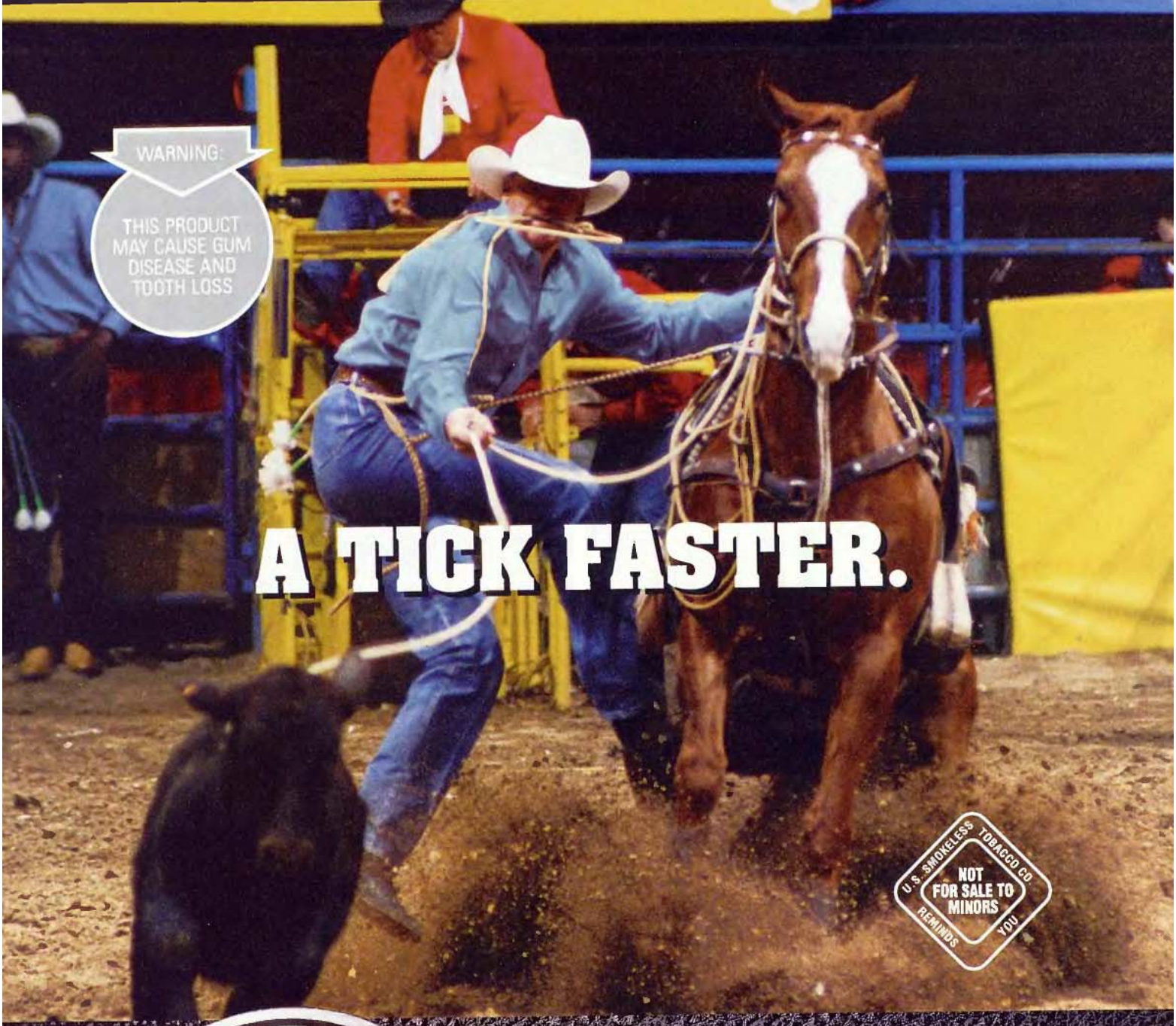
Thanks, PLAYBOY, for making one of my dreams come true. You published a photo of me in "Mosh Tits" (*After Hours*, March). I'm the guy in the Hard Rock Cafe shirt ogling the two beautiful women. As you might imagine, I'm ecstatic to be in your magazine.

Dan Loverde
Hampstead, New Hampshire

Fiery Heather.

I won a trip to the Mansion from Lifestyles condoms and PLAYBOY. I'd like to thank everyone who helped make this happen, and also give thanks to Playmates Jennifer Walcott and Lauren Hill for a fabulous tour of the Mansion.

Brandon Saliego
Tempe, Arizona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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

A BRIEF GUIDE TO SUMMER VACATION SEX

Avoid sand. The beach is sexy. Sand is not. Sand brings sex to a screeching halt, and wounds in places over-the-counter ointments can't soothe.

Travel with a woman. It's like living together, only more intense and much more expensive.

Stop and ask for directions. It will make your companion wildly affectionate to realize that you're not like the other lunkheads she's been stranded with in remote or dangerous places.

Keep a blanket in the trunk. Particularly if you're a guy who cannot stop and ask for directions on remote or dangerous back roads with dusk coming on. Note: Do not unfold on the beach.

Travel without a woman. Going solo abroad makes you more attractive than you are at home. But avoid local women in countries where men carry "purely decorative knives, for cultural reasons." Or women who insist on purely decorative fees, for cultural reasons.

When camping, never fall asleep while wearing a flavored condom. Bears.

In Europe, the farther north, the better the mattress. There's a Mediterranean assumption that any old bed is a vast improvement over a sandy beach.

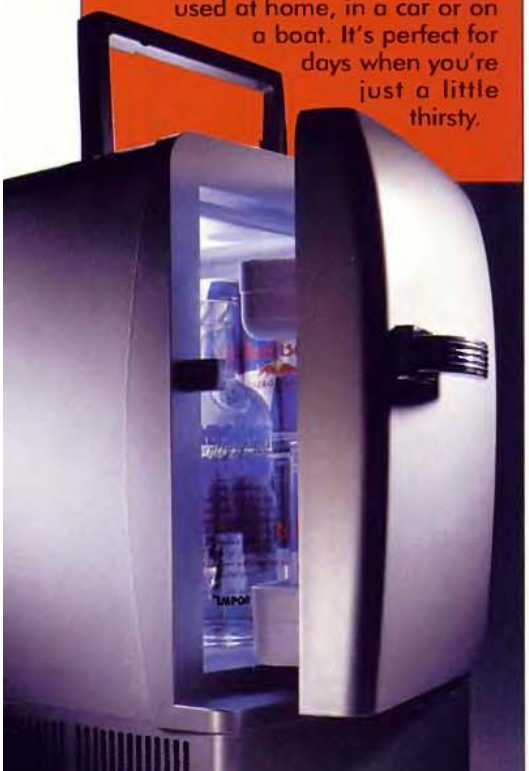
Don't take your girlfriend to the same hotel as your wife. You'd think this would be too obvious to mention. You'd be wrong.

Get your ass in shape. Ditto.

If you travel with your three best friends,

COLD COMFORT FORM

Of all the wonderful things to keep under your desk, the Classic Mini-cooler may be the quietest. About 18 inches tall, it's thermoelectric (it doubles as a warmer), holds two six-packs and can be used at home, in a car or on a boat. It's perfect for days when you're just a little thirsty.



WHEN HAIRY MET SALLY

The grass is greener when it hasn't been cut. Having enjoyed the craze among women of waxing the back nine, we're proud to honor hirsute Samantha. An advocate for the fur industry, she's everything a girl should be and a little more. Members of her site (modelwife.com) who love her arty nude portraits will be pleased she has met one of her goals: "to be the first hirsute in PLAYBOY." After all, as romantics we believe love should be warm and fuzzy.

you will enjoy more beer than you will women. Which can be fun. For a while.

Rent a convertible. As an aphrodisiac, it ranks below owning a yacht. It may also be less effective than a few immense rum drinks. But what the hell.

When you get home, don't brag. Don't say anything. If asked how it went, just give a small private grin and gaze wistfully into the distance.

PLEASE DON'T FEED THE STARS

One of the more irksome reads to come to our attention these days is *A Visitor's Guide to Celebrity Etiquette: How to Keep Hollywood a Fabulous Place for Celebrities.* Published by Universal Studios, it costs $10. Among the book's instructions to lookee-loos are the following admonitions: Never offer celebs your food in restaurants nor ask for theirs, and never follow them into rest rooms. As if Calista Flockhart is really going to finish those chili cheese fries, and it ruins George Michael's day if somebody joins him in the john.

A SALUTE TO HOSE

Red Kite Studios in Tampa gat our attentian by sending us four photographic recreatians of Gillette Elvgren's classic pin-up paintings—along with a pair af stockings. They were praduced by Pierre Dutertre. We found them smaath to the touch and—like sa many things—they made a lovely saund when rubbed together.

GERRYMANDERING LOUIS JADOT

The latest offering from Maison Louis Jadot is extremely dry and woody and, properly handled, has long legs. The puzzle is a color-coded map of Jadot's vineyards in Burgundy. Each piece of real estate is identified by wine praduced and level attained (grand cru, premier cru or village appellation) accarding to the *Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée*. It's a great way ta learn about the Côte d'Or regian and your cognitive abilities under the influence of the grape. The biggest challenge? Buying the thing: Cantact jadotpuzzle@kabrand.cam.

THE TOP SHOWS THAT GUYS REALLY WATCH

World's Scariest Police Chases
Late Night With Conan O'Brien
Celebrity Deathmatch
Junkyard Wars
Nascar
X-Games
Monday Night Football
BattleBots
The Daily Show
The Simpsons
60 Minutes
The Sopranos

THE TOP SHOWS THAT GUYS WATCH TO GET PUSSY

Friends
Ally McBeal
The Real World
The Osbournes
Buffy the Vampire Slayer
Frasier
Will and Grace
The Academy Awards
Survivor
Sex and the City

SEX PLATE

Florida's Department of Motor Vehicles is one of the touchiest in the nation when it comes to vanity plates. It keeps an admirably extensive, imaginative and paranoid list of outlawed plates. Which makes it all the more remarkable that it randomly issued the celebrated A55RGY, which—thanks to the S-like design of the 5 and the nice round orange in the center of Florida's license plates—reads ASSORGY. You can see for yourself and check out the image on thesmokinggun.com. Unfortunately, the plate is on a Lincoln and not an Explorer or Probe.

"I had breast enlargement to quiet that noise in my head and fill the gaping hole in my self-esteem." —Iman

GOATBOY BECOMES A MAN

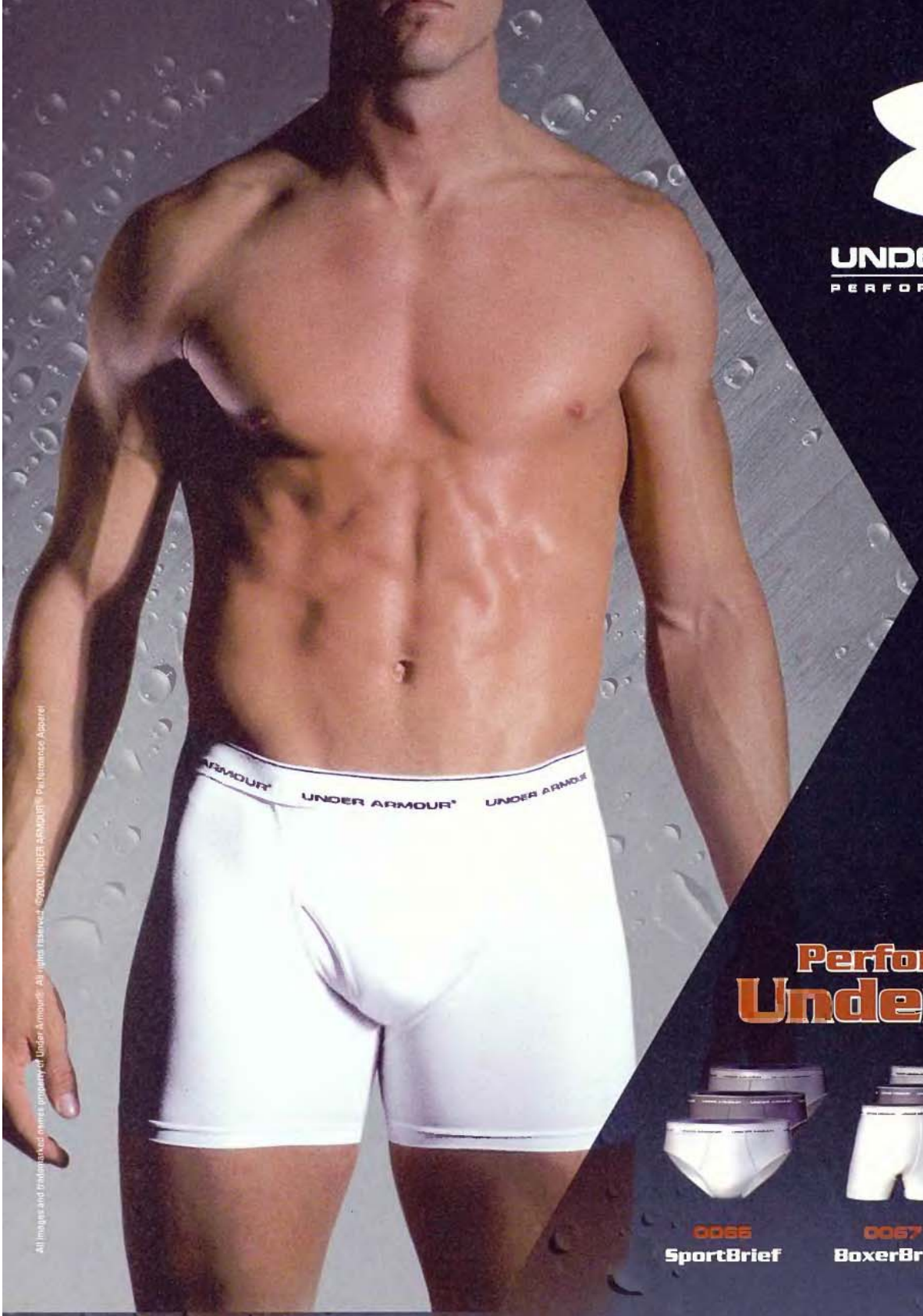
After making a name for himself as Goatboy on *Saturday Night Live*, Jim Breuer went on to co-star in the marijuana opus *Half-Baked*. He recently brought his manic stand-up act to TV via a Comedy Central special, *Jim Breuer: Hard Core*. It's a cool show, but don't expect him to talk about Judas Priest, meeting Joe Pesci and scoring weed like he does here.

You're a huge metal fan. How did it feel to find out that Rob Halford of Judas Priest is gay?

I kind of knew it. He would come out in full-blown leather with the bullwhip. Something was definitely up. But back when I was a teenager, I thought it was metal, man.

One of your best SNL characters was Joe Pesci as a violent talk-show host. Did you ever meet Joe?

He made a surprise appearance with Robert De Niro as a guest in the sketch.



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WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #35

Because I was sick of him: "He was such a bore. Our dinner was excellent but the conversation was lacking. Something about his adventures as a taxi driver in the Eighties did little to impress me. He was good-looking enough, but he didn't have forever good looks (you know, the kind of face you want to wake up next to every day, as opposed to good enough for one night). I knew he liked me. He was stuttering and blushing. I didn't have any plans that night, *Sex and the City* was a rerun. I knew the only way to get rid of him was to sleep with him, to end it once and for all. We had sex. He was surprisingly well endowed and muscular, but he fucked and thrusted like someone unthoughtful and uneducated. No brains, all brawn. What a bore. He kept saying, 'I can't believe I am having sex with you!' Funny—I was thinking the same thing."—M.F., Tampa, Florida

Pesci and I hung out a bit and he seemed like one of the guys I grew up with. First thing he said was, "So, are you going to thank me for giving you a career?" He busted my balls, and then he asked me if I wanted "to meet Bobby." De Niro looked at me and said, "You're very funny." I said, "Thank you." And he said, "No, thank *you*."

Any chance you'll sell your house in Jersey and go Hollywood?

Why would I do that? It's so goofy out there, the most overrated place on earth. I don't know how you move to Los Angeles and suddenly go from being a guy who dresses in jeans and plays pool to being somebody who wears a leather hat and has an entourage.

What do you do for fun?

Party with my friends, get stoned and think about aliens.

Does the pot get any better once you've been in a pot flick?

The access to the good weed gets easier. After *Half-Baked* came out, I went to Los Angeles to see a friend. He wasn't home but there were people watching his place. I didn't know them. They were getting baked and asked if I wanted to join them. So I did. Some guys were in another room, smoking and watching *Half-Baked*. I walked in and they got a little freaked out.

A lot of the SNL guys have parlayed sketch characters into feature film gigs. What are the chances of us seeing Goatboy: The Movie?

Not too good. I think he's funny for about three minutes.

"Everything about me is real. My moles. My boobs." —Jillian Barberie

BAD VIBRATIONS?

There could be bad news about plastic, specifically objects made with softened PVC plastic. You know, dildos. First Greenpeace went after children's toys, then a group called Health Care Without Harm targeted medical devices. Lately, there has been noise on the web about the perceived dangers of sex toys. The terror isn't about the plastic itself—it's about a chemical used to soften the rigid PVC pipe under your sink into the joy jelly under your girl's bed. Several government agencies have reviewed the safety of products containing phthalates, and have repeatedly found the items safe for all but extreme uses, such as frequent dialysis. According to Dr. Kenneth Green, chief scientist at the Reason Foundation, "the evidence says any concern over sex toys should involve cleanliness more than composition, and intentions more than ingredients." Still, manufacturers of silicone dildos are hyping the fact that their toys don't contain phthalates and are nonporous, making them easier to sterilize. They are also more expensive and less varied in shape and function, and are piss-poor at rooting out a grease trap.

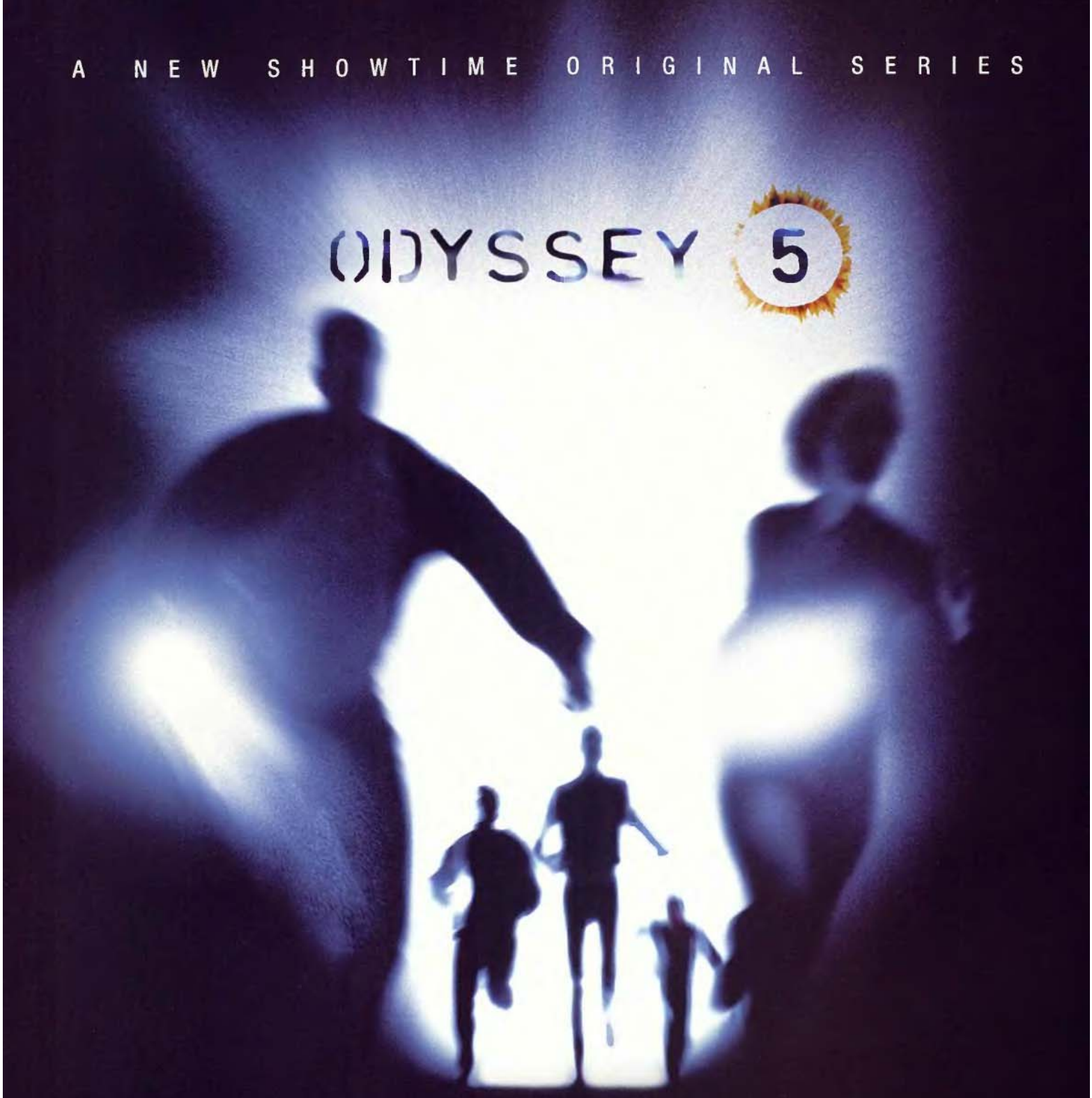
PHUT'S IN A NAME

It turns out that Whoopi Goldberg's memorable moniker is based not on her ebullience, but on her gastrointestinal emissions. Word has it that the lady farts like a steamfitter, and at this year's U.S. Comedy Festival she talked about how

DRINK OF THE MONTH

A one-time Harvard doctoral student in literature, Christopher Myers is now co-owner of the acclaimed Radius restaurant in downtown Boston. (Radius was called one of America's top 25 restaurants by *Gourmet*.) In an homage to one of his favorite writers, Vladimir Nabokov, Myers serves an ingenious signature cocktail. The nabokov was inspired by *Lolita*, one of the most perverse and controversial books in American history—a story of a man's affair with his gum-popping jailbait stepdaughter. The nabokov is a simple drink: Macallan 12-year-old scotch, served neat with a crushed bing cherry.

A NEW SHOWTIME ORIGINAL SERIES



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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Golf and sex are the only two things that you can be bad at and still have a good time."
—CHARLES BARKLEY

TRUTH OR DARE

The percentage of parents who say they check on their teens after letting them go online: 61. Percentage of those teens who say their parents check on them: 27.

BOWL GAME

Percentage of Americans who say they flush public toilets with their feet so they won't have to touch the handle: 40.

OFFICIAL PAPERWORK

During the fourth year of the enforcement of the Paperwork Reduction Act, percentage increase in federal government paperwork: 5.

SHEEPSKIN REVIEW

Of colleges with teams in postseason bowl games this year, the school with highest football-player graduation rate: Boston College (78 percent). School with lowest graduation rate: Brigham Young (21 percent). Of the 50 schools with teams in postseason games, the number with a graduation rate above 50 percent: 21.

CLIT LIT

According to *Skin Flutes and Velvet Gloves* (St. Martin's) by Dr. Terri Hamilton, average length of time it takes for vaginal lubrication following sexual stimulation: 15 seconds. Average increase in length of vagina during arousal: 2 inches. Number of contractions per second by the vagina during orgasm: 1. Average number of contractions during orgasm: 9. Average length of time it takes for the vagina to return to normal size: 15 minutes. Average increase in size of clitoris during arousal: 2 times. The average amount of time it takes the clitoris to return to normal size after orgasm: 15 seconds.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Barry Bonds is the only major league baseball player to be named MVP four times. Seven players have won three times (Yogi Berra, Roy Campanella, Joe DiMaggio, Jimmie Foxx, Mickey Mantle, Stan Musial and Mike Schmidt).

A MATTER OF DEGREE

Average wages earned with a bachelor's degree over 40 years: $1.9 million. Average wages earned without a high school diploma: $850,000. Difference in annual salary: $26,250.

TEXAS DEATH MATCH

Number of executions in the U.S. in the past two years: 151. Number of executions in Texas since 1996: 152. Number of inmates awaiting execution in Texas: 450.

BALLPARK FIGURES

According to baseball commissioner Bud Selig, number of major league teams that had operating profits last season: 9. Number of teams that lost money: 21. According to *Forbes*, number of franchises that were profitable last season: 20. Amount of losses Selig said the industry suffered during last season: $232 million. Amount of profits *Forbes* says the teams made last season: $75 million.

COLLEGE CREDITS

According to student lending agency Nellie Mae, percentage of undergraduate college students with credit cards: 65. Percentage with four or more credit cards: 20. Average undergraduate credit balance: $2225.

BEEF AND BREW

On average, number of six-packs of beer an American drank in 2000: 57. Number of six-packs drunk in 1970: 65. The amount of beef consumed per person in 2000: 66 pounds. Amount of beef consumed in 1970: 72 pounds.
—PAUL ENGLEMAN

she acquired the name Whoopi after a friend compared her to a whoopee cushion. Not the best image, perhaps, but better than such alternatives as Pooter, Assblaster and Jesuswhatdied.

THE TIP SHEET

O Sole Mio: A song so beloved by Chinese President Jiang Zemin that he spontaneously sang it, start to finish, at state dinners for George Bush, Luciano Pavarotti, the Philippine president and anyone else stuck next to him.

Bruce Lee: A Warrior's Journey: Premiering on the American Movie Channel, it's a documentary special that includes new footage from the movie he never lived to complete, *The Game of Death*. Poor choice of title, that.

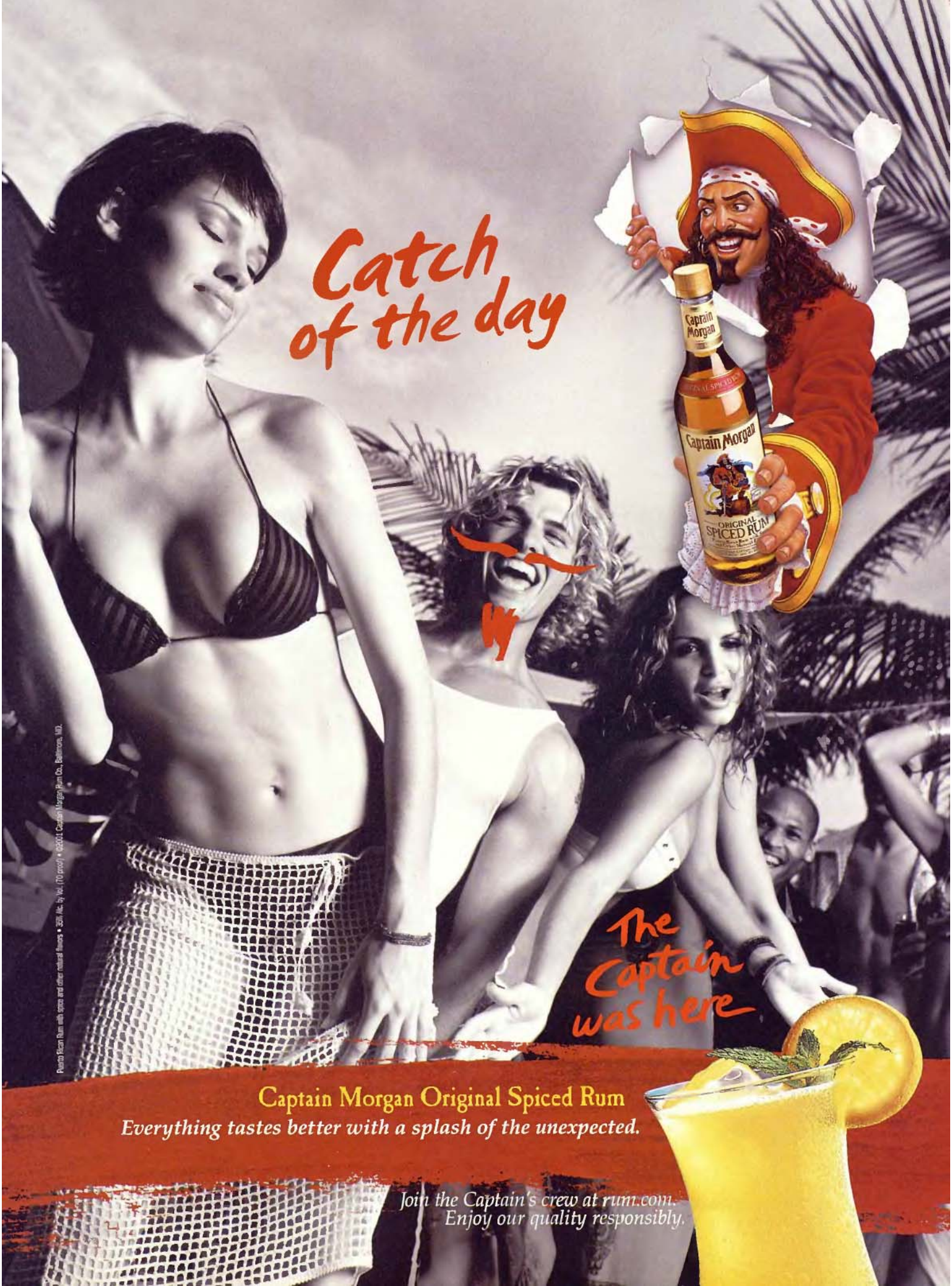
Braves new world: American Indian students at the University of Northern Colorado have adopted the nickname the Fighting Whities for their intramural basketball squad. Their uniform consists of shirts that say EVERY THANG'S GOING TO BE ALL WHITE.

Some Body: A sweet indie film starring a sweet newcomer named Stephanie Bennett. After breaking up with her boyfriend, her life spirals out of control—that's code for lots of promiscuous sex.

The Stadium Pal: Ever have a horrible need to pee while attending a game and yet can't leave the action? Neither have we, but if we did we would surely look into this tube-and-pouch

SAY AHA!

How you deal with your teeth is just as important as how a girl handles hers. Go Smile, a teeth-whitening product, is a 10 percent carbamide peroxide gel. It comes in ampules that you crush to activate and serves as an instant fix-up. The best part: It won't hurt a bit.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THE REAL BROAD BAND

It's called electroluminescent wire, el wire and flex wire, and it's seriously fun stuff. A copper wire surrounded by phosphor, the whole thing glows when charged by a nine-volt bottery. It will add spark to skimpy costumes and naughty home videos (you can find it at thatscoolwire.com). In fact, we're donating a whole roll to our local bochelor-porty dance troupe.

contraption that lets you take a nice squinty-eyed pee without leaving your seat.

Pot Planet: An informative, reasoned travelog of weed smoking around the world by Brian Preston (Grove Press). It's impressive—if only for the fact that he remembered anything at all.

Amber the Lesbian Queefer: A porn oddity from Mojo Home Video. Amber can queef—pussy-fart—along to *The Blue Danube* and *We Will Rock You*. When it came to the office, we eagerly popped it into the VCR—then immediately wished we hadn't. But don't let that stop you.

ANDREW W.K. SPEAKS

On his debut CD, *I Get Wet*, Andrew W.K. belts out rock anthems with names like *Party Hard*, *Time to Party* and *Party Till You Puke*. Onstage, he jumps, kicks and beats his chest like David Lee Roth impersonating Daffy Duck. Some critics call him gimmicky, but Mr. W.K. doesn't give a fuck. He's happily banging his head around the globe. We hopped on his tour bus in Chicago.

What's with the water? We thought you'd be mainlining Jack Daniels.

I drink all the time, whiskey or vodka straight up. I get wasted. But you can't live if you don't drink water. I never mention drinking on the album. I never mention drugs. Not because I don't like them—I love them—but when I say party, I don't want to exclude anybody. What if I only mentioned ecstasy? That would exclude the people who only like marijuana.

Your music is over the top—is your act an intentional joke?

To say, "You have too many tracks, too many keyboards, too many guitars and too many drums" is ridiculous. I want to use every technological advance to make this sound as big and as loud as possible. Nothing should be denied. Why whisper when you can scream?

Did you have any shitty jobs before this?

A million. The worst was filing. I sold opera tickets by phone. That was fun, but I was bad at it. The best was selling bubble gum machines.

Is it hard to separate groupies from nongroupies?

No, it's easy. The nongroupies don't need me. They're doing fine without me. Groupies don't excite me much. I didn't get into music to get laid. I got into music because I love melodies.

So what would you do if someone were to knock on the door now and say, "I want to give you a blow job"?

That has never happened, so I don't know. It's not like I have a rule against it. I do what I want. But if I just meet a girl, it's hard for me to be erotic. I want to know her. I like to look into a girl's eyes and know what she was like growing up, whether she was embarrassed about her body or whatever. I want to know all the good and bad things about her. That makes it more pleasurable.

"No one should have to wear clothes like a tent to get respect. And I don't think I have to play an ugly woman full of bedbugs to prove I can act." —Monica Bellucci

BABE OF THE MONTH

KIRSTEN DUNST makes Peter Parker's palms all sticky in *Spider-Man*, and we can understand why. Dunst beat out Kate Hudson and Alicia Witt to star opposite Tobey Maguire as Spidey's main squeeze, Mary Jane Watson. Kirsten has proved her range in a variety of parts, such as the child bloodsucker in *Interview With the Vampire* and the fatal teen beauty in *The Virgin Suicides*. Then there are her roles in *Drop Dead Gorgeous*, *Dick*, *Bring It On* and *Crazy/Beautiful*. She's truly rare—a child actress who developed a résumé that defies type, and a body that defies gravity.

IT'S TIME

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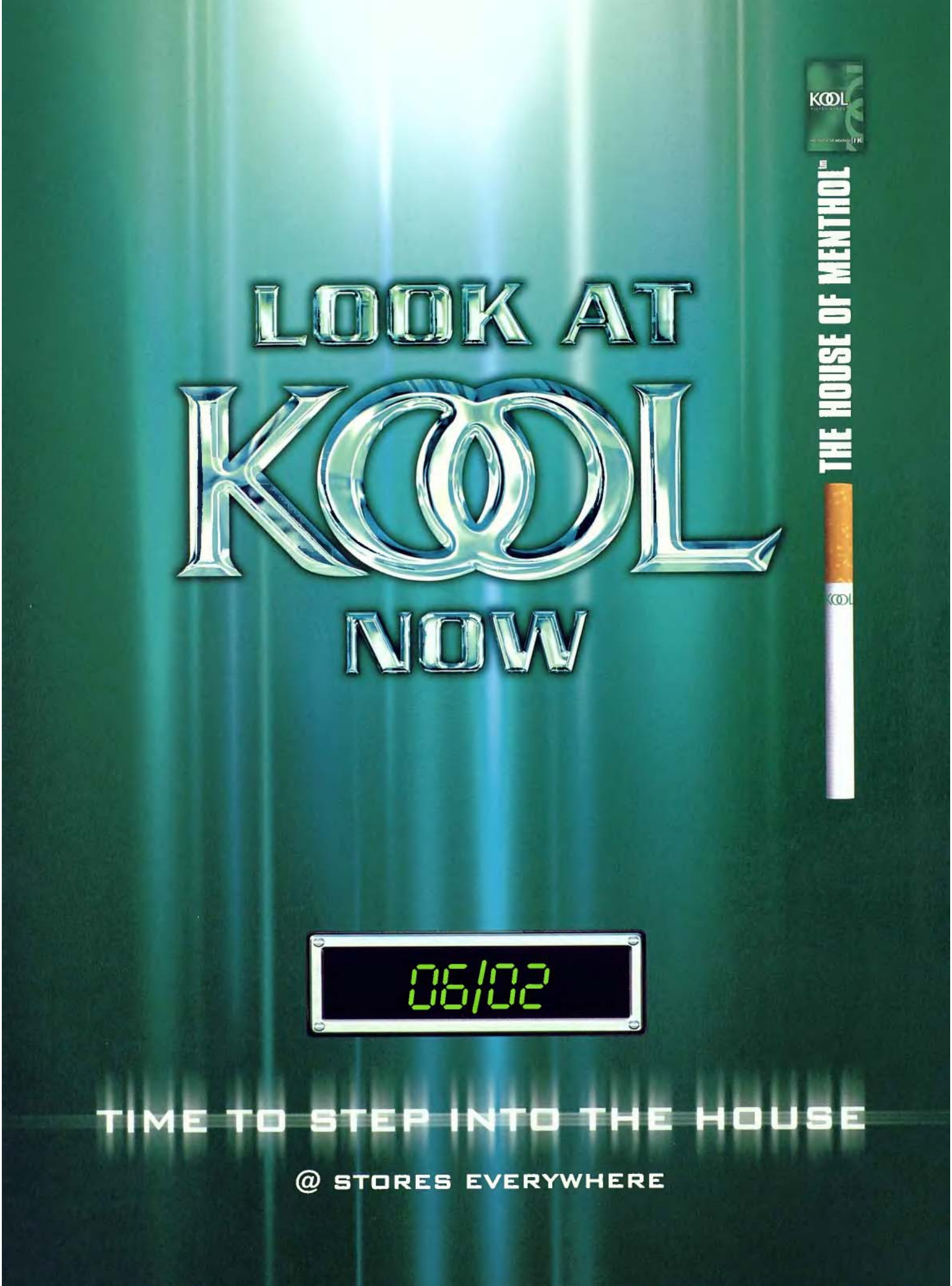
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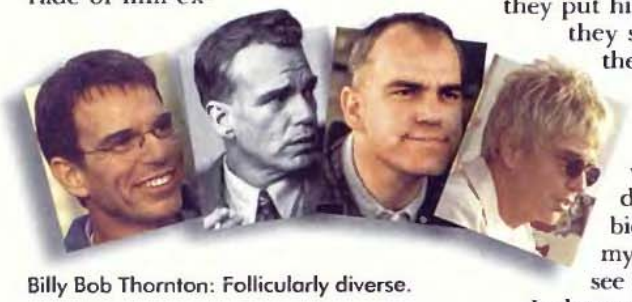
By LEONARD MALTIN

IT'S ABOUT THE HAIR

Sean Penn had a wry smile on his face as he said, "I've got to confess: I guess I'm a hair actor." I was interviewing Penn onstage at the Santa Barbara Film Festival, and the audience laughed appreciatively. Having just watched a parade of film ex-



Billy Bob Thornton: Follicularly diverse.

cerpts, it was clear what he meant. A number of talented actors feel it's important to look different in every movie they make. Billy Bob Thornton starred in three films that were released within just a few months of one another last year, and the difference was startlingly clear: from the old-fashioned salt-and-pepper coif of the Forties barber in *The Man Who Wasn't There* to the chameleon with rimless glasses in *Bandits* to the severe Southern persona of *Monster's Ball*. "It's not just because I enjoy looking different and playing different characters," Thornton told me. "The other thing is, there are a lot of superstars who the audience only wants to see portraying themselves. They allow me to do a little more. I can play a leading man or I can play another character. It seems to me you can get pulled into the story more if you don't watch the actor so much."

Thornton says he approaches his character from the inside out, then experiments with a suitable look. Samuel L. Jackson feels the same way, although he was inspired by an actor who claimed he did just the opposite: Laurence Olivier, who established his look and built his performance on it.

Jackson recalls, "When Olivier passed, they put his face on a screen and then they started to morph it into all these different characters he'd portrayed. I was sitting there watching it, saying, 'That's a great thing. That's what I'd like for somebody to do when they have to do my biography or eulogy—just put my face up there and let people see the different characters.'"

Jackson works with a makeup team, including an expert wigmaker, to develop each new face—some bald, some with distinctive facial hair.

Other actors, such as Bruce Willis and Ed Harris, have been known to

Sean Penn: Hoir apparent.

adjust their appearances from one film to the next. But like Thornton and Jackson, they know that without a three-dimensional characterization at the core, no amount of hair or makeup will leave much of an impression on an audience.

Samuel L. Jackson: Tonsorially challenged.

CURRENT FILMS

I would happily watch Al Pacino read the Manhattan telephone directory. Fortunately, he has better material to work with in ***Insomnia,*** a remake of the well-regarded 1997 Norwegian thriller, adapted by Hillary Seitz. He and Martin Donovan play world-weary Los Angeles cops sent to a small town in Alaska to get away from the heat of a departmental investigation. There, they tackle the murder of a high school girl that has "serial killer" written all over it. But the murderer (Robin Williams, in a persuasive performance) turns out to be easier to identify than he is to nail. To reveal much more would be a shame, as the plot plays out considerable twists and turns. Like many recent thrillers, the finale is not as original, nor as smart, as the material that leads up to it. But this film offers so many pleasures—not the least of which is the skillful use of sound and images by director Christopher Nolan (*Memento*)—that I'm more than willing to cut it some slack. *Insomnia* is the best movie I've seen this year, and Pacino is terrific, as always.

Jodie Foster produced the well-observed coming-of-age movie ***Dangerous***

THE SOPHOMORE CURSE

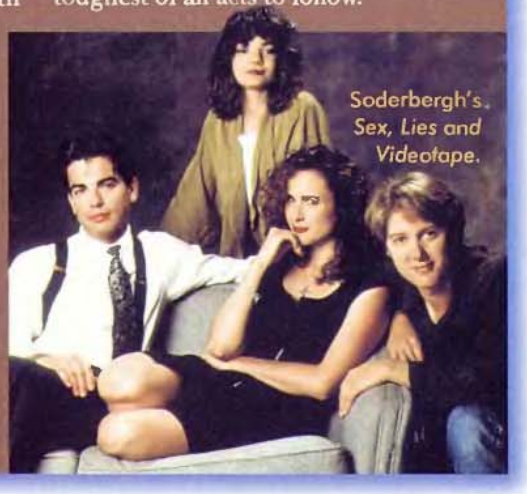
WHAT DO YOU DO FOR AN ENCORE?

Making a successful movie is no small feat, but following a hit is even more difficult. Some call this the sophomore jinx. Steven Soderbergh had the world at his feet after his debut feature, *Sex, Lies and Videotape*, yet fans and critics turned their backs on his next film, *Kafka*, and only a fraction of the first movie's audience gave *King of the Hill* a chance, even though it's one of the great films of the Nineties.

After the overwhelmingly positive reaction to *Clerks*, director Kevin Smith made *Mallrats*, a film for which he later publicly apologized. John Singleton had trouble matching the impact of *Boyz N the Hood*. Robert Rodriguez acquired an overnight reputation after making *El Mariachi* with scraps of leftover film—on a budget that wouldn't pay for a week's catering on a Mel Gibson movie. But when Hollywood gave him the money to remake his film with Antonio Banderas and Salma Hayek, most people agreed *Desperado* couldn't hold a candle to its predecessor. And M. Night Shyamalan enjoyed such spectacular success with *The Sixth Sense* that it was almost inevitable his next movie, *Unbreakable*, would fail to measure up.

A hit movie is such a fluke that it's difficult to reconstitute the varied ingredients that made it work. For a novice, there's the added pressure of people who didn't know of his existence before now expecting him to deliver the goods.

Talented directors and writers usually get past the sophomore jinx. Soderbergh, Smith, Singleton, Rodriguez and Shyamalan are not one-hit wonders. Neither was Orson Welles—although *Citizen Kane* proved to be the toughest of all acts to follow.



Soderbergh's *Sex, Lies and Videotape.*

Texada and DuVall in Conversations.

Lives of Altar Boys, in which she plays an uptight nun who teaches the young miscreants of the title. Jeff Stockwell adapted Chris Fuhrman's book, set in the South during the Seventies, while Emile Hirsch, Jena Malone and the gifted Kieran Culkin head up the juvenile cast. The boys and their friends spend much of their time in a make-believe world of comic book heroes and villains, as Hirsch draws such characters as Nunzilla to parallel their real-life misadventures. The film is sparked by imaginative animated sequences produced by Todd McFarlane. This dramatic territory has been trod many times before, but *Altar Boys* still has a lot to offer.

Thirteen Conversations About One Thing is a sober, episodic movie in which the lives of disparate characters—a young housekeeper, a curmudgeonly insurance adjuster and an adulterous professor—begin to intersect. Their common denominator is a quest for happiness, which in most cases seems just out of reach. Director Jill Sprecher (and her sister and cowriter, Karen Sprecher) ruminate about the way small, even random, incidents unexpectedly impact people's lives. With a sterling cast, including Alan Arkin, Matthew McConaughey, Clea DuVall, John Turturro, Tia Texada and Frankie Faison, *Conversations* is consistently thoughtful and often provocative, though not so profound as it seems to think it is.

Observers and aficionados of the Hollywood scene have long cherished the audiocassette version of Robert Evans' autobiography, ***The Kid Stays in the Picture,*** in which the jet-setter turned actor turned studio mogul turned producer tells his life story. Unfortunately, it doesn't play nearly so well in Nanette Burstein and Brett Morgen's film adaptation. Perhaps it's more fun to picture Evans' stories in our mind's eye than it is to have them illustrated with a parade of still photographs. Moreover, while Evans remains a colorful character, his self-serving cockiness starts to wear thin on the big screen. The highlights comprise some archival film nuggets, vintage interviews and a segment of the *Get High on Yourself* television special that Evans produced as part of his community service. There is also a hilarious impression of the filmmaker by his *Marathon Man* star Dustin Hoffman.

SCENE STEALER

SELMA BLAIR. CURRENTLY ON-SCREEN IN: *The Sweetest Thing*. Next up is *A Guy Thing* with Julia Stiles and Jason Lee. **IF SHE COULD BE A CLASSIC HOLLYWOOD STAR, WHO WOULD SHE WANT TO BE?** "I'd probably be Veronica Lake. But I actually feel I resemble Lauren Bacall, and there's that whole side of me I keep down, because I started when the kiddie genre hit, and I'm clearly a woman and my voice is naturally very deep. I just like the strength and the wit of Lauren Bacall. She's been a real role model to me." **IS IT TRUE SHE ALMOST DIDN'T GET TO CO-STAR IN *THE SWEETEST THING*?** "They wanted a different actress, a much prettier actress, but fortunately she was saddled by morality. She didn't want to do 'that' scene [involving oral sex]. I went in and auditioned, and I'm the only one who brought a cucumber into the audition. I think they were very uncomfortable, but I figure if you're going to make this kind of silly movie, you can't be made uncomfortable by a cucumber." **HOW DO YOU CHOOSE WHAT MOVIES TO MAKE?** "You thank God you're offered anything. I have been offered a lot of big ones, and had I taken them, I definitely would be able to live in a bigger house. But I need to be happy, I need to have fun, and I'm not necessarily out there looking to have a hit movie—God knows I do my share of little films like *Kill Me Later* and *Highway*. The truth is, I prefer working for a director whose focus is to elevate the work, or with actors I could have a good time with and learn from."

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

Changing Lanes Ben Affleck and Samuel L. Jackson star in a real Hollywood rarity: a challenging film about ethics, cloaked in the story of two very different men who come into each other's lives when their cars collide. ¥¥¥

Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys This entertaining coming-of-age story—with Jodie Foster as a nun who attempts to teach and discipline a group of unruly teenage boys—is sparked by vivid animation sequences that illustrate the teenagers' fantasies. ¥¥¥

Hollywood Ending Woody Allen is on top of his game in this often-hilarious comedy about a movie director who gets one more chance—thanks to ex-wife Téa Leoni. Debra Messing, Treat Williams and Mark Rydell co-star. ¥¥¥

Insomnia Al Pacino plays a cop who chases serial killer Robin Williams—who has some tricks up his sleeve. Hilary Swank and Martin Donovan co-star in this extremely well-crafted thriller, directed by *Memento*'s Christopher Nolan. ¥¥¥½

The Kid Stays in the Picture Legendary Hollywood executive Robert Evans is the subject of this surprisingly lifeless self-narrated documentary, which isn't nearly so much fun as the audiobook version of his autobiography. ¥¥

Life or Something Like It Angelina Jolie has fun playing a very blonde, career-driven TV newswoman who thinks her life is perfect. Cameraman Edward Burns attempts to show her otherwise, but the film tries to accomplish too much and winds up being pat. ¥¥½

Murder by Numbers Sandra Bullock is well cast as a homicide detective with a serious emotional problem who doggedly tracks two teenage killers. This thriller is so good that its length—and its silly Hollywood finale—are especially disappointing. ¥¥½

Spider-Man Tobey Maguire perfectly embodies Peter Parker, who mutates into the bouncy crime-fighter with an incurable crush on girl-next-door Kirsten Dunst. The human elements outshine the special effects (and script) in this comic book film. ¥¥½

Thirteen Conversations About One Thing Matthew McConaughey, Alan Arkin, Clea DuVall and John Turturro head the cast of this episodic and introspective film about a disparate group of characters whose lives intersect in unexpected ways. Intelligent, always interesting, but not so profound as its filmmakers seem to think it is. ¥¥½

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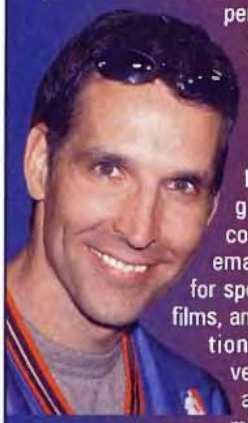
GUEST SHOT



Although he is the creator of the wildly popular *Spawn* comic book and its progeny, a onetime artist of such renowned superheroes as Spider-Man and the Hulk and the visionary behind a line of toys and action figures, **Todd McFarlane** doesn't gravitate toward comics-inspired cinema. "I'm not looking for special effects in my films, and I rarely go to action movies," he reveals. "I like movies about events that might really happen, particularly after drawing fantasy comic books for 12 hours a day. *Tha Color Purple*, *Seven*, *The Usual Suspects*, *Whan Harry Met Sally*, *Bravaheart*, the *Godfather* films and *The Insider* are some of my favorites. *Citizen Kane* is still unbelievable from an artist's point of view, and so are Hitchcock's films. Those directors knew how to paint their canvases." —LAURENCE LERMAN

PROSTI-TUITION

We found a part of this list in an Easter egg that's hidden in the *Leaving Las Vegas* DVD: "Ivy League Graduates Who Have Portrayed Prostitutes in Movies." We filled out the list with a few degreed and pedigreed women who go to the head of this class.

Elisabeth Shue: We're sure her Wellesley College–to–Harvard education never prepared her to recite this in ***Leaving Las Vegas*** (1995): "Included with the rent 'round here is a complimentary blow job." But she was a political science major, so maybe.

Jodie Foster: The pubescent hooker in ***Taxi Driver*** (1976) went on to study at the Collège Lycée Français before attending Yale (magna cum laude, English literature, 1985). The degree has paid off, but have you ever heard her speak French?

Mira Sorvino: Harvard, class of 1990. In Woody Allen's ***Mighty Aphrodite*** (1995) she won an Oscar for lines like, "OK, so I had one guy fucking me from behind and two guys dressed as cops in my mouth, and all I could think was, 'I like acting. I wanna study.'"

Brooke Shields: Notoriously famous at the age of 13 for taking it off in Louis Malle's ***Pretty Baby*** (1978) as a preteen tart whose virginity is auctioned in a New Orleans brothel (this was before eBay). The 1987 Princeton grad (French literature) nonetheless dated Michael Jackson.

Jennifer Connelly: Hollywood's hottest up-and-comer transferred from Yale to Stanford so she could be closer to film work. Such a smart young woman, but at the climax of the truly disturbing ***Requiem for a Dream*** (2000), drug-addled Connelly takes it up the ass—from another woman—on a coffee table for a cheering bachelor party.

Bridget Fonda: Henry's granddaughter, Jane's niece, Peter's daughter (which may explain it) and New York University's finest stars as an English callgirl in ***Scandal*** (1989), a film that nearly got an X rating. She also plays a heroin-addicted hooker in the otherwise lighthearted ***Kiss of the Dragon*** (2001).

Jamie Lee Curtis: Connecticut's exclusive boarding school Choate Rosemary Hall was happy to admit the daughter of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh; little did it realize the future Scream Queen would star as a hooker in the City of Brotherly Love in ***Trading Places*** (1983).

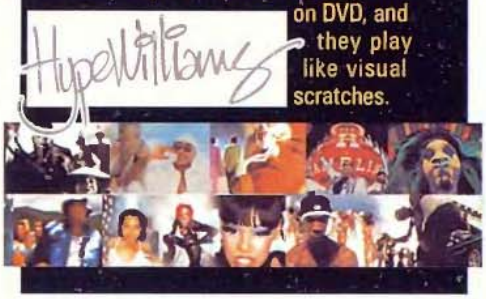
Lynn Redgrave: Despite a British bloodline that is the essence of theater, Redgrave took the role of New York City's most famous madam, Xaviera Hollander, in ***The Happy Hooker*** (1975). Happy? Yes: She was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire last year by the Queen. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

As demonstrated by the rush of 2002 Academy Award winners that are arriving on DVD this month and next, Hollywood studios are eager to cash in before the Oscar glow dims. In 2001, that strike-while-it's-hot imperative pushed Best Director winner Steven Soderbergh's ***Traffic*** onto the streets just a few months after its win (extras were gleaned mostly from publicity materials that supported the film's initial release). This fascinating exploration of that sisyphean folly known as the war on drugs deserved better, and it gets it on a new two-disc release from the Criterion Collection ($40). Soderbergh's film clocks in at nearly two and a half hours, lopping off three hours from the wonderful 1989 British miniseries (*Traffik*) that inspired it. With 25 deleted scenes (all feature director and Oscar-winning screenwriter Stephen Gaghan's comments), this disc affords considerable insight into the storytelling process. Three commentary tracks and additional features with the film's editor Stephen Mirrione, who also won an Oscar, complete the disc. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE

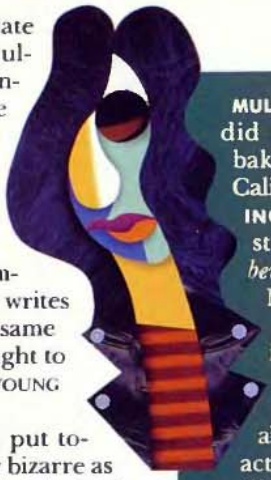
Wu-Tang's 1994 video *Can It Be All So Simple* established Hype Williams as a major producer in the music video world. His subsequent work for Craig Mack (*Flava in Ya Ear*), LL Cool J (*Doin It*), Nas (*Straat Draams*, an homage to Scorsese's *Casino*), Busta Rhymes (*Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Could Saa*), R. Kelly (*Half on a Baby*) and Ja Rule (*Holla Holla*) continues his arc of innovation and whimsy. Palm collects ***The Videos*** on DVD, and they play like visual scratches.



video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***A Beautiful Mind*** (disturbed genius Russell Crowe pulls it together for Jennifer Connelly—well, yeah!—in Oscar's Best Picture), ***The Shipping News*** (schlubby loser Kevin Spacey finds new life in Newfoundland; a tad quirky).
WAR STORY	***Black Hawk Down*** (1993: Mogadishu snipers ambush U.S. commandos; Ridley Scott gets the dirt and blood), ***Hart's War*** (WWII POW courtroom drama is *A Soldier's Story* meets *A Few Good Men*; Bruce Willis handles the truth).
ART HOUSE	***Lantana*** (cop Anthony LaPaglia probes his neighbors when a local shrink gets offed; deeply satisfying Aussie whodunit), ***Waking Life*** (Richard Linklater's ambitious animated film affords a bit of navel gazing; thoughtful but fun).
INTERNATIONAL	***Behind the Sun*** (two rural clans locked in a blood feud ride vendettas to hell in 1910 Brazil; from *Central Station* director Walter Salles), ***Audition*** (a Japanese widower's wife-hunt turns up a stone-cold psycho; fine thrills from Takashi Miike).

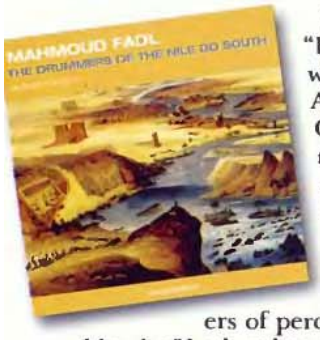
music



GREAT ROCK bands appreciate the eccentricities of pop culture. The Ramones certainly did, and Joey Ramone displays it on his final album, the solo effort ***Don't Worry About Me*** (Sanctuary). He sings the praises of CNBC analyst Maria Bartiromo and covers Louis Armstrong and the Stooges. He writes his own obituary with the same humor and energy he brought to his band. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Only Steve Earle would put together songs as delightfully bizarre as those on ***Sidetracks*** (Artemis). The highlights include his convincing take on Nirvana's *Breed* and a highly charged duet with Sheryl Crow on *Time Has Come Today*. —VIC GARBARINI

Asie Payton's ***Just Do Me Right*** (Fat Possum) and Otis Taylor's ***Respect the Dead*** (Northern Blues) contain scary, stinging music that is cut out of life's edges. Payton's Mississippi crudeness incorporates funk; Taylor's Rocky Mountain death ballads take on an almost sweet rock tinge. Each lingers in your mind long after the music ends. —DAVE MARSH



Nubia, land of the "black pharoahs," was where Arab and African cultures met. On ***The Drummers of the Nile Go South*** (Piranha) Mahmoud Fadl and his ensemble sing Arabic and Nubian melodies over layers of percussion. The subtle blend of both cultures results in a mesmerizing hybrid. Nubia rocks. —V.G.

The supple instrumental trio Big Lazy has two releases you should check out: ***New Everything*** and an earlier self-titled one (biglazymusic.com) that conjures up dark city streets, wailing sirens and the rumbling of trucks. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

fast tracks

MULTITASKING DEPARTMENT: Lisa Loeb did an in-store performance and baked a pie at a Tower Records in California. Dessert was served. **REELING AND ROCKING: Jennifer Lopez** stars with **Ralph Fiennes** in *Chambermaid*, a romantic comedy. . . . Music performed by **Hot Tuna's Jorma Kaukonen** and **Jack Casady** is in the **Dustin Hoffman–Susan Sarandon** movie *Goodbye Hello*. . . . *Scratch*, a hip-hop documentary about DJs, went on tour with live acts and guest DJs. . . . **Dick Clark** will produce an hourlong weekly music show that debuts in the fall. **NEWSBREAKS:** An all-star tribute to **Willie Nelson**, with guests that included **Dave Matthews, Emmylou Harris, Brian McKnight** and **Rob Thomas**, will air on A&E later this year. . . . Christie's auctioned off **Paul McCartney's** unfinished manuscript of *Hey Jude* with notes by the song's subject, **Julian Lennon**. . . . Look for **Vanessa Williams** to star in *Carmen Jones* at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. in the fall. . . . The **O Brother** troupe is touring, and **Ralph Stanley** recorded for **T-Bone Burnett's** new label. . . . The **Sex Pistols** weren't invited to **Queen Elizabeth's** golden jubilee, but they are reissuing *God Save the Queen* with the original artwork, a portrait of Elizabeth with a safety pin through her nose. —BARBARA NELLIS

The New York chauvinist in me loves ***Love Songs for New York*** (Village Voice). A third of the 18 selections explicitly refer to September 11. Muslim artists from Senegal and Egypt are in the house, along with Brits and New York polyglots. My favorite moment comes just when you think Matthew Shipp's *Amazing Grace* is going to say amen—and up pops an ugly piece of techno noise by Lenny Dee. The title: *Extreme Terror*. Proceeds go to the September 11th Fund. —R.C.

Veteran blueswoman Rory Block's ***I'm Every Woman*** (Rounder) tackles the roots music taboo—modern black dance music. The title track, a remake of the Chaka Khan hit, presents unapologetic disco, and it's followed by a series of R&B covers. Then Block throws in renditions of *Pretty Polly* and *Rock Island Line*. The result is an album that is strong enough and proud enough to justify the original boast. —D.M.

The Executioner's Last Songs, Vol. 1 (Bloodshot) is a compilation of alt-country artists singing death tunes. The songs range from Steve Earle's gnarly take on the Kingston Trio's *Tom Dooley* to Cole Porter's *Miss Otis Regrets*, interpreted by Jenny Toomey. Proceeds from *The Executioner's Last Songs* go to benefit the Illinois Death Penalty Moratorium Project. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

Dan the Automator is a musically progressive, free-spirited producer. His work pulls from hip-hop, trip-hop, rock and various dance idioms. ***Wanna Buy a Monkey?*** (Sequence) is a diverse and adventurous mix-tape experience that features bands he has produced—Gorillaz, the turntablist band the X-ecutioners and side projects like Lovage. Dan has a soft spot for the old-school MCs, but he isn't nostalgic about his approach. —NELSON GEORGE

For a seemingly simple gut-bucket operation, the Eels come up with a remarkable variety of textures and moods on ***Souljacker*** (Dreamworks). They aren't afraid to beat a good guitar riff to death or mess around with studio weirdness. It's sort of garage, sort of early electric blues, sort of psychedelic Beatles. There's nothing not to love here. —C.Y.

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Dan the Automator *Wanna Buy a Monkey?*	7	7	8	6	6
The Drummers of the Nile Go South	6	9	9	8	8
Love Songs for NY	8	9	7	5	6
Joey Ramone *Don't Worry About Me*	8	8	7	5	8
Otis Taylor *Respect the Dead*	7	7	7	8	7

VINYL SOLUTION

Sony has released a do-it-yourself kit called EZ Audio that helps you make better-sounding CDs of old albums. The $50 package includes stereo cable, software and three blank 80-minute CD-R discs. The software's digital how-to video walks you through the process. You can also experiment with an array of shareware and store-bought programs. Among the most popular are Groove Mechanic, LP Ripper and Audiograbber, all of which make it easy to copy songs to your hard drive from an LP or other source. After you've ripped the songs you want, use Diamond Cut to eradicate noise. And if you compile songs from several sources on the same CD-R, run Volume Balancer, a program that makes sure no tracks will be radically louder or softer than others. Prices range from $20 to $100, but most offer 30-day trials. You'll find them at download.com, along with detailed descriptions and user reviews. —JAMES OLIVER CURY

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LAPTOP LARCENY

Mobile devices have become fashion accessories, and expensive ones at that. Because it's not unusual for someone to carry thousands of dollars' worth of PDA, mobile phone and laptop gear, there are greater opportunities for thieves. Manufacturers have taken a cue from the automotive industry and installed stealthy recovery systems in mobile devices. The latest, called zTrace Gold, resides on the hard drive of your laptop. If the computer is reported stolen, officials at zTrace activate a location system. The next time that computer connects online, it alerts zTrace to its physical location and the company notifies the cops. The software is undetectable and can't be erased by hackers hoping to disable it. If the data on a laptop are worth more than the gear, a new chip from Xilinx allows users to remotely disable the device. Dubbed the CoolRunner-II, the electronic chip can be installed in any device and be reprogrammed over the Internet or via mobile phone. If a cell phone or PDA is stolen, a call to your wireless provider sends a signal to the device, rendering it unusable. As wireless connectivity becomes standard in laptops, the CoolRunner chip not only could lock up the laptop, but it could also erase or encrypt sensitive data. —LAZLOW

CHARLIE POWELL

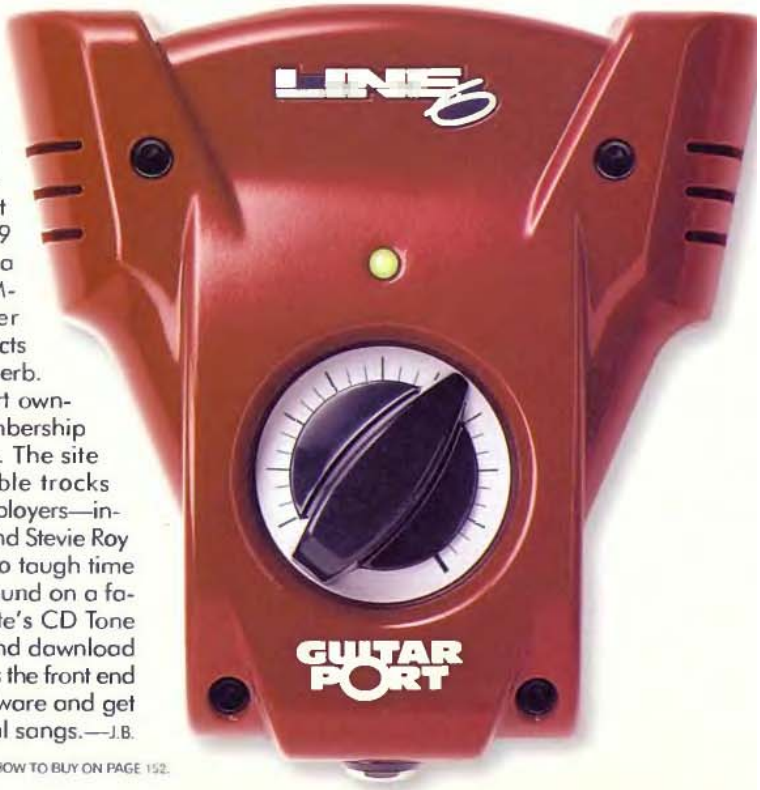
GAME OF THE MONTH

Don't plan on playing Hunter: The Reckoning by yourself. By using the processing muscle of the Xbox, up to four players can battle simultaneously. You will need all the help you can get. Without your having any backup, Hunter's vampires, werewolves and 18 other types of monsters will make quick work of you—even if you have a sword, flamethrower or chain saw. The payoff for unloading both shotgun barrels into a group of zombies is a splattering of blood and gore made even more gruesome by the game's sensational graphics. Be sure to save ammo for Hunter's 23 chilling environments, including a cemetery, a church and a prison. —JASON BUHRMESTER

WILD THING

Tonight we're playing guitar for Black Sabbath, and tomorrow we'll be jamming with Jimi Hendrix. To get in on the action, plug your guitar into Line 6's new Guitar Port ($170) and connect it to any USB-equipped PC. The included software allows you to rock along with your favorite CDs or MP3 and WAV files.

You can loop difficult sections until you get them down. And its software can slow the song to half-speed without changing the pitch. For proper sound, Guitar Port can emulate a 1959 Fender Bassman, a 1983 Marshall JCM-800 and eight other models, and add effects such as delay and reverb. Exclusive to Guitar Port owners is an optional membership to Guitar Port Online. The site features downloadable tracks and lessons about top players—including Jimi Hendrix and Stevie Ray Vaughan. If you have a tough time matching the guitar sound on a favorite song, use the site's CD Tone Link to find a match and download it. Use the Guitar Port as the front end for your recording software and get started on your original songs.—J.B.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

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living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

BILL SLASHER

I hardly ever click on pop-up ads, because most of the stuff they're trying to sell is crap. But the ad for **lowermybills.com** promised to find a better long-distance rate than my current plan offers. Since I was already getting a great deal with GTC Telecom (five cents a minute with no monthly fee), I doubted the website could find a cheaper deal. But they found a couple of plans for 4.5 cents a minute and no monthly fee. I didn't switch, but I was impressed. Were there other ways lowermybills.com could lower my bills? I clicked on "Wireless" and discovered my cell phone carrier had a better calling plan. I went for it. The site also has deal finders for auto insurance, Internet service, home loans and debt consolidation.

BETTING ON THE FUTURE

Ever since Alvin Toffler wrote *Future Shock* in 1970, hundreds of writers have published books predicting the world around the corner. But how many of these would-be prophets were willing to put their money where their mouths were? At **longbets.com**, scientists and various experts wage bets to forecast the outcome of certain predictions. Actor Ted Danson and one of the editors at *Time* have $2000 on whether or not the U.S. men's soccer team will win the World Cup before the Red Sox win the World Series. Danson's argument against it happening: "In the World Cup, you have the whole world against you. In baseball, the Red Sox really have to beat only the Yankees."

ALL SPAM, ALL THE TIME

Regular readers of *Living Online* know how much I hate spam. The only good spammer, I say, is one on a rocket on its way to the sun. But **spamradio.com** has given me a reason to love spam. The owner of this site takes the spam he gets and runs it through a text-to-speech synthesizer and adds trippy background music. The result? Robot spam music! The Nigerian scam letter and the infamous "Wilma sucks a beast" e-mail never sounded so good.

HOLLYWOOD GOES TOO FAR

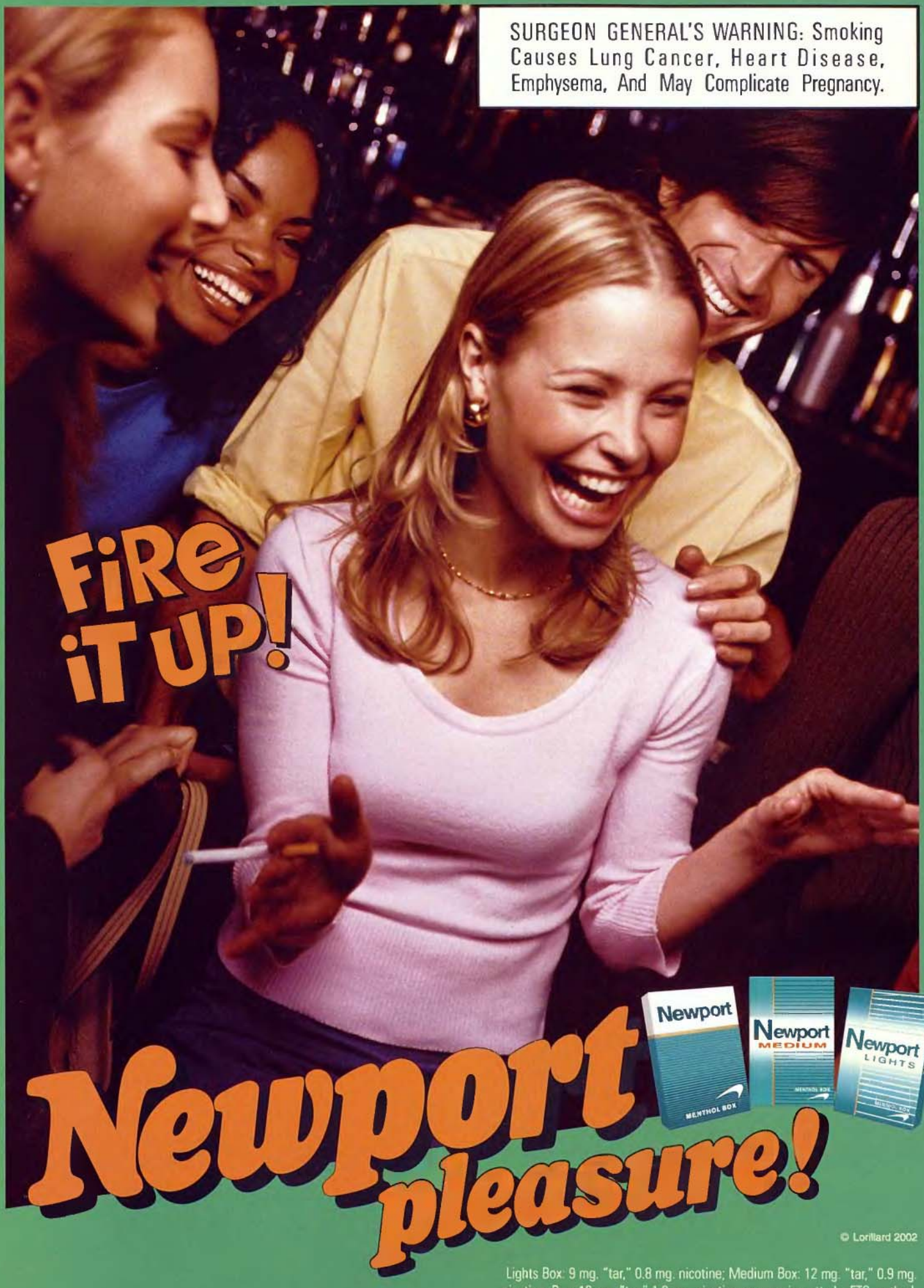
Soapbox time: Do you feel it's your right to record movies and television programs on your home video system? What about burning songs from your music collection onto CD-ROMs? And what about backing up your software applications? Current laws say all these activities are perfectly legal. The entertainment industry, if it has its way, will prevent you from doing any of them in the future. Hollywood got the scare of its life a couple of years ago when Napster startled it, and now record companies and movie studios want to make sure nothing like Napster ever happens again. Lately, they've been lobbying Congress to pass laws that would cripple the recording and storage abilities of everything from portable MP3 players to desktop computers. If they succeed, no one will own music or movies any longer; they'll have to rent them by paying a monthly subscription. If users don't pay the fee, they'll get locked out of their library. Of course, this doesn't sit well with the computer industry. If laws are enacted that force them to make computers that can't freely store and play digital content, they know consumers will keep their old, unrestricted computers rather than buy new, limited devices. But Hollywood has sway in Washington—the starfucker mentality of politicians makes your average groupie seem like a nun. And so, even though the entertainment industry generates $50 billion a year, while the computer industry contributes $500 billion to the economy, there's a good chance Hollywood will put the kibosh on your right to play legally acquired digital entertainment in whatever platform you wish.

Fortunately, the computer industry is starting to flex its muscle. **Digitalconsumer.org** was started by a consortium of Silicon Valley businesses that know the only way they'll keep selling new consumer technology is by making sure it isn't crippled by Hollywood. Visitors to Digital Consumer can automatically send faxes to their elected representatives, asking them to protect their fair-use rights to make backup copies of tapes and CDs, as well as sign up for a mailing list to receive political news about digital rights. And if you really believe in keeping your digital rights, join the Electronic Frontier Foundation (**eff.org**), the world's oldest and best online-rights protection group.

QUICK HITS

You don't know the meaning of pain until you've heard Leonard Nimoy sing *Proud Mary*. Listen to celebrities pretend to be rock stars at **miserablemelodies.com**. . . . Search for the latest news the Google way: **news.google.com**. . . . Find out about the story of a tugboat that survived an unhappy meeting with a low bridge: **koti.mbnet.fi/~soldier/towboat.htm**. . . . Do a little virtual eavesdropping at **inpassing.org**.

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline @playboy.com.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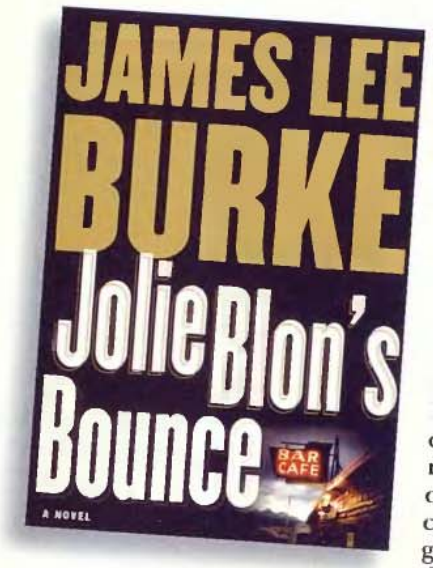
books

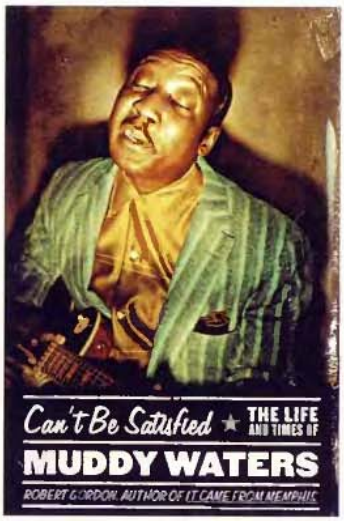
BAYOUS, JUKE JOINTS AND MURDER

New Iberia, the Louisiana town police detective Dave Robicheaux calls home, must be the back door to hell. James Lee Burke has mined this territory in one of the longest-running mystery series in America. Once again, he finds new shades of evil, this time in ***Jolie Blon's Bounce*** (Simon and Schuster). A girl is found tied to a tree with a child's jump rope, her panties around one of her ankles, her chest obliterated by a shotgun blast. Soon after, a man takes a prostitute to a beached houseboat on a bayou near New Orleans. He tapes her forearms to a chair, stuffs a dirty sock in her mouth, places a paper sack over her head and then, encasing his fists in leather gloves, beats her. Those are the obvious crimes. But nothing that happens in New Iberia is present tense; the moral rot spans decades and may take place on several levels of reality. This novel is filled with Old Testament demons and modern scum alike—and maybe an angel. Robicheaux runs into a 72-year-old monster, an overseer so evil you might feel his tongue down your throat—as Robicheaux does. There's a sinister Bible salesman and the usual upstanding citizens of the parish—the oversexed, the sleazy, the rogues of the underworld. The writing is tough and jolting. —JAMES R. PETERSEN



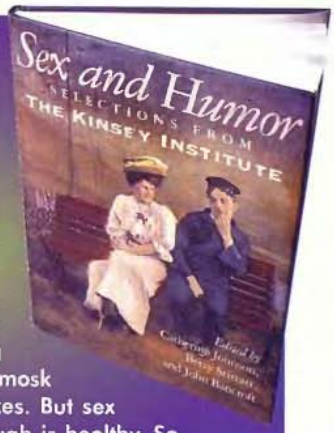
PAPA WAS A ROLLING STONE

Two postwar Chicago émigrés were possessed of genius: Mies van der Rohe and McKinley Morganfield. Plenty of notable books have been written about the architect, but until now nothing worthwhile has been written about the man best known as Muddy Waters. ***Can't Be Satisfied*** (Little, Brown) tells the story of the musician who virtually invented urban blues with such songs as *I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man* and *Got My Mojo Working*. Along with his bandmates Jimmy Rogers, Little Walter and Otis Spann, Muddy was the first blues musician to plug in, turn up the volume and blow the cobwebs out of the Delta blues. From his start in Mississippi to his death in Westmont, Illinois in 1983, Muddy Waters was a towering figure, perhaps the greatest blues singer (and slide guitarist) ever. Robert Gordon, author of the excellent *It Came From Memphis*, outdoes himself here with a work of excellent scholarship that's free of jargon and lazy writing and fastidious in detail. This is way better than the typical blues book. *Can't Be Satisfied* does justice to an American legend. —L.F.



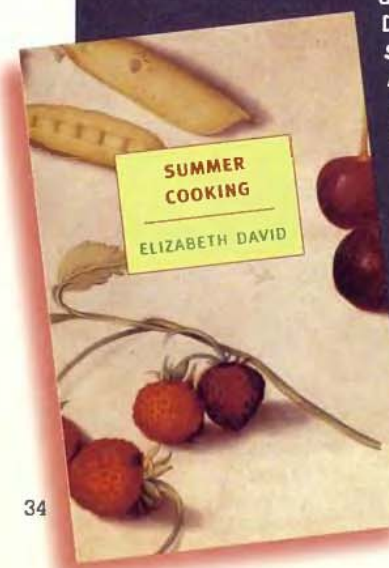
DIRTY JOKES

The Kinsey Institute studies sex seriously, but that hasn't discouraged scholars from producing this very funny coffee-table book. ***Sex and Humor*** (Indiana University), edited by Catherine Johnson, Betsy Stirratt and John Bancroft, is filled with images of novelty sex items, engravings, strongely formed vegetables, silly greeting cords, cortoons and phallic drawings. The occompanying essays explain how people tend to mosk their discomfort about sex with jokes. But sex can often be funny, and a good laugh is healthy. So start giggling. —PATTY LAMBERTI



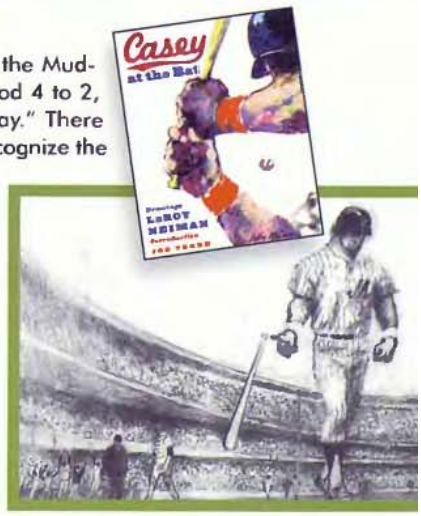
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

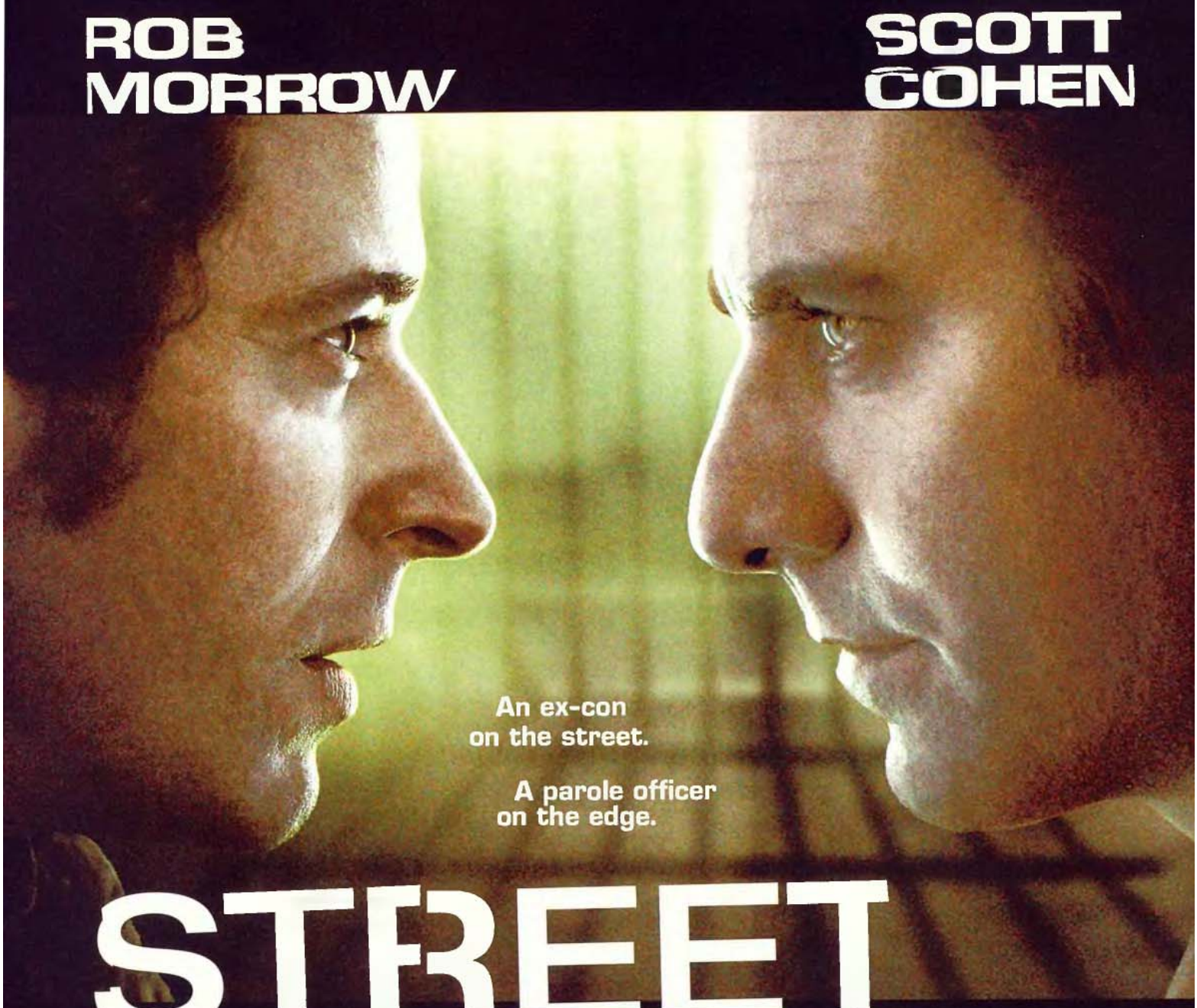
Fifty yeors ago, Americon cooking and eoting were defined by Betty Crocker and Chef Boyardee. You couldn't buy o leg of lamb or a shallot in a typical grocery. Mid–20th century food writers such as James Beard, M.F.K. Fisher, Jane Grigson and Julia Child mounted a rebellion agoinst factory-produced food. Elizabeth David wos on the ramparts, too, tossing tarts and reminding Brits and Americans that eating was supposed to be a pleosure, not a duty. New York Review Books deserves a medal for reissuing two of David's midcentury classics: ***Summer Cooking*** and ***A Book of Mediterranean Food.*** Aristocratic and confident in her attitudes and elegant in her writing, Dovid is fun to read today. These are cookbooks written for cooks. Not everything is spelled out; exact quantities and specific instructions are for the Pillsbury Doughboy. David never forgets that eating and cooking are sensual delights. Either (or both) of these volumes would moke the perfect house gift for a summer home. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH



MIGHTY CASEY REVISITED

"The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine thot doy. The score stood 4 to 2, with but one inning more to play." There oren't many people who don't recognize the opening lines to Ernest Lowrence Thayer's classic 1888 boseball poem, ***Casey at the Bat,*** now in a new edition from Ecco, with an introduction by Yankees monoger Joe Torre. Artist LeRoy Neimon's reinterpretotion (which was formerly ovoiloble only in o limited edition) of the Americon bollad—with 100 chorcool drawings—hits o home run for baseboll enthusiosts.—HELEN FRANGOULIS





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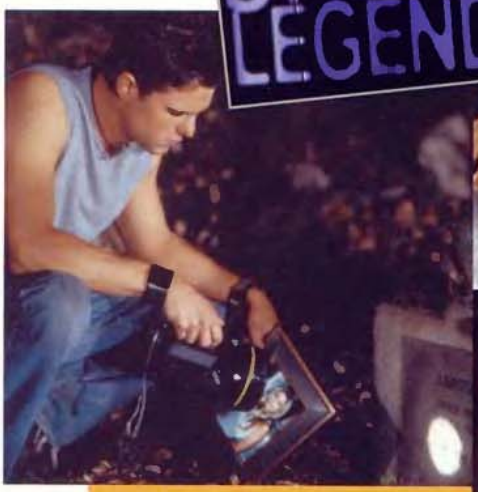
LEGEND HAS IT

Your best friend's cousin swears that he heard it from his co-worker: the story about the gorgeous babe who picks up a guy at a local bar, takes him home for drag-down sex and leaves him drugged in a tub of ice with a note that says, "Call 911 immediately—your kidney has been removed." Each time the tale is told, the girl gets a little creepier, the plot becomes more implausible and the source of the story is always a few more people removed. Sex-related urban legends—such as the ones about Richard Gere and the gerbil or Rod Stewart having a gallon of semen pumped out of his stomach—are always bizarre and usually untrue, and they've inspired Playboy TV to produce a new show, *Sexy Urban Legends*. The first year's tone was serious, but this season's new twist has a couple of young dudes exchanging outrageous tales. One show depicts a guy getting caught with his pants down when his cell phone drops to the floor and redials his wife while he is having sex with his mistress in a shower. In another, a girl tries on her grandmother's old wedding dress and gets freaky with her boyfriend. When he lifts her vintage veil, he is shocked to see an old woman's wrinkled face. Behind the scenes, researchers comb books and the web for urban legends. Producers also welcome input from viewers. Our other favorite episodes? Read on and catch *Sexy Urban Legends* every Sunday at 8:30 P.M. Eastern or 9:30 P.M. Pacific time.



Sexy Urban Legends re-creates the erotic tales you've heard a million times before. Clockwise from above: A man finds out the hitchhiker he slept with has been dead for years, a guy wakes up with no kidney in a tub of ice, Grandma gets busy.

Vanishing hitchhiker: A man picks up a beautiful hitchhiker in the middle of the night. After the ride she seems to disappear. The guy is left wishing he'd made a move on her. The next day he drives down the same road at the same time and there she is again, in need of a lift. They have earthmoving sex. Because it's a cold evening, he gives her his jacket and, again, as soon as she gets out of the truck, she's gone. He drives around looking for her and finally comes across a house in the woods. A woman answers his knock and he says to her, "I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm looking for Amelia." She says, "Is this some kind of joke? Amelia was killed 20 years ago by a car on this road. She's buried down the road." At the cemetery the guy finds his jacket draped across her headstone.

Birthday suit: A man is feeling bummed out because no one has remembered his birthday. During his lunch break, he meets a woman in the park and gets her number. At the end of the day he is so angry he thinks, Fuck it, I'll go ahead and call that girl. She accepts his horny invitation, and the two of them have wild sex in his office. As they're lying there naked, the door swings open and his wife and co-workers shout, "Surprise! Happy birthday!"

DO YOU KNOW A SEXY URBAN LEGEND?

Do you have a friend whose cousin knows a guy whose neighbor swears a story his buddy told him is true? Whatever the origin of your sexy urban legend, we would love to hear it. Go to playboy.com/pbtv-hv/pbtv/sul/submit.html and tell us your titillating tale. We'll print the best submissions on this page in a few months, and some of them may even come to life on a future episode of *Sexy Urban Legends*.

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ZOOM WITH A VIEW

Back in the digital dark ages, only a handful of lucky PLAYBOY staffers had access to the original film shots of our Playmates. Now the Cyber Club is giving you the chance to make like a photo editor and see what few guys have seen before. Us-

ing our zoom-in technology, you will be able to inspect the detailed geography of hundreds of Centerfolds—curve by lovely curve. All you need to do is download a simple plug-in—then you can spend hours zooming in on your favorite Playmate. And if you are dying for a closer look at that stereo in the background, you can do that, too. We add more pictures to our Centerfold gallery every week. If you still can't get enough sexy investigating, you can zoom in on pictures of many of our Cyber Girls. It will never be as cool as hanging out in a smoking jacket with a Playmate on each arm, but it comes pretty close.

BEAUTY CALL

A casting call marks the first step for future Playmates and Playboy Special Editions models. In each city where we hold an audition, beautiful girls line up to pose nude for our photo editors. Everywhere we go, gorgeous women await. Our cameras have captured hundreds of fabulous forms, including those of tan, toned Jessica in Miami, busty brunette Michelle in Seattle, knockouts Oksana and Kathy in the Big Apple, blonde Liana in Denver and sweet Harmony in Vegas. It's not an easy chore, and that's why we need your help. The Playboy Cyber Club posts test shots and videos of the top candidates from each casting call. Members can vote and comment on up to 15 girls from each city, helping us plan for future photo shoots. We'll never stop casting, and we'll never stop asking for your input. So far, we haven't had any complaints.

Everywhere we go, gorgeous women await.

ASK OUR GIRLS

First dates can be hell. If you wear new shoes, does it look like you're trying too hard? If you order oysters, will she think you're odd? Should you drink whiskey or beer? Should you make a move at the end of the night? And if you end up digging her, how do you ensure a second date? Because we're always trying to help you get laid, we asked Centerfolds how guys can avoid becoming first-date fuckups. Like most women, they know exactly what kind of behavior will result in your digits being deleted from their cell phones. Says Miss March 1999 Alexandria Karlsen: "Don't worship a girl right away. Some girls may eat up the attention, but I find a guy who is willing to eat out of the palm of my hand a little creepy. It's hard, but there is a balance between being thoughtful and just being a wimp." According to Playmate of the Year 2002 Dalene Kurtis, chivalry never goes out of style: "Don't forget to open doors for her," she says. "Don't ask questions about her ex-boyfriends, and don't talk about the ex who broke your heart." Got it? Check out more dos and don'ts in Living in Style on Playboy.com.

PLAYBOY.COMVERSATION

"He's a dick."—Pitcher David Wells, on Mets manager Bobby Valentine

"I'm still here, and I've still got a boner—without the use of Viagra! My dad's 84 and he can still get a boner."—Porn legend Ron Jeremy

"He would have made a great president of the United States, and I would have had a blast."—Congressman Jesse Jackson Jr., on life if his dad had become president

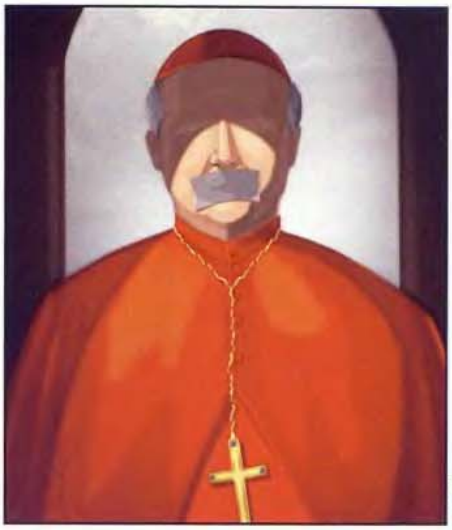
"It would be different if I got up there and said, 'Hal's balls bobbed against my chin.'"—David Sedaris, on not being pigeonholed as a gay writer

"I saw the way snowboarding was badly portrayed in the Olympics. Everyone was skeptical anyway, and then they were like, 'Oh, these guys smoke weed.'"—Skateboard impresario Tony Hawk

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

MERRITT CABAL, the June Cyber Girl of the Month, hails from Louisiana. Merritt says posing for Playboy was "the chance of a lifetime. Not many girls get this far." When it comes to men, she is partial to someone who looks great in a suit and can make her laugh. However, if he owns a Speedo, he need not apply. Check out more of Merritt, along with shots of a new Cyber Girl every week, at cyber.playboy.com.

By ASA BABER



JOHN LARIE

THE FONDLING FATHERS

IN PALM BEACH GARDENS, Florida a Roman Catholic bishop named Anthony J. O'Connell resigned from his post last March after he admitted to molesting a teenage male years ago. The molestation began when the 13-year-old came to O'Connell for help after being molested by two other priests. "I was confused," Christopher Dixon, now 40, said. "I was upset and didn't know what to do. He said he was trying to help me. He ultimately took me to bed with him. We were naked." Dixon reported the same kind of encounters occurred three or four more times over the next two years.

His recent resignation made O'Connell one of the highest-ranking clergymen to pay a price for the sexual abuse scandals that have rocked the Catholic Church in America. And it added one more crack in a church cover-up that has been going on for decades. (It also gave the lie to the conventional wisdom we've heard for decades that only girls are seriously abused in childhood.)

O'Connell had been assigned by Pope John Paul II to shepherd the Palm Beach Diocese in 1998, after its previous bishop, Joseph Keith Symons, admitted he had sexually molested five boys earlier in his career. Catholic dioceses in the U.S. have paid approximately $1 billion so far to settle sexual abuse cases. However, most settlements are confidential, so the true dollar figure will probably never be publicly known. But the bet here is that the financial toll will grow, whether we learn the details or not.

Item: The Diocese of Santa Rosa, California collected and borrowed $7 million to help erase a $16 million debt related to the sexual misconduct of some of its priests.

Item: The Diocese of Dallas had to raise funds to pay costs its insurance did not cover to meet settlements totaling $31 million against former priest and pedophile Rudolph Kos.

Item: Last January, the Diocese of Tucson reached a confidential settlement in the cases of four priests who molested boys (and had to borrow to pay what insurers would not cover).

Item: The Archdiocese of Santa Fe scraped and borrowed to pay more than $50 million to settle some 40 abuse cases in the Nineties. (It settled more than 100 other cases, but will not disclose their payments.)

Item: In Boston the top dog of all sexual abuse cases (as of this writing) involves former priest John Geoghan, 66, who has already been convicted of molesting a 10-year-old boy. Geoghan was sentenced last February to 9 to 10 years in prison for indecent assault and battery.

There are more charges pending. It is reported that Geoghan may have violated 130 children, one as young as four years old. Like many of his kind, Geoghan was protected from public scrutiny for years by the Church hierarchy (including his superior, Cardinal Bernard Law, who is close to the Pope). He was shuffled from parish to parish and in and out of institutions. (The Church has proposed a $30 million settlement on behalf of 86 people who now accuse Geoghan of sexual abuse.)

What does this kind of abuse do to a boy in his formative years? I should know. I was about 10 years old when it happened to me (although not so dramatically as most of the cases previously mentioned). But I can tell you this much: In all its forms, male-on-male sexual abuse can definitely fuck you up.

I was not raised a Catholic, and the priests in my church, which had several near-Catholic rituals and practices, could get married and have families. But that did not stop the pedophile I met from hitting on me and changing my life forever—and I am embarrassed to report that until I began reading about the current scandals, I did not realize how deeply my own experience had affected me. (Like most guys, I am a king of denial; I had shrugged it off.)

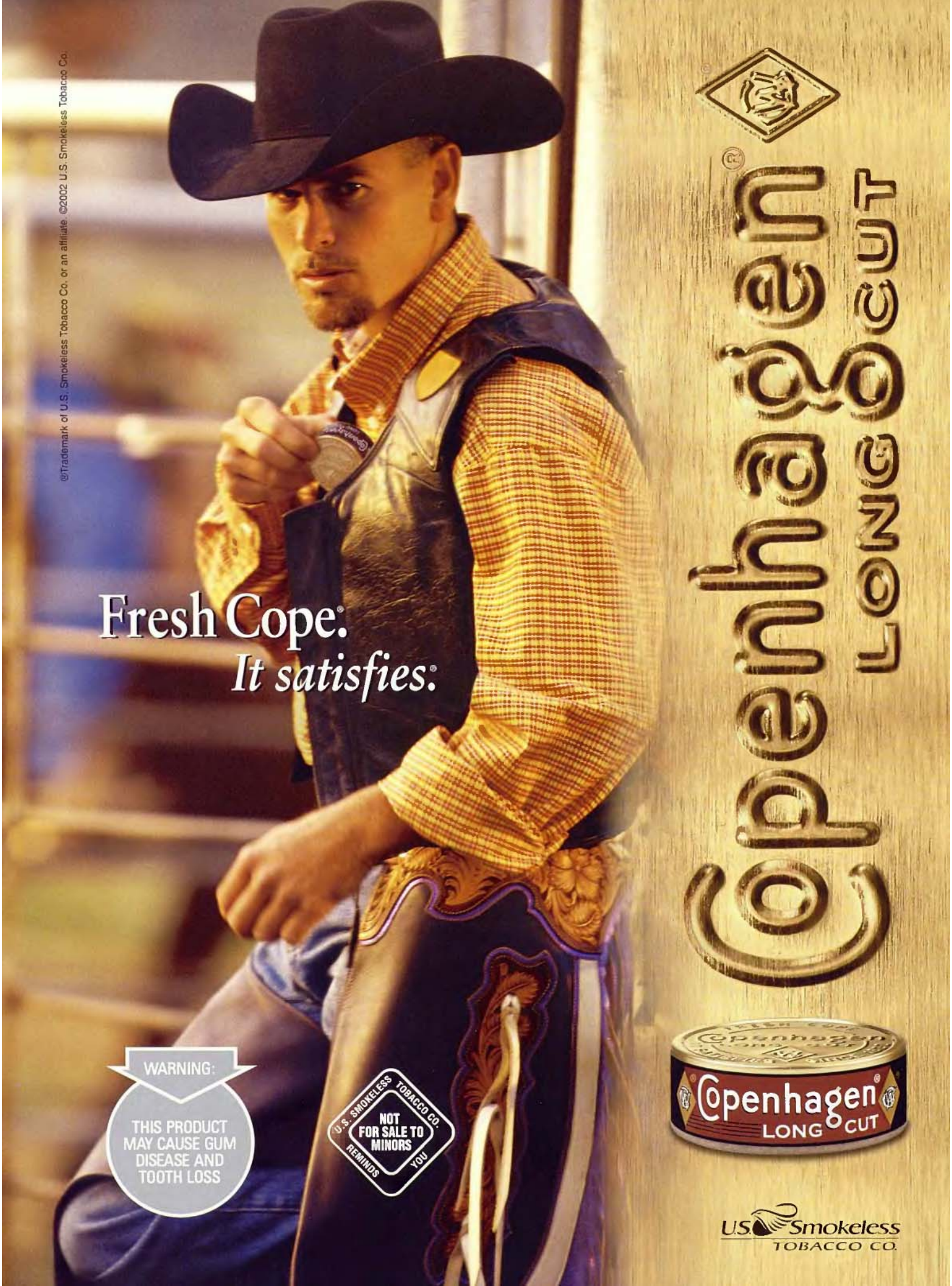
My mother made me go to church. She also insisted I be baptized. Then she demanded I try out for the choir at an early age, which I did. For the rest of her life, she kept a picture of me in my choir robes in her living room. Man, how I hated that photograph. You couldn't miss it. I was holding a candle and singing. I looked like an angelic little shit, but I wanted to be anywhere except in church.

Choir rehearsal was held in the late afternoon twice a week, which meant I spent a lot of time hanging around the changing rooms and the rectory. It was there that one of the assistant rectors suggested that I use his study as a refuge while he talked to me about the possibility of taking confirmation classes. He seemed genuinely interested in me, and I responded to his kindness by letting down my guard, a guard as strong as any 10-year-old boy could muster.

Already at that age, I greatly mistrusted authority. My teachers in grade school, all women, were not fond of me or my shenanigans. Worse, my father and I had a tense and complex relationship, one of physical (not sexual) abuse—he slapped me around a lot and occasionally threw me into the bathroom and whipped me with a belt until he got tired of it. (Before I sound like Oliver Twist, my father and I also shared much humor and many interests, and I am sorry he died before we could make peace and enjoy being men together.)

In short, when I was 10, I was looking for men who approved of me and could show me what manhood was supposed to be. I thought the priest who offered to counsel me was such a man. So over the next few weeks, when he sat down on the sofa beside me, opened the Bible and read to me while rubbing my neck and shoulders because he said I seemed so anxious, I was, like Christopher Dixon, confused. I loved the attention and the comforting. But when the priest's fondling hands strayed across my groin too often, and when my emotions scared me—and when his voice became strangled one day as he forced a small crucifix into my hands and told me it was his gift to me and I must pray to stop my sinful habit of self-abuse—I knew I had to get the hell out of there. I struggled out of his grasp and ran down the stairs, listening to his footsteps as he pounded after me, yelling my name and ordering me to take back the crucifix I had thrown at him. I ran into the street and never returned to any church again.

My ordeal may pale in comparison to those of many others, but it haunted me for years. I turned it into a creative thing when I realized that, although I grew up without a male role model of much value, the molestation I experienced made me one with many of my male peers. I eventually was given the chance to write about our lives in these pages, bringing our commonality as men into the light. When I slice it that way, being a target of abuse was my good fortune.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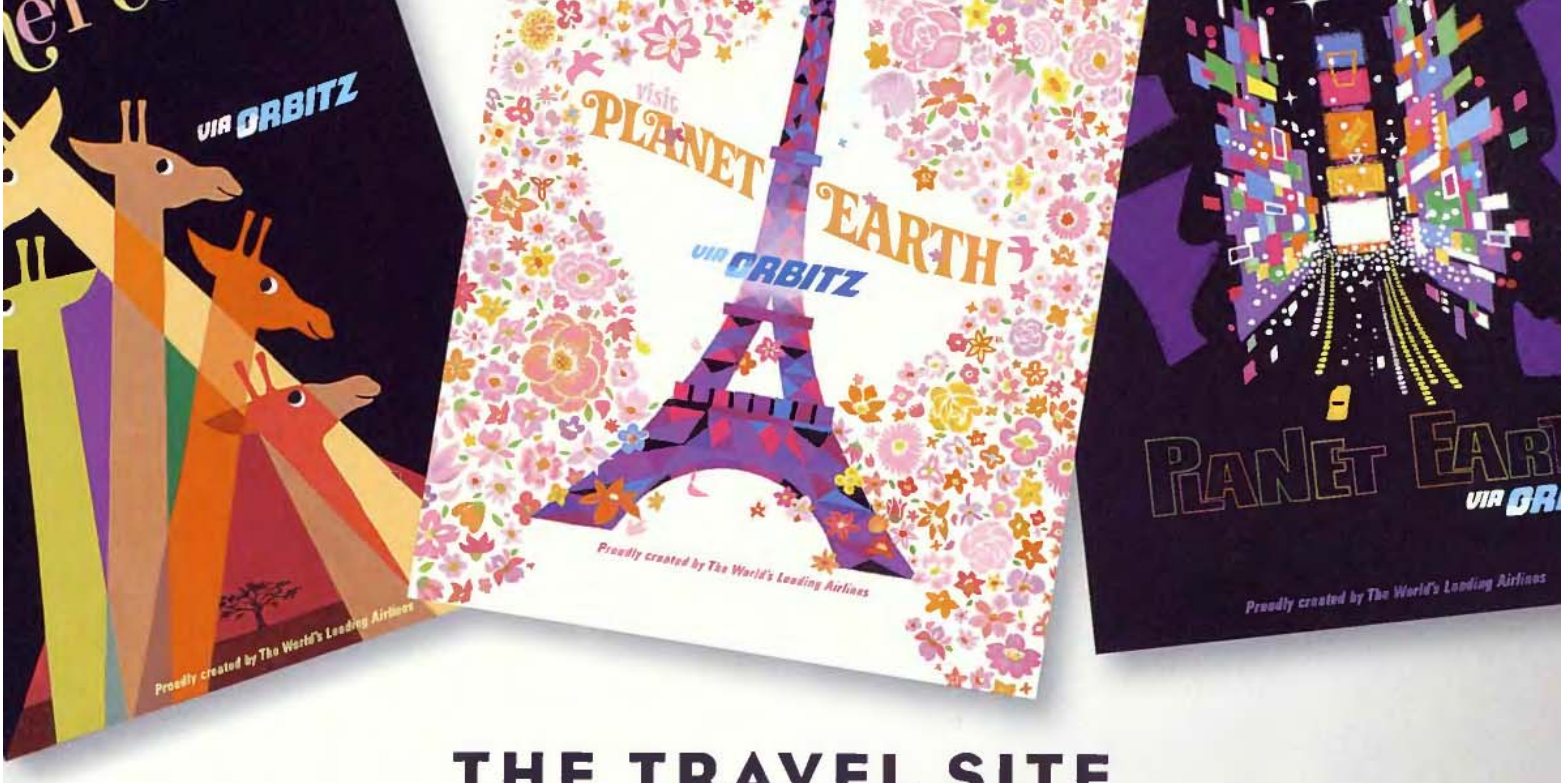

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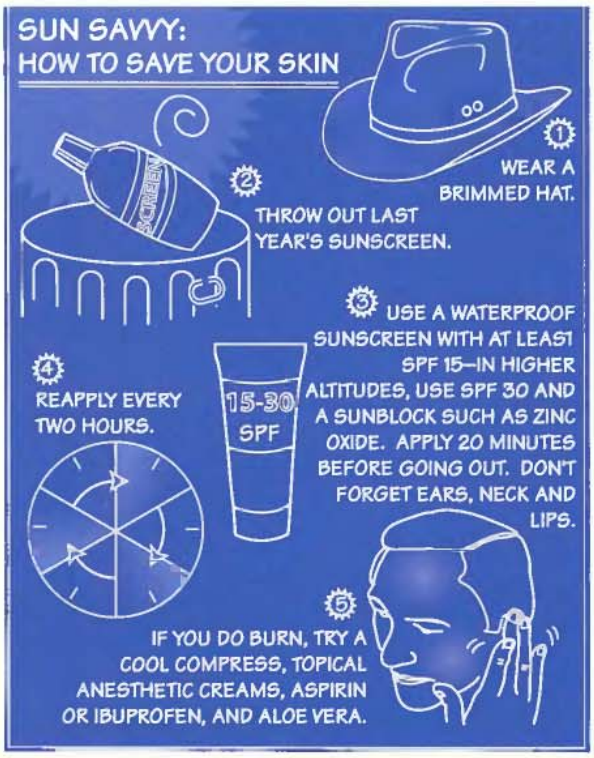
MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Celebrity Cruiser

Maybe in 50 years Lexus will sell a high-performance two-seat sports car like the one pictured above. Right now, it's what Tom Cruise will drive in Steven Spielberg's science fiction thriller, *Minority Report*, due to open in theaters June 21. Based on a short story by Philip K. Dick, the film is set in the year 2054, when the judicial system allows for the capture and conviction of killers before they commit murder. Cruise's car was created by conceptual artist Harold Belker, whose design credits include *Batman and Robin*, *Inspector Gadget* and *Armageddon*. CTEK, a California-based technology design and development firm, constructed the car with such dynamic lines and proportions that you can't always tell the car's front from the rear. Hope Cruise can. Samantha Morton and Colin Farrell are also in the film.


SUN SAVVY:
HOW TO SAVE YOUR SKIN
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2 THROW OUT LAST YEAR'S SUNSCREEN.
SCREEN
3 USE A WATERPROOF SUNSCREEN WITH AT LEAST SPF 15—IN HIGHER ALTITUDES, USE SPF 30 AND A SUNBLOCK SUCH AS ZINC OXIDE. APPLY 20 MINUTES BEFORE GOING OUT. DON'T FORGET EARS, NECK AND LIPS.
15-30 SPF
4 REAPPLY EVERY TWO HOURS.
5 IF YOU DO BURN, TRY A COOL COMPRESS, TOPICAL ANESTHETIC CREAMS, ASPIRIN OR IBUPROFEN, AND ALOE VERA.

La Dulce Vida

Now that we have our hips swinging and our feet moving, it's time to put some of that Latin rhythm and intensity into our cooking. One way to get inspired is with the mango martini shown here (6 ounces gin, 8 ounces chilled mango nectar, shake with ice, serves up to 4). It's sweet but it packs a punch. Another source of inspiration is *Viva la Vida: Festive Recipes for Entertaining Latin-Style* by Rafael Palomino and Arlen Gargagliano (Chronicle). In it you'll find recipes for salsas and dips, appetizers (octopus, shrimp and yellow tomato ceviche), side dishes (sporky Peruvian potato salad), main dishes (seared duck breast with guava and aguardiente chutney), desserts (dark rum and pineapple upside-down cake) and drinks (Cuban mint cocktail). Most helpful is a chapter on basics, such as how to make dulce de leche, chipotle mayonnaise and black beans. Buen provecho, as they say.

MANTRACK

Great Escape Act

Feeling plush? Prices for privote jet tours ore strotospheric, but if you choose to dreom, dreom big. TCS Expeditions, o compony thot launched its first round-the-world privote jet trip in 1995, offers a three-weeker entitled Mysteries of Earth for a mere $38,950. The itinerory includes such exotic stops as Borneo, the Serengeti Plain ond Easter Islond. (See above for all the places visited.) The plone is stoffed by o crew of 16 and the price includes hotel occommodotions, meols, wine ond liquor aboord the plone, tips to ottendants and other omenities. The plane's moximum copocity is 88, so there's lots of legroom. The next Mysteries tour tokes off from Fort Louderdole on February 16, 2003 ond returns to Washington, D.C. on Morch 11. Coll 800-727-7477 to reserve o seot.

Clothesline: Scott Lawrence

Scott Lowrence plays an uptight militory lawyer on CBS' *JAG*, but offscreen he's more likely to sport beads ond o pair of eorrings. "I spent o greot deol of time in the Bay Areo growing up, so I acquired o lot of bohemian stuff—drowstring ponts, linen shirts, faded Reploy and Diesel jeans and Birkenstocks. I hove obout 10 pairs of sunglasses in rotation ot any given time. My friends think it's so weird." Lawrence looks for hippie clothes and occessories ot the Bodhi Tree ond Furthur in Los Angeles. When it comes to designers, his toste runs more toword classic lines: Rolph Lauren ond Armoni. "For me, there's only one style of suit, ond Armoni mokes it."

Express Male

Need to get somewhere in a hurry? Do whot Lance Armstrong does ond hop on o Trek 5900 USPS Teom Superlight. You won't go os fost as Armstrong, but you'll benefit from the secret weopon he'll ride when his Postol Service team goes for its fourth straight Tour de Fronce win. The bike hos o frome mode of the lightest corbon fiber, plus aerodynomic wind tunnel–tested wheels ond fork. Top-shelf components ore chosen for weight ond performonce. It's fost and it's built to last, with all the comfort needed for the tour's weeks of grueling rides. The 2002 model's frome weighs o poltry 2.27 pounds. It's the lightest production one ever mode. The bike's price is not so light—$4700. Two other USPS models ore olso avoiloble.

Guys Are Talking About...

Bristle-brush golf tees. Brush-T (pictured below), the one Ernie Els used in the 2000 Dunhill Cup at St. Andrews, has garnered rave reviews in Europe and South Africa. It's legal and according to the manufacturer, Pride Golf Tee, the tee's bristle construction enables players to drive the ball with a minimum of resistance and deflection. A three-pack costs about $5. Atop the Brush-T is Top-Flite's XL 3000 Super Straight golf ball, which features a Teflon coating designed to minimize sidespin. That reduces hooks and slices while it provides more distance. Price: about $24 a dozen. • *Silver.* Bacardi Silver, that is—a clear malt beverage co-produced with Anheuser-Busch that tastes like Bacardi rum and citrus. It's available in six- and 12-packs. • *Leasing a Mini Cooper.* This hot little car just became more accessible, as Mini Financial Services has created a special lease geared to the lessee's motoring lifestyle. For example, a driver who anticipates motoring 40,000 miles in a Mini would contract for a 32-month lease with a monthly payment of about $300. Additional miles can be added on if you exceed your mileage allotment. Leases are available for 24 to 48 months. The more powerful Mini Cooper S will also be offered as a lease car.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

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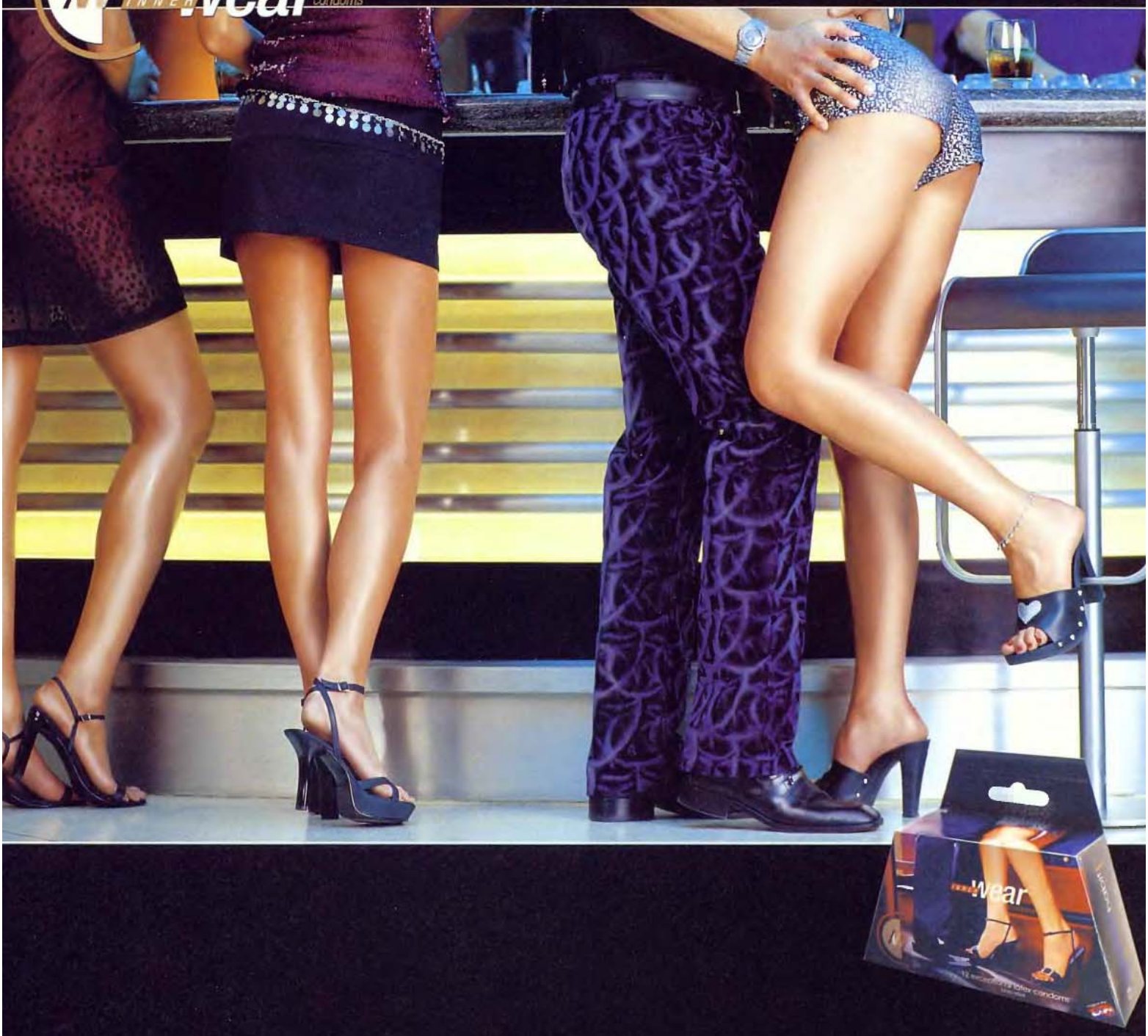

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The Playboy Advisor

I've heard that women go nuts over foot massages. Can something like that get me laid? Any secret techniques I should know?—T.H., Nashville, Tennessee

A foot massage is always a step in the right direction, in part because lovers typically overlook and underestimate its sensual power. Use lotion instead of oil (too slippery) and warm it first in your hands. Alternate a firm stroke on the soles with a light touch on the top of the feet. To begin, massage the edges of her foot, working from heel to toe. Next, make small, circular movements on her sole with your thumb. Place both thumbs at her heel, then stroke toward her toes, making a T. You also can use your knuckles on the ball of her foot. Squeeze and roll each toe between your thumb and index finger, then give each a gentle tug. Press the flesh between. A good massage should last at least 10 minutes on each foot. Move on to the ankles, legs, etc., until she demands sex.

My buddies and I often disagree on whether the Centerfold is all natural. Is there any surefire way to tell?—B.H., Chatsworth, California

Natural breasts aren't exactly the same size, they aren't perfectly round, they're in proportion to the woman's frame and weight and they don't defy gravity when she lies on her back. Many of the breast implants we see on women who believe "that's what PLAYBOY *wants to see" can only be described as grotesque, which is why we never recommend the procedure. The best boob jobs keep you guessing, but one* PLAYBOY *photographer says that in his experience testing women for the magazine, about five percent meet that criterion. Want to test your acumen? Visit playboy.com/sex/feature/ultimate/test. The average visitor correctly identifies 22 of 36 pairs as real or fake.*

You should be ashamed of your answer in March to A.N. from Chicago, who asked what to do after an acquaintance refused to shake his hand. To suggest that this jerk seek revenge on the guy by "finding a way to fuck his girlfriend" reduces her to a possession with no more value as a sentient being than a car or basketball. I always believed that the Advisor respected women as individuals. What did this woman ever do to deserve to be toyed with and used (and I assume discarded and hurt)? Tell A.N. he ought to grow up and get over it.—M.B., Evanston, Wyoming

As a sentient being, the girlfriend will make her own decisions about who to fuck and how she feels about it later.

My wife is reading Susie Bright's *Best American Erotica* and I thought it would

be fun to surprise her with a personal story. I'm not much of a writer. I know a few friends who could help, but I don't want to share secrets about what turns my wife on. Can I hire someone to write a sexy story that contains personal details?—S.C., Boulder, Colorado

Don't be too quick to discount the do-it-yourself approach. You know your wife better than anyone. She'll be touched, if not turned on, and she won't correct your grammar. If you'd rather go pro, Custom Erotica Source offers one-page quickies for $25 each that might be fun. You fill out a questionnaire to provide the names of characters, a setting, information about the reader, specific turn-ons he or she might have and how explicit you'd like the language and activity. A writer then crafts a fantasy that you can preview and approve before it's mailed or e-mailed to your wife. You also can order a six-page story for $125 or a 12-page story for $250, put the fantasy on tape for an additional $20, add an illustration for $75 and up, or order custom stories by writers whose work has appeared in Best American Erotica and other series. Visit customeroticasource.com or phone 415-864-0787 for details.

Your advice in February on how to give cunnilingus was excellent. I particularly liked the suggestion that a guy should "lose his face between her thighs." But you left out a crucial piece of information: A man should always shave before going down on a woman. A day's growth never feels good against labial tissue. Rub your tongue or the head of your penis along a woman's unshaved leg and you'll see what I mean.—S.S., Manchester, Connecticut

We'll take your word for it.

In April, a married reader asked for your advice. Twenty-five years ago, he had a one-night stand with a co-worker. She left the company a few months later. He didn't give the encounter any more thought until this past year, when an anonymous male phoned and asked him about it. You suggested that the caller was the woman's current boyfriend and that the couple was playing mind games with her ex-lovers. That's ludicrous. I'd guess that the caller was the woman's 24-year-old son, and that he had been told that the man in question is or might be his father. That would explain why she left the company soon after the affair.—D.P., Pasadena, California

Your scenario is more plausible, but ours would make a better movie.

Do you have any tips to help me read my new issue of PLAYBOY without having to separate some pages with my fingernails because of the static?—S.M., Memphis, Tennessee

Nothing works better at battling adhesion and building cohesion than having your wife or girlfriend read the issue first. The static is an incidental result of the high-speed process that's used to print the magazine (another result is the vibrant color you see in our pictorials and artwork). We could reduce the cling, but we'd have to print only text—and if we do that, the terrorists win.

I love a great ass on a woman. Do you know of any services that specialize in hooking up guys with women who have nice butts?—K.S., Arlington, Virginia

No. You'll have to start one. Call it Ass You Like It. The challenge will be recruiting women who want to meet men who will focus on their rear ends.

What's the story behind the herbal supplements I see advertised everywhere? If I take Avacor, Longitude and Bloussant, am I actually going to regrow my lost hair, enlarge my penis and grow boobs? I'm curious if there is any truth to the claims made for these products. If any are legitimate, it would be nice to get that hairline back and to help my girlfriend stop fantasizing about a nonsurgical C cup.—K.K., Maui, Hawaii

So you're satisfied with your penis size? That's a start. Look on the bright side—you live in Maui, you have a girlfriend and your hair hasn't fallen out completely. You also have the money you could have wasted on herbal products that make fantastic claims.

My girlfriend and I have been dating for several years. I'm 26 and many of my friends are getting married. I also would

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

like to get married someday, but I'm not certain this girl is the one for me. I think the best thing for me to do is see other people. How do I tell my girlfriend this without losing her for good? What if I do this and she hates my guts, then I realize she is the girl I should marry? Do my doubts about spending the rest of my life with her mean anything? Please help.—J.K., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Everyone has doubts—except guys who buy into the fallacy that they've found "the one." In our view, any guy who doesn't have doubts about committing to one woman for the rest of his life needs to get to know her better. But you're overlooking an important player in this drama—your girlfriend. She may feel the same pressures as she watches her friends get hitched, and the same uncertainty about marrying you. If you don't feel comfortable discussing your relationship with the other person involved, what sort of marriage can you expect? Every couple reaches a place where they know enough about each other to make long-term plans or go their separate ways. Rather than suffer regrets, remember that timing is everything. Your girlfriend may be the right woman at the wrong time or the wrong woman at the right time.

My boyfriend keeps pestering me to give him a blow job. I have never done it so I won't knock it, but is there anything else I can do to pleasure him in the same way?—L.T., Vancouver, British Columbia

You mean, is there something that feels like a blow job but isn't? Not in this world. Why not give it a try?

My wife and I were watching a television program that noted that the husband is always buried on the left side of his wife because that's how they slept in the bed. I sleep on the left, and when we surveyed family members at a get-together, that's where all the other guys said they slept. Is this because the dominant person sleeps on the left?—J.J., Bristol, Connecticut

The dominant person sleeps on whatever side he or she wants. It's more likely that one person had a preference when the couple first began sharing the bed, and the other person accommodated it. We asked around and found guys who sleep on the left and on the right. Either side is better than the couch.

What is out there on video for the discriminating porn lover? I want something sensual and subtle but not so discreet that it's not arousing. I have a few Andrew Blake films that I like (the girl–girl underwater scene in *Hidden Obsessions* is awesome), but I still fast-forward through them. I like to see kissing and touching and hear dirty talk. I love to watch women undress, pose and masturbate. To me, intercourse is only a small part of what is sexy about people getting it on. I'm tired of videos in which three gross guys cram their rods into a woman. I hate facial come shots, fake breasts, fake blondes and too much makeup. I would rather see a woman take off her jeans and use a dildo on herself than another group grope with a skinny blonde. I could do without the schmaltzy music. How about some Chopin? I would even like to see porn shot in black-and-white. I think a woman waking up in a lacy nightie with messy hair and no makeup is sexy. I would like to see her ride an exercise bike in the nude and then take a shower. Can you help?—J.S., Chicago, Illinois

You need to direct. Most porn videos don't focus on the elements you're after because most men wouldn't rent them. Producers create scenes that they believe will resonate with the greatest number of guys, and extended foreplay and classical music aren't in the formula. That isn't to say such things don't exist. Sample films that are marketed to couples, such as those made by Candida Royalle. You also may find guidance at iafd.com, where you can search synopses of 37,000 porn videos using filters such as lesbian and masturbation (as well as double penetration, anal double penetration and bald), but not kissing or exercise equipment—yet.

How can I tell if I'm a workaholic or just have too much shit to do?—L.N., Jackson, Mississippi

Have you ever turned down sex because you were busy? Bad sign. If you consider your family and friends to be a burden because they interrupt your work, you can't sit through an episode of Access Hollywood, you haven't had a vacation in this century or you constantly tell yourself, "If I can just finish this project, it'll be OK," you need to slow down. Typically, people who work too much use the distraction to cope with chronic depression or anxiety. A side effect is that it makes you dull. At the other extreme, a person who never does any work is annoying. Your goal is to live somewhere in between.

My wife just gave birth to our second child. I asked her nicely if she intended to wax, shave or trim her pubic area anytime soon. She became upset that I even mentioned it. How do I bring up the topic again without annoying her? I would love her to "clean house" because a lot of pubic hair is a turnoff to me.—S.M., Nutley, New Jersey

We admire your focus, but your timing needs work. Your wife blew up because she's managing a newborn while you redesign her pubic hair. Put down your sketch pad, warm a bottle and wait for her to calm down. It usually takes about three years.

While surfing the Net, I come across ads for privacy software that covers your tracks online. My girlfriend and I share my computer but not my liberal views about porn. How likely will I be to crash the system if I use one of these programs?—M.T., St. Louis, Missouri

Your relationship is more likely to crash than your computer is. At a minimum, eraser programs clear your browser cache, history and autocomplete entries and delete cookies, temporary files and other remnants of your surfing. More thorough programs write over deleted files multiple times to ensure that they can never be recovered. You can spend as little as nothing (Xblock.com offers a freeware version) to $150 (Evidence Eliminator, which implies that without its help you could end up being beaten and raped in prison). Xblock also detects spyware that a suspicious user may have installed to monitor your Internet travels.

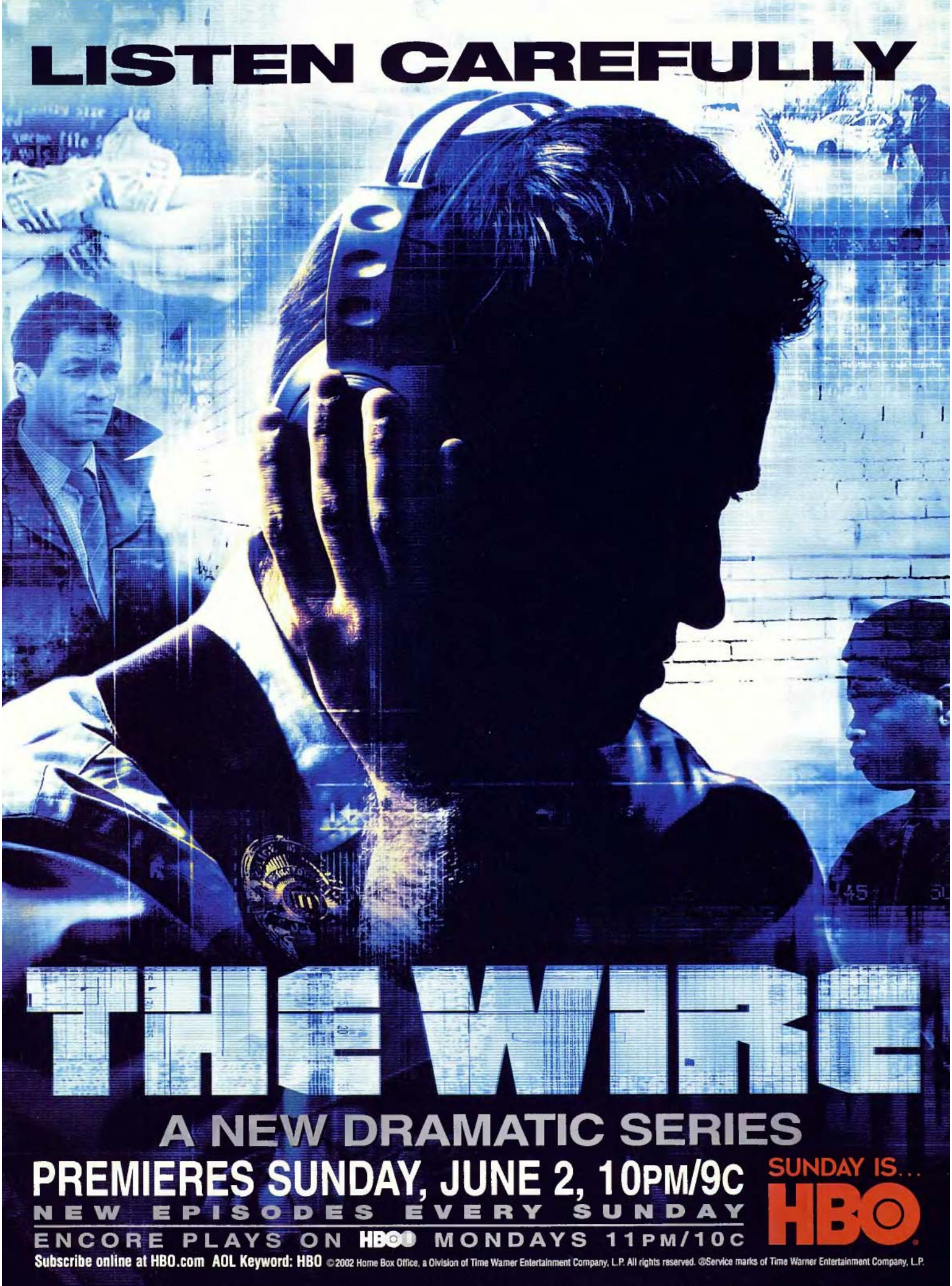
In February you told a reader who asked about anal sex to wash thoroughly, especially if she wants her partner to use his tongue. Good advice. Then you added, "Your partner may still encounter bits of potpourri in your rectum and anal canal, but that's the price he pays for the pleasure." That one statement may have dissuaded many people who otherwise might have experimented with this most intimate of pleasures. I have performed analingus on my wife thousands of times in the past 25 years and have never encountered a bit of anything in her sweet hole. —D.E., Windsor, California

No shit. That's encouraging news.

A few of us at work have talked about pooling our money to buy lottery tickets, but we can't agree on how we would take the winnings. Let's say that we win $20 million. Should we take a lump sum or annual payments over 20 years?—W.G., Cortland, Ohio

Lump sum, always. You'll make more investing the smaller cash-out than waiting for the full amount over 20 years. Assume you beat the odds—the equivalent of flipping a coin and having it come up heads 24 times in a row. First, you should have a partnership agreement and a federal tax ID number in place to avoid headaches splitting the pot. Almost half of your jackpot will be consumed by state and federal taxes. Choosing the lump sum will knock it down further, to about $6 million. Don't do anything brash such as quitting your job or buying a new house until you've hired a tax advisor and an investment counselor. Then take 10 percent of your share and blow it.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.*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UNCLE SAM'S SEX TOYS

the u.s. patent office knows how to play

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

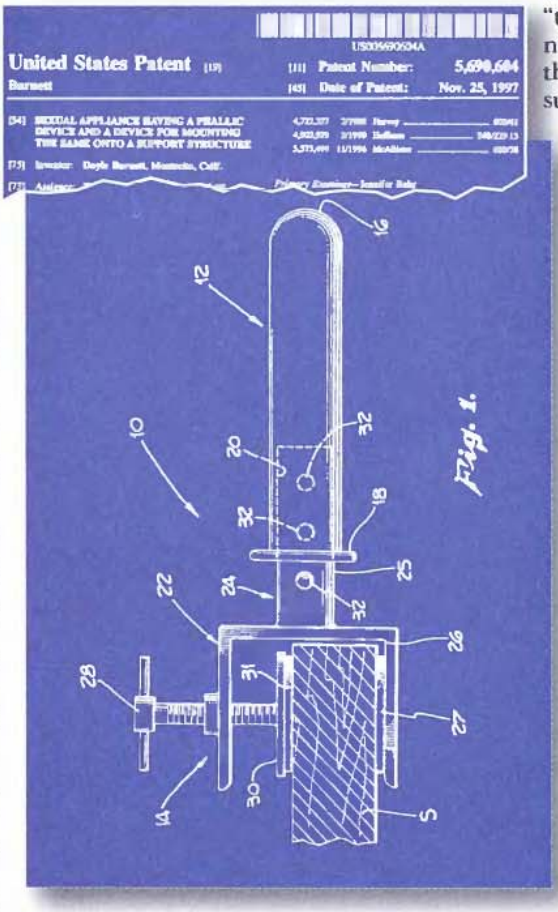
Every year the examiners at the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office scan applications sent in by the proud inventors of such novelties as audio-enhanced vibrators, nipple clips, clitoral suction devices, erection control systems, fingertip massagers, inflatable love dolls, artificial vaginas, Pyrex dildos and something with the wonderful appellation Vision of Love.

Can you patent a Vision of Love? Apparently. The device (patent 6,110,102) consists of a see-through vibrator containing a light.

With a total absence of moral posturing, the examiners study drawings, read detailed descriptions of the working parts and assess the avowed purpose of the inventions. If a device is new or useful or "substantially departs from the conventional concepts and designs of the prior art," they will grant a patent number, ensuring that the inventor can profit from his genius.

Now more than 200 years of American ingenuity is at one's fingertips. The U.S. Patent and Trademark Office has created a database (patft.uspto.gov) that is a Pandora's box of kinky sexual developments. To find products, you must think like a government file clerk. Enter search terms from a sex toy catalog, e.g., vibrating nipple clips, Microwavable Hot Cock, Inflate-A-Babe or exciting remote-control panties, and you'll come up dry. Enter a generic term like vibrator, and you'll pull up hundreds of patents for devices that separate small machine parts on conveyer belts or agitate the stuff stored in corn silos. Enter mundane, nonthreatening language such as sexual appliance or adult novelty or clitoral therapy, and you'll hit pay dirt.

We became aware of the patent stampede after watching an HBO *Real Sex* segment on an inventor in California who created dildos out of Pyrex. The image of a cylinder of glass being heated to the point of glowing and then turned in the hands of an artisan until it took the shape of a phallus was enchanting. That the resulting sex tool sold for close to $600 was a wake-up call. When we tracked down the inventor, he quickly rattled off the qualities that warranted a patent. Annealed Pyrex is approved by the FDA for insertion into the human body (think rectal thermometer). It is naturally lubricious, smooth to the touch. It can be sterilized between sex partners, simply tossed into an autoclave to kill germs. "Pyrex holds thermal energy," he explained. "You heat one of these up to about 110° and use it on a woman, you got to throw a license on her chest." Beg pardon? "You have to throw her driver's license on her chest so she can remember who she is when she wakes up." We aren't in Kansas anymore.


US005690604A
United States Patent [19]
Burnett
[11] Patent Number: 5,690,604
[45] Date of Patent: Nov. 25, 1997
[54] SEXUAL APPLIANCE HAVING A PHALLIC DEVICE AND A DEVICE FOR MOUNTING THE SAME ONTO A SUPPORT STRUCTURE
[75] Inventor: Doyle Burnett, Montecito, Calif.
[73] Assignee:
Primary Examiner—Jennifer Bahr
Fig. 1.

Knowmind Enterprises, subject of the *Real Sex* segment, proudly holds three patents. The Whip Lite (a.k.a. the Painless Whip or the Ouchless Whip) was granted patent 6,015,086. A masturbation aid called the Aqua Vulva II—a cross between Chinese handcuffs and a hot-water bottle—garnered patent 5,836,865. Knowmind successfully argued that "there exists a continuing need for a new and improved male sex aid. In this regard, the present invention substantially fills this need."

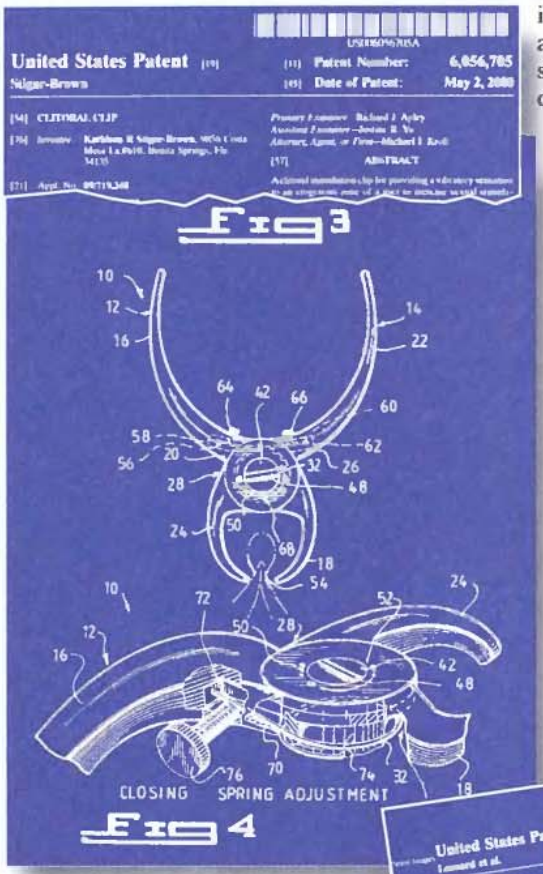
Thirty years ago, the sex-aids business consisted mainly of bullet-shaped vibrators, flesh-colored latex dildos and descendants of French ticklers that looked like prickly soap dishes. The pioneers (mostly males) sat at their dining room tables devising bigger and better versions of the same basic shape. No one bothered with patents.

A glance around any sex shop shows that the world of sex toys has changed. These days, vibrators come in a wild array of shapes, colors and materials. There are translucent colors reminiscent of the iMac, materials such as UR3 ultrarealistic skin. Ron Braverman, the head of the Doc Johnson sex toy empire, puts it simply: "After 25 years in the business, we have become territorial. It's a matter of pride and protection. If we come up with an idea, we don't want to see it knocked off by the competition. When we approach the patent office, it is with the same attitude Hugh Hefner had when he approached the Post Office in the Fifties for the right to send PLAYBOY through the mail. We deserve the same protection under the law, the same sincerity."

A search of the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office's online database will convince you that innovators have won the sexual revolution. The archive records a wonderful dialogue between inventor and examiner.

The female inventor of a vibrating "clitoral clip," patent 6,056,705,

explains that "the clitoral stimulation clip is movable between a first position, in which the first and second gripping portions are moved together, causing the first and second clamping portions to be separated, whereby the erogenous zone of the user may be received within the clamping section between the first and second clamping portions; and a second position, in which the first and second gripping portions are separated, causing the first and second clamping portions to move toward each other, whereby the erogenous zone is retained within the clamping section by engaging the clamping device to clamp the first and second members in a stationary position and the vibrating device is activated to vibrate, thereby stimulating the erogenous zone."

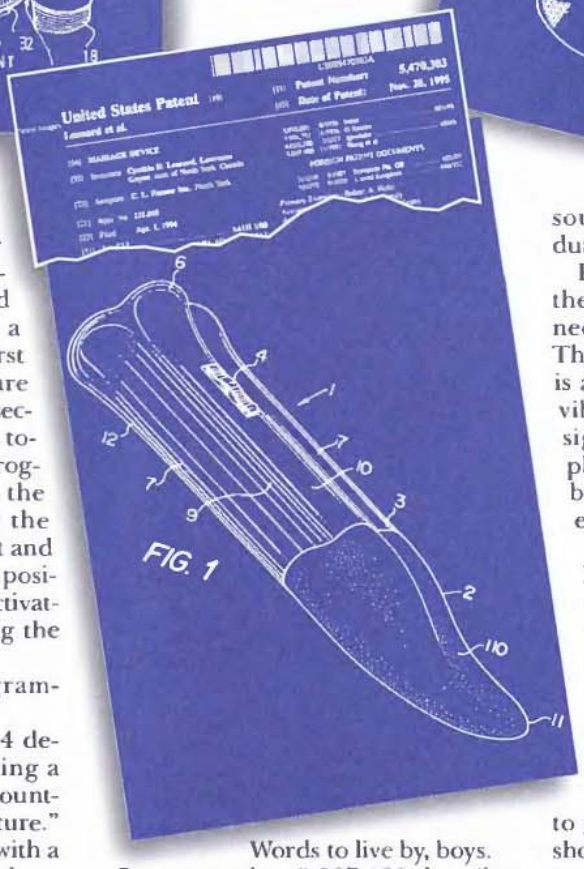


And you had problems programming your Palm Pilot?

United States patent 5,690,604 describes a "sexual appliance having a phallic device and a device for mounting the same onto a support structure." In common parlance, it's a dildo with a clamp, so you can attach it to a door, headboard or bedpost. After providing the patent examiner with a brief history of the role of phallic devices, the inventor addressed a compelling problem with handheld sex toys: "Unfortunately, the number of sexual activities that may be simulated by a user who does not have a partner is limited by that person's reach and the manner in which the shoulder and elbow joints are configured."

Ain't that the truth?

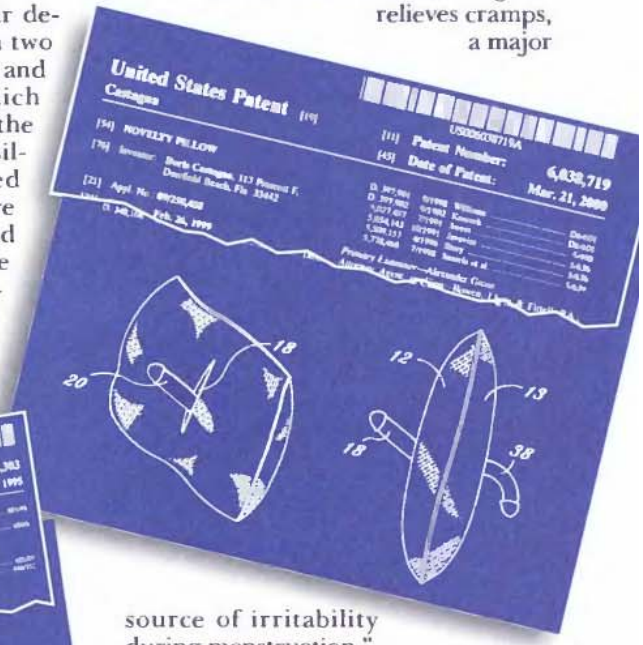
Patent 5,470,303 protects a "massage device." In their discussion of their product, its inventors admit that "sexual self-stimulators, principally in the form of vibrators, have been available for a long time." But their device is innovative in two ways: its appearance and the manner in which the business end of the device—a "soft, resilient tongue-shaped head"—moves. There was, they said, a need for a massage device that "stresses an interesting manner of movement, as opposed to speed."



Words to live by, boys.

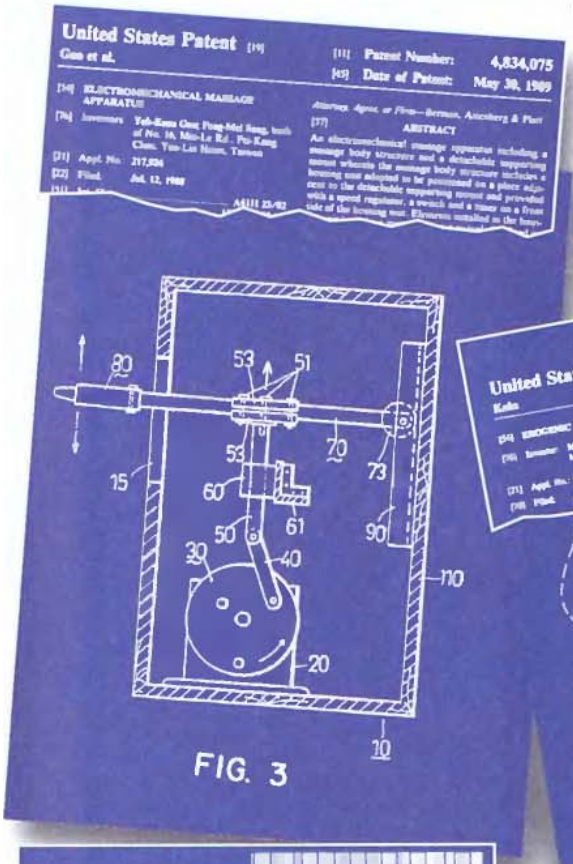
Patent number 5,067,480 describes a "stimulator," a.k.a. the Eroscillator 2. The patent application reads like a doctoral dissertation, stating that vibrators can be used after the "death, desertion or lack of capacity or availability of a spouse. The socially desirable goal of marital fidelity may be achieved by a woman's having access to a vibrator while her husband is injured, ill or absent for long periods." In some cases a sex toy is preferable to simple self-stimulation, if for no other reason than that "the patient may continue stimulation past the initial orgasm to achieve multiple orgasms." After therapy, the marital aid can be used as part of "a maintenance or recreational program."

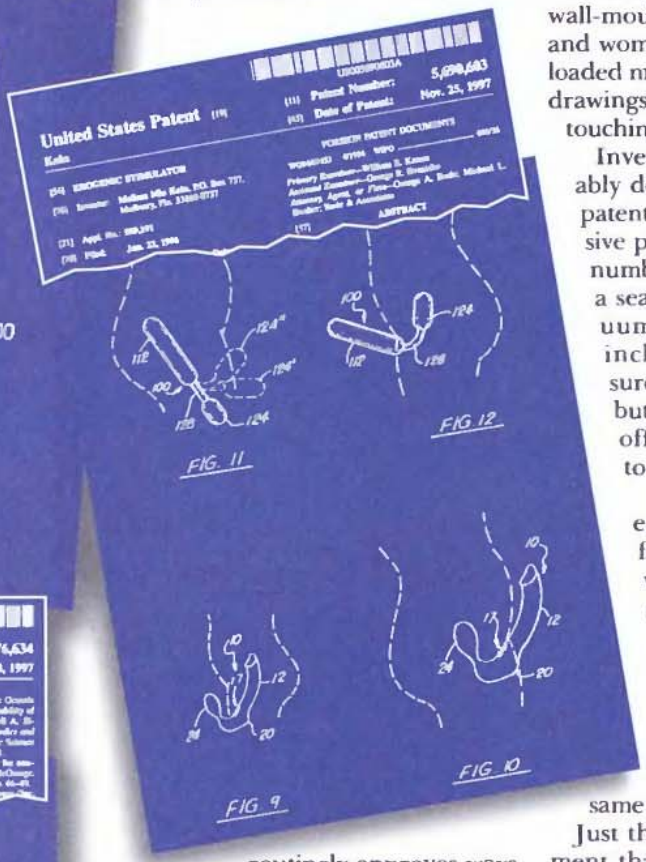
And then, going for a Nobel, the inventor suggests that "it is well established that the female orgasm relieves cramps, a major source of irritability during menstruation."

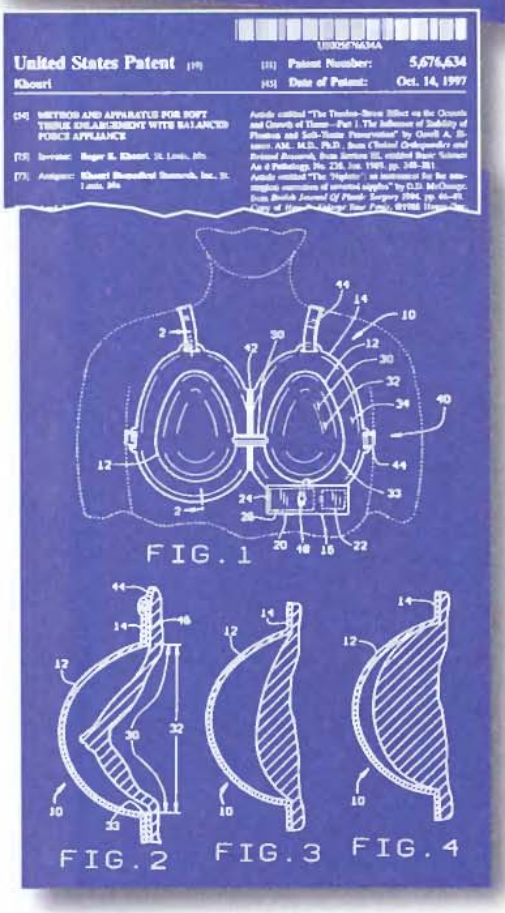


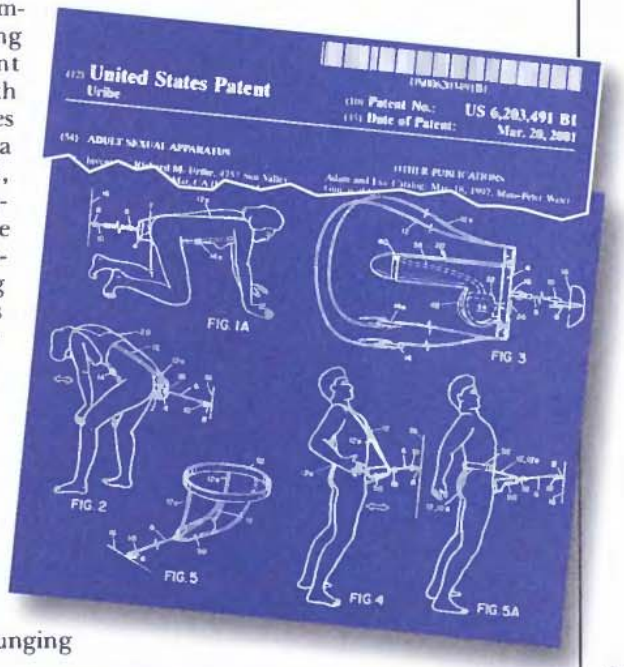
Patent 5,928,170 seems to address the longtime complaint that women need conversation, if not cuddling. The "audio-enhanced sexual vibrator" is a handheld device that includes "a vibrating mechanism and an audio signal processor for recording and playing back personalized messages, before or after sexual interplay, for enhanced aural stimulation."

If you want to send a message to a lover, you might consider the "novelty pillow," patent 6,038,719. The device apparently fills the crying need for "a pillow design with features that resemble a penis" and the invention, we are assured, will be "welcomed by the novelty items business and those who are looking for a new, humorous gift to give at bachelor parties, wedding showers or other events." The inventors thought a pop-up penis would be a laugh riot if it were coupled with cute messages. As an example, they suggest a phallic member that includes a ring









dollars teaching abstinence to teenagers. The last surgeon general to mention masturbation was forced to resign. Politicians recoil at the thought of aroused citizens diddling themselves, but the patent office routinely approves ways to improve autoeroticism. Not to mention even kinkier trends like strap-on dildos.

Seeking to improve the prior art, the inventor of the "erogenic stimulator" complains about chafing straps. Her solution is patent 5,690,603, which does away with the harness: "The device features one phallic end that is used in a normal manner and a second, bulbous end that is inserted within the vaginal or anal cavity of the wearing partner, allowing the device to be held in place during use by the wearer's muscle groups without the need for straps or the like." Do those Kegels, girls.

Patent 5,725,473 is the lonely girl's home companion, a "sexual aid including a housing, mounted on detachable legs and containing a motor that urges a dildo, including vibration means, to describe an arcuate path generally coincident with an orifice such as a vagina." While Mr. Penis is plunging and the message "With this ring I thee wed," or a bow tie for "Having a coming-out party."

We were struck by a significant irony. The Republicans spend millions of about, the device allows remote-control suction caps to stimulate areas such as the nipples.

If you are afraid that the neighbors will complain about the sound of a wheezing and heaving Briggs and Stratton, consider patent 6,203,491, a wall-mounted system that allows men and women to enjoy a kind of spring-loaded mechanical partner. The design drawings are explicit and actually quite touching in the need they evoke.

Inventions that use suction probably deserve their own wing of the patent office. There's the "noninvasive penile erection device" (patent number 6,277,062), a cylinder with a seal that subjects a penis to vacuum pressures of more than 17 inches of mercury. We're not sure of the barometric equivalent, but the phrase "suck the chrome off a trailer hitch" does come to mind.

Another inventor has patented a "method and apparatus for soft-tissue enlargement with balanced force appliance" (patent 5,676,634), which, depending on what defines the "perfect embodiment," is either a bra-shaped device that sucks one's tits into another dimension or a jock strap that does the same to a penis.

Just think: a branch of the government that shares our curiosity about sex, that believes in improving the quality of pleasure for its citizens, that embraces the notion that there is no single route to ecstasy.

READER

PORNO PAST

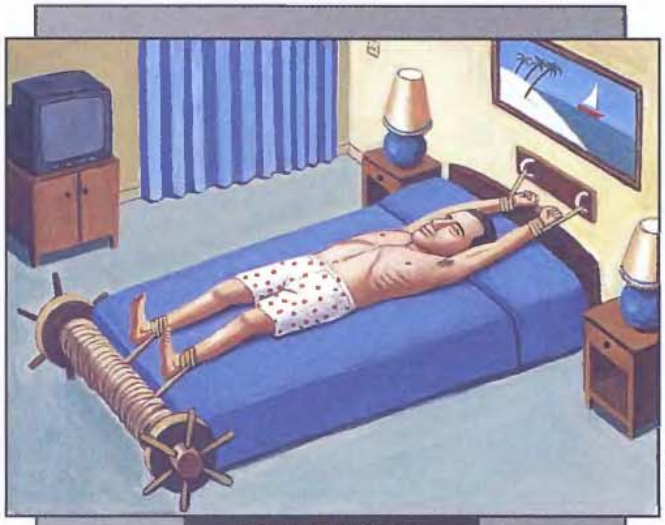
Here's a story that might interest your readers: I am—or used to be—a guard at FCI Dublin, a federal prison at Camp Parks. About a year before I was hired, I appeared in a number of adult movies and magazines as Chantel Lace. My firefighter husband had become temporarily disabled, and we needed quick cash to avoid losing our home. My sister is also a porn actress, so it wasn't difficult to jump into the business. When my husband recovered, I began looking for a job in law enforcement. I was a top graduate of the Federal Bureau of Prisons' police academy, so I applied at FCI. I made sure my superiors knew about my past (when I told the recruiter who hired me my stage name, he said he was a fan of my *Topless Boxing* series). I asked if I had to sign a morality clause and was told I did not.

Once hired, I never discussed my private life or my past with other guards or prisoners. I did my job and received high marks for it. About eight months after I was hired, a co-worker brought some of my videos to work and asked me to sign them. I declined, telling him, "This is what I do now." I hoped that would be the end of it, but he began to proposition me on the job and by e-mail, saying he would tell the other officers and prisoners about my work in porn if I didn't sleep with him. I reported his behavior to my superiors and asked that they switch me to a different shift. Instead, they confronted him about my allegations. He denied them. True to his word, he then distributed the videos to other guards and to soldiers at Camp Parks. He also printed photos of me from the Internet and showed them to prisoners.

Incensed, I told my superiors I wanted to file a formal sexual harassment complaint. We scheduled an eight A.M. meeting for me to sign the documents. I wouldn't leave the room for the next eight hours. First, the investigators interrogated me about my past. Then they informed me I had violated a regulation that prohibits electronic devices on prison grounds. (I had brought a portable TV to work with the idea of using it to pass the time between hourly patrols, but never brought it inside the prison and never even turned it on.) They said I could resign or be fired. Exhausted, I resigned.

I am considering filing a complaint with the EEOC for wrongful termination. I also am applying for other jobs as a correctional officer. In my most promising recent interview, I informed the recruiter that I had been a performer in adult movies. He said it didn't matter. But we'll see. You can think whatever you want about my employment history, but I didn't deserve to lose my job.

Alexas Jones
Keyes, California



CHARLIE POWELL

FOR THE RECORD

PAIN MANAGEMENT

"Please note, sprinkler heads are not weight bearing. There is to be no cracking of whips outside the dungeon proper. Whips in the dungeon are limited to a size of no longer than five feet, measuring from handle to tip of popper. Total nudity is allowed only within the dungeon proper. Cleaning supplies are available throughout the dungeon. If you do a blood or other messy scene, please use a tarp or drop cloth."

—Mock rules of conduct posted online by the organizers of My Vicious Valentine, an S&M convention held each year near Chicago. Concerned Women for America distributed the list in a successful campaign to get the host hotel to cancel the event. "We are outraged when we hear of people torturing Americans in other countries, and yet we look the other way when it involves consenting adults," a CWA official said. Organizers found a new hotel, and the convention went on without a hitch.

PLAYBOY AT WORK

Thomas Mares, who says that he was fired for having a PLAYBOY in a locked desk drawer, must not read any of your *Forum* articles ("PLAYBOY at Work," *Reader Response*, *The Playboy Forum*, April). If he did, he would have known that many other people have been fired or punished in other ways, under similar circumstances. Rule number one: Never trust your employer when he or she says, "This is no big deal." Rule number two: Never leave anything personal, or valuable, at work. I wish Mares the best. His battle to prove age discrimination is going to be a long, hard fight.

Ronald Serafin
Houston, Texas

GAY SCOUTS

Daniel Radosh compares the campaign to rid the Girl Scouts of lesbians to the Boy Scouts' fight to oust gay men ("Lesbian Girl Scouts," *The Playboy Forum*, April). He claims that the Boy Scouts' battle has made the organization "heroic in the Bible Belt and an embarrassment to the rest of the country." I don't live in the Bible Belt, and I'm not embarrassed by the Boy Scouts. How about we leave it up to the Scouts to decide who they want in their organization? Ever heard of freedom of choice?

Dennis Davis
Ucon, Idaho

What if the Scouts decided it didn't want black members? Freedom of choice, right?

CHRISTIAN DUMMIES

Over the past few months, I have followed the antics of the antiporn pastors who bought a booth at the *Adult Video News* trade show in an attempt to convert souls ("Christian Porn," *The Playboy Forum*, April). I track their activities at fullgospelranch.com. Be careful

RESPONSE

not to dismiss these two as clowns. Although they hide behind a veil of hipness and nonjudgmental Christianity, they won't be happy until we all live in a theocracy. They consider fundamentalist sects such as Focus on the Family, Promise Keepers and the American Family Association as brothers-in-arms. And while they claim to want to "open a dialogue between the church and those the church has shunned," it took all of two days for them to ban me from their online discussion boards. My chief beef is their unfounded claim to be the "number one Christian porn site." That honor belongs to me. I've been sucking the cocks of Christian pastors, teachers and leaders for too many years to allow some second-rate fundy theocrats to claim my spot as the Christian porn queen.

Pastor Tammy Lynn Jessup
Full Gospel Ranch Ministries
Dallas, Texas

KICK IN THE BALL

I am a student at Luther College. A few years ago, PLAYBOY wrote about a campus tradition in which groups of seniors play naked soccer on the library lawn. The tradition, which began in May 1992, has become a way to let off steam during a hellish week of finals. This year the administration said it will ban the games, which usually take place over several nights and attract hundreds of spectators. In an e-mail to students, the university president said that "naked soccer is an excess in the life of this community that places individuals in harm's way. Ultimately, how we deal with nude soccer is a measure of our respect for each other. And if we fail, I can almost assure you that at some point it will end in disaster and a person or a group of persons will carry scars with them their whole lives." Students are outraged, and we're organizing to fight back.

(Name withheld by request)
Decorah, Iowa

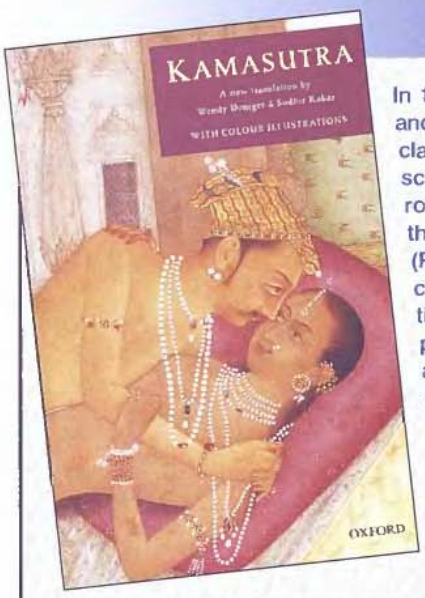
We asked the school for details. A spokesman said: "Luther College is not prudish, and it is not repressive. We do not think that nudity is immoral. In fact, we endorse it in a number of venues. Nudity does not cause injury to the character, reputation, mind, body or morality of any student. We do not think it causes any injury to the character or reputation of Luther College. Our concern is the dangerous activities that have become part of naked soccer. A few fights have the potential to become a melee. Pranks can cause injury. The incidents of abusive behavior, which have included sexual harassment, could become physical and sexual assaults."

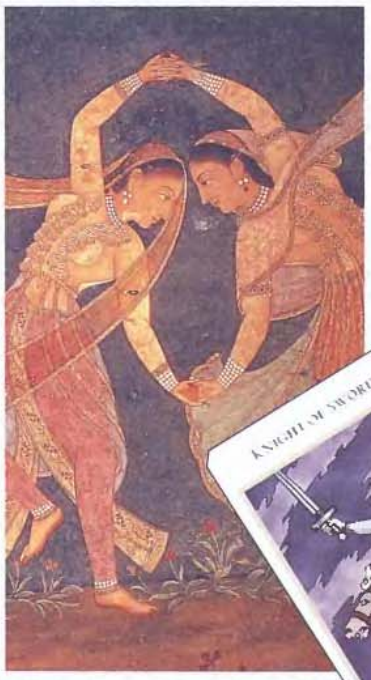
When we asked for examples of nude soccer hooliganism, the school spokesman pointed to campus police records that describe drunk students falling down and needing stitches, bottle rockets shot into groups of spectators, a student who alleged she had been sexually abused (although the incident occurred in a residence hall, not on the field), naked men running through dorms (which prompted the sexual harassment complaints) and cases of vandalism and theft. University police have described the games as "out of control." Sounds like Luther students are ready to go pro.

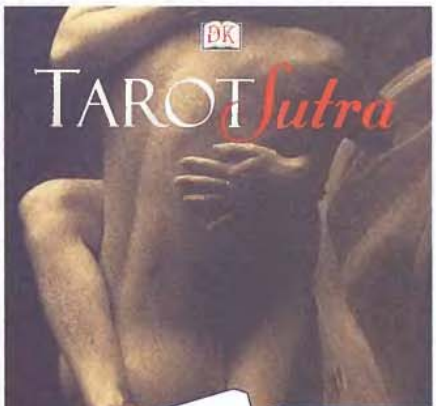
We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM F.Y.I.

In 1883 British explorer Richard Francis Burton and three others translated the *Kama Sutra*, the classic Hindu manual on erotic love. But two scholars say Burton's team made serious errors, including repeated mistranslations and the exclusion of a section about the G spot. (Predictably, they were most accurate in the chapter that describes various sexual positions.) This spring, Oxford University Press published what it says is a more complete and precise edition of the 13th century text, with explanatory notes. Meanwhile, the *Kama Sutra* cottage industry continues with a condensed version of Burton's edition and a kit that applies the book's lessons to tarot cards.







FALSE JUSTICE

one hundred thousand innocent men in prison—and, for most, no escape

By CHIP ROWE

This we know to be true: In the early hours of July 6, 1986, firefighters responded to a fire at a home in Paris, Illinois. It had been set in two locations. In a bedroom firefighters discovered the bodies of Dyke and Karen Rhoads. Dyke, lying near the door, had been stabbed 28 times. Karen, near the foot of the bed, had been stabbed 26 times. The wounds in each victim were up to six inches deep.

For two months the case stymied investigators. Karen's employer offered a $25,000 reward. What happened next calls to mind James Carville's remark about the consequences of dragging a $100 bill through a trailer park.

A local alcoholic, Darrell Herrington, told police he knew who had killed the Rhoadses. First he blamed "Jim" and "Ed." Then he claimed that, although he had been drinking from noon to midnight on the day of the murders, he recalled driving to the Rhoadses' home with two layabouts named Randy Steidl and Herb Whitlock. While he waited in the car, he said, the other two went inside. Herrington said he heard noises, used a credit card to open a locked door and saw the bodies.

The police gave Herrington a lie detector test. He failed.

A few months later, another barfly came forward. Deborah Rienbolt, an alcoholic who also abused drugs, told police that on the night of the murders, Whitlock had borrowed a five-inch hunting knife from her and said something about the Rhoadses and a drug deal gone bad. She said she later drove by the Rhoadses' home and spotted Whitlock outside. In a second interview with police, she said she had driven by, heard screams, gone inside and saw Steidl and Whitlock and the bodies. In a third interview, she said she had gone inside, saw the couple being attacked and (inexplicably) held down Karen Rhoads as she was killed. She said that when Whitlock returned her knife, she soaked it in hot water and scrubbed the blood out of the crevices.

Prosecutors put Whitlock and Steidl on trial for murder. Because no physical evidence linked either man to the crime, the state relied on the witnesses' implausible and contradictory testimony (neither reported seeing the other at the scene). Somehow it was enough to convince two juries. Steidl received a death sentence, while Whitlock got life.

After the trials, Herrington recanted his testimony, then reaffirmed it. Rienbolt recanted her story, reaffirmed it and then recanted again. She said police had fed her details, such as a broken lamp at the crime scene, that made her account appear credible. Three years ago journalism students tracked down a former neighbor, now a surgeon, who had lived across the street from the Rhoadses. On the night of the killings he had been sitting outside, about 100 feet away from the Rhoadses' house, with a friend who is now a U.S. marshal. Neither recalled seeing or hearing anything unusual at the time both witnesses insisted the murders had occurred. Neither man had been interviewed by police.

> The notion is, it's better that 10 guilty men go free than one innocent man suffer. As a nation, we've never believed that.

Steidl and Whitlock have spent the past 15 years in prison. There is more than reasonable doubt to their guilt. Troubled by the evidence, an appeals court reduced Steidl's sentence to life. Yet it also ruled that the strong evidence of perjury was not enough to justify a new trial.

In layman's terms, Steidl and Whitlock are fucked. The case has drawn the attention of *Chicago Tribune* columnist Eric Zorn (see ericzorn.com/columns/paris) and the CBS news magazine *48 Hours*. But journalists don't decide, juries do. And when a jury makes its decision based on what turns out to be bad information, the system is reluctant to correct the error.

"You hear the lofty pronouncement that better 10 guilty men go free than one innocent man suffer," says Rob Warden of the Center on Wrongful Convictions at the Northwestern University School of Law. "But as a nation, we've never believed that. It's the other way around."

If the number of prisoners who have been released in capital cases is any indication, a significant percentage of the 2 million residents of state and federal prisons are living a nightmare. In Illinois, defense lawyers, journalists and students have helped free 14 of 288 death row prisoners. That's an error rate (so far) of 4.9 percent in cases that receive intense scrutiny. Applied to the general inmate population, that would translate to roughly 100,000 people, or enough to fill 80 prisons.

No official agency reviews questionable convictions, so an assortment of activists tackle the job. The Center on Wrongful Convictions each year hears from 4000 new prisoners who claim to be innocent. Because its staff of three lawyers and a dozen students can juggle only about 25 cases, the center uses a questionnaire to screen applicants: What was the physical evidence introduced at your trial? What statements did you make—or were you alleged to have made—during your interrogation? Were the principal witnesses against you eyewitnesses, victims, investigating officers, purported accomplices, jailhouse informants or forensic experts? What, if any, was your defense? Do you have an alibi?

The most discouraging question is, How much time do you have left? Because an appeal can take years, the center and 20 or so other innocence projects around the country don't assist inmates scheduled for release any time soon. They also do not take cases in which the only evidence is he said–she said testimony, such as with a charge of

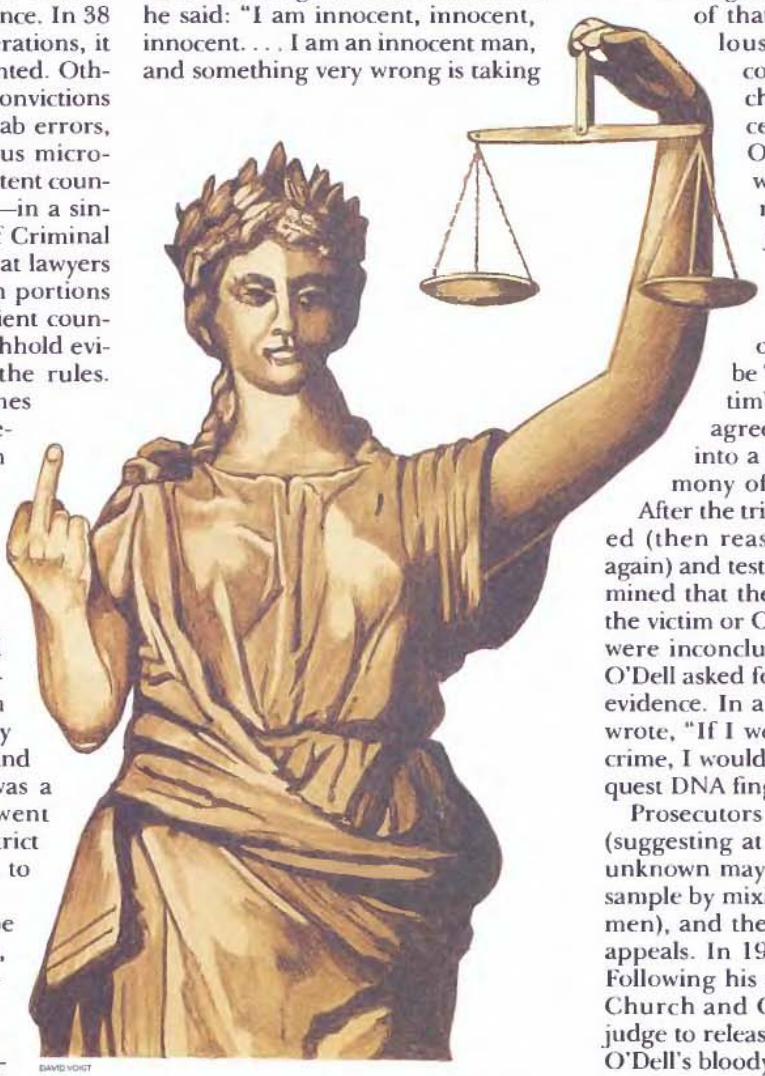
date rape. "Many times a guy has a defense that's plausible," Warden says. "But the jury heard both sides and decided against him. Legally, there's not much else to be done."

In more complex cases, which is most of them, how does an innocent man end up behind bars? Most often it's because of mistaken or perjured eyewitness testimony. According to one study, eyewitnesses played a role in three quarters of the first 67 convictions reversed by DNA evidence. In 38 percent of death row exonerations, it was the only evidence presented. Other common factors in false convictions include police misconduct, lab errors, coerced confessions, dubious microscopic hair matches, incompetent counsel (which is hard to prove—in a single year, the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals ruled three times that lawyers accused of sleeping through portions of trials had provided sufficient counsel) and prosecutors who withhold evidence or otherwise break the rules. Prosecutors play these games because they are under tremendous pressure to win and because they have little to fear if they're caught. The *Chicago Tribune* analyzed 381 murder cases in which defendants had convictions overturned because of official misconduct and found that not a single prosecutor had been charged with a crime or disbarred. Only five faced public discipline, and the harshest punishment was a 30-day suspension. Many went on to become judges or district attorneys. One was elected to Congress.

Because neither wants to be accused of being soft on crime, Congress and the courts emphasize bureaucracy over justice. In one notorious case, the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear a condemned man's compelling claim of innocence because years earlier his lawyers had missed a filing deadline. In 1993, the court ruled in *Herrera vs. Collins* that a prisoner cannot simply argue in federal court that new evidence points to his innocence. He first must prove that his trial contained procedural errors (the technicalities that may free the guilty but also protect the innocent). In this case, Leonel Herrera had been convicted of shooting two police officers. Ten years later, he submitted affidavits from witnesses who said that his now-dead brother had been the killer (one witness was his brother's son, who says he saw the murders). Without considering the statements, the court told Herrera to sit down and shut up. "Federal habeas courts do not sit to correct errors of fact but to ensure the individuals are not imprisoned in violation of the Constitution," it said.

In other words, being falsely imprisoned is not a violation of your rights.

Herrera was executed four months after the ruling. In his final statement he said: "I am innocent, innocent, innocent. . . . I am an innocent man, and something very wrong is taking place tonight."



DAVID VOIGT

Legislators have cut off other escape routes. The Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act, championed by Senator Orrin Hatch and passed in 1996, gives an inmate 12 months after his or her conviction to file a writ of habeas corpus, which is a request for a federal court to review the case for constitutional violations. Most states also impose restrictive deadlines—some require prisoners to present new evidence within 30 days after their trial (the average time between conviction and exoneration is 12 years). A number of states have "closed discovery" statutes that prevent defense attorneys or journalists from reviewing the evidence after a conviction.

If judges refuse to consider new evidence, who's left to correct the errors? Prosecutors aren't lining up for the job, despite an oft-cited admonition by the Supreme Court that they operate with "the twofold aim that guilt shall not escape nor innocence suffer." The state of Virginia has made a mockery of that ideal. In its most callous moment, it denied a condemned prisoner the chance to prove his innocence with DNA. Joseph O'Dell, a career criminal, was convicted in 1986 of a rape and murder. The jury based its verdict on tire tracks said to be "similar" to those of his truck, bloodstains on his clothes found to be "consistent" with the victim's (he said, and witnesses agreed, that he had gotten into a bar fight) and the testimony of a jailhouse informant. After the trial, the informant recanted (then reasserted, then recanted again) and tests on O'Dell's shirt determined that the blood didn't belong to the victim or O'Dell (tests on the jacket were inconclusive). As early as 1988, O'Dell asked for DNA testing of semen evidence. In a note to a judge, O'Dell wrote, "If I were not innocent of this crime, I would have to be insane to request DNA fingerprinting."

Prosecutors challenged the request (suggesting at one point that persons unknown may have contaminated the sample by mixing in someone else's semen), and the courts denied O'Dell's appeals. In 1997 the state killed him. Following his execution, the Catholic Church and O'Dell's widow asked a judge to release the semen sample and O'Dell's bloody jacket for DNA testing. A state's attorney objected, telling the judge that if tests showed O'Dell had not committed the crime, "people will shout from the rooftops that the Commonwealth executed an innocent man." The judge declined to release the semen or the jacket (the state argued that because O'Dell had stolen it, it didn't belong to his family). Prosecutors then asked for permission to burn the evidence. Permission granted. Case closed.

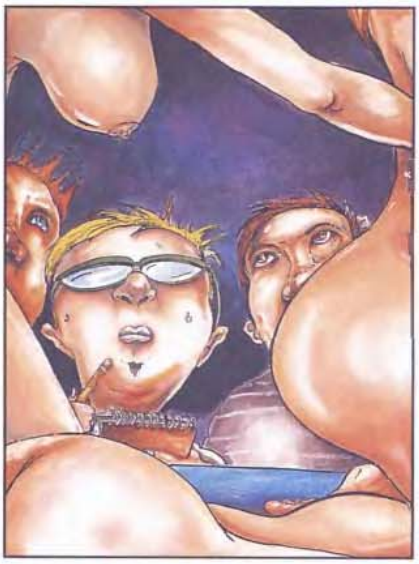
Our system of justice is the best in the world. We're justifiably proud. But what happens when that pride turns to arrogance?

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX FOR CREDIT

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—*The University of California offers more than 100 student-led courses on topics such as blackjack and the Grateful Dead. Earlier this*



year officials suspended a class on male sexuality after the campus newspaper alleged that participants had attended an orgy, snapped photos of their privates for a game of match-the-genitalia-to-its-owner and taken a field trip to a strip club. The university lifted the suspension after a task force concluded that the activities had not been part of the course.

BOMB SCARE

BEDFORD, TEXAS—*Following the murder of a New York abortion provider, the head of security for Planned Parenthood of North Texas told clinics she would be conducting surprise drills. A week later she sent several clinics packages wrapped in brown paper with no return addresses and crudely written addresses. Inside each, she placed a purple-and-green videocassette sleeve filled with paper scraps and garbage-bag ties, along with a note that read "*KABOOM! *OK, it's a drill, but your first kaboom was when you accepted this package. The big kaboom was when you opened it. It is time to review the security manual. Will you send the tape cover back to me? Thanks." When the package was opened at the Bedford clinic, its director phoned 911 and moved everyone to the back of the building. Soon after, the woman resigned, filed a workers' compensation claim and sued Planned Parenthood for $1.5 million. She said the drill caused her to suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder. A state psychiatrist agreed, and the woman so far has received $60,000 in benefits.*

HETERO HUBRIS

WOODBURY, MINNESOTA—*According to his mother, Elliott Chambers doesn't think much of the "homosexual agenda." So one morning the teenager wore a sweatshirt that read* STRAIGHT PRIDE *to school. His mother said it was her son's way of promoting "the traditional and wholesome way to approach sex, which is God's plan." When gay students complained, the principal told Chambers his shirt violated the dress code. He sued, arguing that because the school allowed the display of pink triangles, it also had to let him express his beliefs. A judge ruled in his favor.*

PENILE PROBLEM

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND—*On at least three occasions, a prisoner flashed female guards at the Anne Arundel County Jail. Prosecutors charged him with indecent exposure, and a judge gave him three years in prison. But the inmate successfully appealed, arguing that his cell, although in a public building, is a private space where he can get naked when he pleases. The state legislature has since introduced a bill that would make it a crime for prisoners to drop their drawers to harass guards.*

CAMPUS BUSTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Department of Education reported a 10 percent increase in drug arrests on college campuses in 2000. Most arrests were for possession of marijuana. Penn State had 175 drug arrests, the most of any school. Other large schools that had more than 125 drug arrests included Michigan State, Indiana University, the University of California and the University of Iowa.*

PRIVATE ACTS

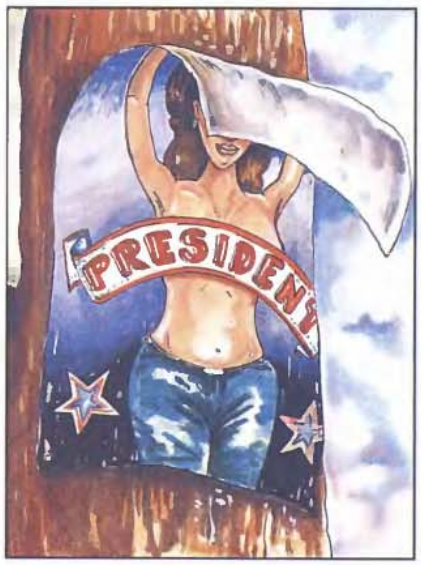
BOSTON—*Asked to review two laws that ban "unnatural acts," the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled the statutes apply only to people having sex in public. As long as couples make an effort to conceal themselves, they may legally have oral or anal sex in the woods, in a parked car or on a secluded area of a beach. The ruling means prosecutors must now convince a judge or jury that a couple knew they could be seen.*

BAYOU BLACKMAIL

NEW ORLEANS—*In 1981 a nurse identified Clyde Charles as the man who had raped her. He protested his innocence but was convicted. In 1989 Charles asked the state to release semen evidence from the crime for DNA testing. After 10 years of stonewalling, officials said they would release the evidence only if Charles gave up his right to sue them if it proved his innocence. Charles agreed, and the testing showed he could not have been the rapist. Now a free man after 19 years behind bars, Charles has asked an appeals court to throw out the agreement.*

STUDENT BODY

EDMONTON, ALBERTA—*A medical student running for a campus office at the University of Alberta posed nude for her campaign poster. "I thought it was within my rights as a student and as a citizen of Canada," she said. An election official disqualified her, but not because of the image.*



A newspaper reporter had interviewed the student and written about the poster. That, the official said, violated a rule barring candidates from speaking to "external media." The student says the rule violated her right to free speech.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN HOPE

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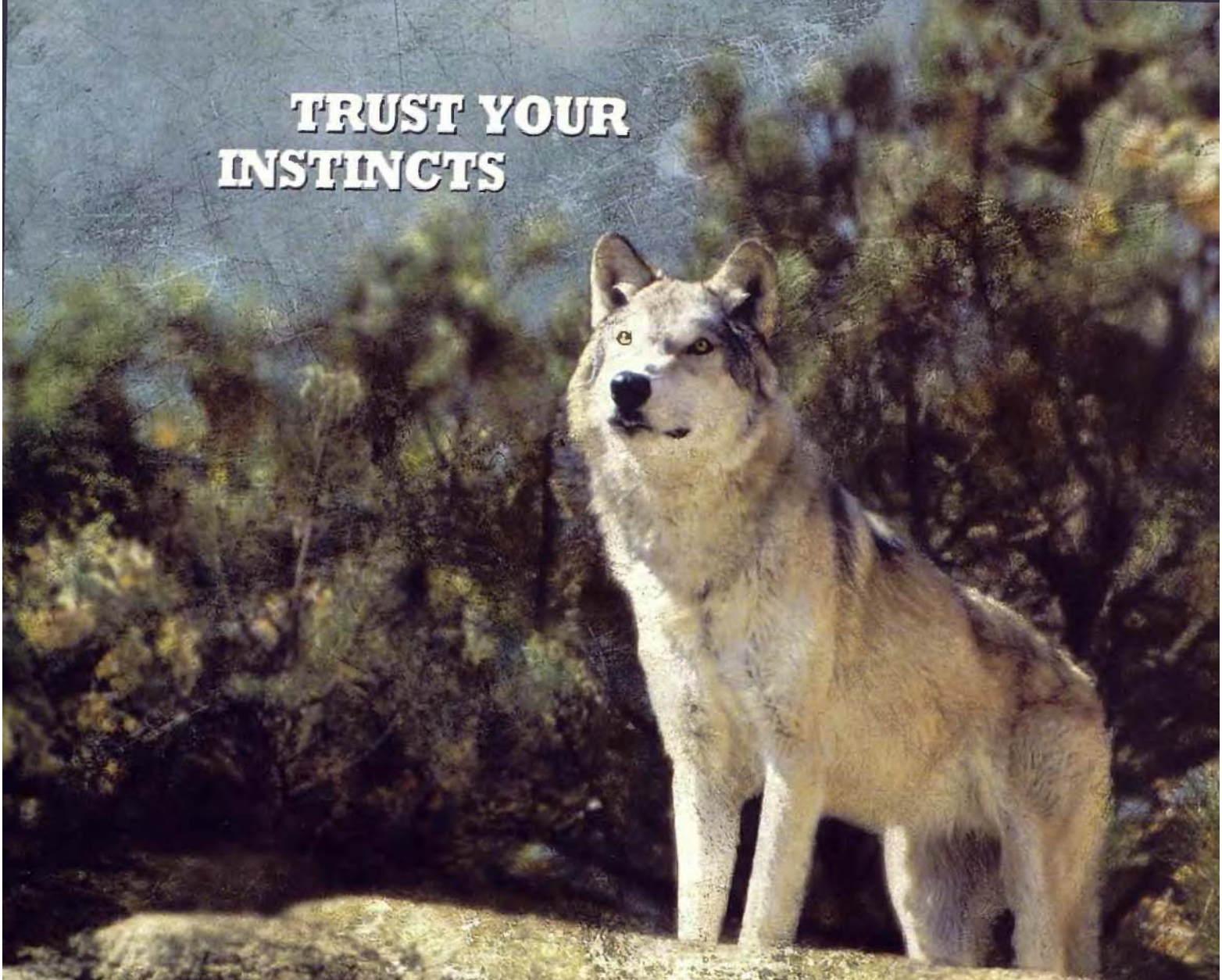

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FRED DURST

a candid conversation with limp bizkit's loudmouth front man about his feuds, his hot love life and why he's the rock star critics love to hate

Fred Durst, lead singer of the rap-metal behemoth Limp Bizkit, is perched at the edge of the balcony of the Coliseum in Jacksonville, Florida, surrounded by clawing, pawing Bizkitheads. He's screaming Counterfeit, Bizkit's first single: "I should have never dropped my guard/So you could stab me in the back." The crowd, high on the music and on whatever they may have ingested before the show, comes in for the crush. Durst's bodyguards do their best to hold back the throng, but there are fewer than a dozen of them versus thousands of fans. First, a feisty kid pushes his arm through and smacks Durst on the back. Then another snatches his trademark red baseball cap. Cornered, Durst contemplates his next move: He hoists his leg above the balcony railing and teeters over the edge. There's a 30-foot drop above the sweaty crowd.

Durst's management team watches nervously. Durst bounces up and down, waving his arm, and backs off. Kids risk black eyes and busted knees to chase him when he climbs over the railing and races back to the front of the Coliseum, where he jumps onto the stage again and breaks into a thrashy version of Nookie. "You guys are fucking killer!" he shouts. "Who says people from Florida suck ass?"

It's typical Durst, who is famous for rowdy shows that occasionally get out of hand. During Woodstock 1999, where Limp Bizkit made a memorable appearance, riots, injuries and rapes took place. Durst faulted money-hungry promoters while some observers, including MTV's Kurt Loder, blamed Bizkit's provocative lyrics: "It's just one of those days/Where you don't wanna wake up/Everything is fucked, everybody sucks/You don't really know why/But you wanna justify rippin' someone's head off."

Then there was the Big Day Out concert in Australia, where Bizkit was fingered when 30 fans were injured and a 16-year-old girl in a mosh pit suffered a heart attack and later died. Although some reports say Durst pleaded with the 55,000 fans to calm down and later blamed "shitty" security for the debacle, Big Day Out founder Ken West implicated Limp Bizkit's volatile fans, not lack of planning, for the problem.

These and other controversies—Durst also wound up in jail in 1999 for kicking a security guard in the head at a concert in St. Paul, Minnesota—have followed the band's commercial success. Bizkit hit the airwaves in 1997 and their first CD, Three Dollar Bill Y'all, went double platinum in 1999. In 2000 they snagged a My VH1 Music Award, cajoled Napster into paying $1.8 million to sponsor a free concert series, freaked out parents by touring with Eminem and were voted best band by Rolling Stone readers (Durst was named best rock artist). Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water sold more copies in its first week than any rock record in history. In 2001 they received a Grammy nomination for Take a Look Around, their contribution to the Mission: Impossible 2 soundtrack.

Despite Bizkit's commercial success, most critics have been vicious. The New York Times called the band's music "crassly sexist and most likely to make it onto a World Wrestling Federation soundtrack." Rolling Stone has said Durst "has all the articulate savvy of a meat loaf in a goalie mask." There have been attacks from other musicians, too. Marilyn Manson called Durst and his fans "illiterate apes." Rapper Mos Def went after Limp Bizkit on his album Black on Both Sides, charging that Durst and other white hip-hop and rock-and-roll musicians have cashed in on black music. Scott Stapp of Creed challenged Durst to a fight after Durst called him "an egomaniac and a fucking punk." Responding to Durst's comment that "Slipknot's fans are a bunch of fat, ugly kids," the band's Corey Taylor announced,

"I got a huge bad rap for Woodstock. Kurt Loder, that fucking asshole on MTV, was talking shit. What an asshole. He said I incited the riots. I have never deliberately tried to make people get hurt at any live show."

"I humped my brains out when I was young. I still have a strong sexual side. I love women. I'm a heterosexual male who is going to be with a woman and lick her from head to toe. It's lust, it's love, it's romantic."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"You have to be smart and think about the future. I've watched too many episodes of Behind the Music. I don't like it when bands fizzle out. I won't. Remember this: I'm not going to fizzle out on you."

"We will kill you." The longest running feud is with Nine Inch Nails front man Trent Reznor, who says Durst "represents all that is wrong" with the music business. To retaliate, Durst's song Hot Dog is directed at and parodies Reznor.

"Whether it's Oscar Wilde, William Burroughs or Fred Durst, the bar is always going to be raised on how you evoke and provoke emotions in people," says Jimmy Iovine, co-chairman of Interscope, Durst's label. "There will always be people condemning it."

Durst's love life has received almost as much ink as his feuds, particularly his high-flying affairs with Carmen Electra and Playmates Jaime Bergman and Summer Altice. Lyrics on Eminem's The Real Slim Shady added fuel to the gossip fire: "Shit, Christina Aguilera better switch me chairs/So I can sit next to Carson Daly and Fred Durst/And hear them argue over who she gave head to first." He was married and divorced by the age of 20 and had a daughter, Adriana, now a Limp Bizkit fan. His on-again, off-again girlfriend Jennifer is a dancer in the show. With her, Durst has a son, Dallas, who was born last August.

Nothing about Durst's life has been boring. He was born in Jacksonville, Florida in 1971, after his parents split up. As a child, he was a "small, weird dude" who kept to himself, the only white kid who was friends with the black kids in the neighborhood. He skateboarded, break-danced and dug all sorts of music, from Michael Jackson to the Treacherous Three. In high school, after Durst's family had moved to North Carolina, the jocks beat him up so often that he was reduced to hiding on house rooftops. At home, he got it from his father, a strict police officer who disapproved of his friends, his music, his earring and his tattoo. At 16, Durst discovered that his father was actually his stepfather, and four years later he skipped town to meet his real dad, a wealthy entrepreneur in Jacksonville. They tried living together, but Durst moved out after a week and lived on the streets. He later joined the Navy, used a skateboard injury as an excuse to get out, ran a skate park, got married, had a child, divorced, worked as a tattoo artist and finally formed Limp Bizkit, a band with the "dumbest fucking name" he could think of. One night, after a gig at Jacksonville's Milk Bar, Durst met the band Korn, lured them back to his house with an offer of free tattoos and slipped them his demo. It led to a record deal with Interscope.

Limp Bizkit's debut release was helped by some questionable practices on the part of Interscope—the company paid a Portland radio station to play the band's first single. Durst was unapologetic, capitalizing on the controversy that was blasted on the front page of The New York Times. The record was also boosted by some good timing. A quirky version of George Michael's hit Faith was released as a single just before Michael was arrested for masturbating in a public rest room.

In 1998, Bizkit toured with Ozzfest and joined Korn on the inaugural Family Values Tour. During Ozzfest, Bizkit responded to their critics by climbing out of a gigantic toilet to begin the show. "We wanted them to see us as the big pieces of shit that they said we were," Durst said. In an effort to woo female fans, Bizkit hosted Ladies' Night in Cambodia, in which the first 200 women to show up each night were admitted free. It worked, even though some critics continue to blast the band as misogynists. In 1999, Durst became a senior vice president of Interscope with his own label, Flawless. So far he's signed three acts, Staind, Kenna and Puddle of Mudd.

In the wake of Bizkit's hit albums, record-breaking tours and continuing controversies, PLAYBOY *sent Associate Editor* **Alison Lundgren** *and Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *to talk with Durst. Here is their report:*

"Fred is next to impossible to pin down. Everyone wants a piece of him, from his managers to his fans, whom he personally greets outside every concert before the show. When we finally sit down, first backstage in Jacksonville, and the next night at the China Grill in Miami, he is focused, sincere and surprisingly (for the author of a song called Nookie) thoughtful.

"A few minutes before going onstage, he contemplates whether he should change his T-shirt (no), shave (no) or take a shower (no). He cranks up the U2 song Beautiful Day, then grabs his girlfriend's head and playfully pushes it into his armpit.

"The Jacksonville show had special meaning for Durst, since he grew up there and his parents live in town. Afterward, when we asked if his parents had come, he said, 'My mom got mad at me, man, because I wouldn't give all her friends backstage passes. She got offended and didn't come.' Durst didn't seem too upset.

"When Durst isn't touring the country on a king-size tour bus (he's afraid to fly), he lives in Los Angeles. He says he has bought—and sold—more than one house in the past few years because he can't find one that suits him. The last house had a bad vibe so he never moved in. His current crib? The Chateau Marmont hotel on Sunset Boulevard. His Hollywood pals include Ben Stiller and David Spade.

"Since day one, Fred has been the mouthpiece of Limp Bizkit. The other guys—recently departed guitarist Wes Borland, drummer John Otto, bassist Sam Rivers and DJ Lethal—haven't complained that he gets all the attention. Why should they? Fred is a marketing whiz whose enthusiasm about his band is infectious. He turned the search for Borland's replacement into a major media event, although when we met, he had failed to find a new guitarist. Durst's bandmates know their front man will do or say something that will put them in the limelight. In our interview, Durst didn't disappoint."

She was fucking my friend. Used me for my money. Took my heart and put it in a blender. Because I'm a chump. I did it all for the sex.

PLAYBOY: You've said Limp Bizkit is the band everyone loves to hate. Why?

DURST: People are like, "Look at this fucking guy. He's got tattoos! He's dressed like a bum at the fucking Golden Globes!" I'm like, "I'm just here to meet Jack Nicholson." We don't conform to a stereotype. We're down-to-earth. That's why we can go out into the crowd during our show. I don't dress up for award shows because I don't want to be uncomfortable. The media loves to attack us. You know what? I'm happy to be alive. I'm grateful for everything. I don't give a fuck what anyone thinks.

PLAYBOY: Some reviewers have questioned your sincerity. How do you respond?

DURST: They have problems with themselves. I'm sincere. I'm genuine. I'm real. I swear to God. The only people who know me are the ones who get to meet me and hang out with me. I wear my emotions on my sleeve. It all comes from my life. I've learned in the past few years how to absorb what's thrown at me. I think about it and make sure I'm pissed off. I'm hurt or I'm happy. It's all part of it.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the criticism you got for Woodstock in 1999?

DURST: Everybody says we premeditate controversy. We don't. We never have. I don't like drama. I have never deliberately tried to make people get hurt at any live show.

PLAYBOY: Tell that to the kids at Woodstock who were injured or raped.

DURST: Listen, there were 300,000 people at Woodstock with tons of different tastes and lifestyles. They were all in one place in terrible conditions. They were waiting to explode.

PLAYBOY: But your song *Break Stuff* set them off.

DURST: I told them it was time to dig deep and release all that negative energy. During the song, I didn't know they were actually tearing stuff down. I can only learn from my mistakes and maybe be more cautious at shows. I got a huge bad rap for that. Kurt Loder, that fucking asshole on MTV, was talking shit. What an asshole. He said I incited the riots. It's like those people who say that Ozzy Osbourne's music made people kill themselves. It's bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Loder wasn't the only one who criticized you for Woodstock. Courtney Love and Sheryl Crow did, too. They took aim at the violence and misogyny of Limp Bizkit.

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DURST: Courtney supposedly said some roadies or one of the bands raped a girl at Woodstock. My roadies didn't and we didn't. I talked to her and said, "Did you say we did?" She said she never said it. I was like, "Cool, come and party." She came and she was real cool and we've become e-mail friends. Even if she did talk shit, she isn't now.

PLAYBOY: How about Sheryl Crow?

DURST: I can't believe she fucking said anything against us, because she hung out with me one night at Lenny Kravitz' party. She gave me her number so we can talk sometime. I don't think she said shit. I'm still a fan of hers. Listen, if people want to talk shit, they can talk shit. If you don't like our shows, don't come. I want to be clear. If you come, you're on your own, man. I'm not putting a gun to your head. If you don't want to come, I'd rather you didn't. If you don't like us and don't want to be here, you're going to be the guy throwing his fucking shoe in my face. Who needs that shit?

PLAYBOY: When you're onstage, how much power do you have over the audience?

DURST: I can turn the whole place against someone. If I saw a guy beating up a little kid or hurting a girl, he might get murdered. I usually go, "What the fuck are you doing? Leave that fucking girl alone." If that happens, everybody will turn on the guy and all of a sudden it's my fault. Yeah, we have more power than you think to make things happen at a show. When I say, "Everyone put your hands up," 98 percent of the crowd does. It's why promoters are scared of Limp Bizkit: They think we can start riots.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, can't you calm down a crowd and defuse violence?

DURST: I think so. At Woodstock, I didn't know anyone was getting hurt. I just saw people surfing on plywood. It didn't look like anything was wrong. We'd stop a show if I saw someone getting hurt. During one show, the stadium security guard beat up my security guard and a little kid. I kicked the guy in the head to get him off the kid. I stopped the concert. The guy had to leave.

PLAYBOY: But you were arrested for that.

DURST: Yeah, I went to jail. The cops couldn't have been cooler, though.

PLAYBOY: You've also gotten a lot of ink because of your feuds with other musicians. Your longtime guitarist Wes Borland quit the band, and rumor is you're not speaking.

DURST: Wes decided he's not happy and that he made enough money so now he can go do what he wants to do. I take a lot of control. Most of Limp Bizkit is my doing. I think he wants to be doing his own thing, to be the man and be leading his own pack. You can't look down on anyone who wants that.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you're not speaking to each other?

DURST: I haven't talked to him once. We don't need to talk much about it.

PLAYBOY: How about Creed? What do you have against them?

DURST: I'm a huge fan of their music. But I don't believe in acting like we're better than anyone. At Ozzfest, Creed roped off areas where no one could approach them. It was like, "Don't talk to the band." Fuck that! They roped off their tour buses and brought out their own Ping-Pong tables. I want privacy in our dressing rooms, but when a bunch of bands are at a festival, it's like we're all in this together. That set me off, man. As soon as I said something about it, Scott Stapp challenged me to a boxing match on TV. I'm not doing that shit. I only fight in self-defense. You come up and knock me, I'll defend myself. I was bullied in school. I'm not that guy. He's that guy. When you get into an argument with someone at your office no one gives a shit, but we're in the public eye, so everyone gives a shit. From what I understand, since I first talked about how poorly he treated people, a lot of fans and people who work closely with him have said there's a huge improvement, so I guess you could say I played a positive role in his life.

PLAYBOY: During an Ozzfest concert, Ozzy Osbourne's wife, Sharon, pulled the plug during your performance. What happened?

DURST: We were three hours late because our limo was stuck in traffic. The second we pulled up we were supposed to go onstage. But Wes still had to put on his alter ego [his costume]. We told them we couldn't go on until Wes got ready. Everyone thought we didn't want to go on because we didn't want to open for Creed. Onstage I said, "Scott Stapp from Creed thinks he's Michael Jackson. What the fuck." That pissed Sharon off, so she pulled the plug. We're good friends. I love her. She's good people. I've gone to Ozzy's house for dinner a few times. I sat in Ozzy's living room with him while he painted a picture. Fucking crazy.

PLAYBOY: Another controversy is your relationship with Christina Aguilera. What's with the Eminem song?

DURST: Nothing happened. She didn't suck my dick. It was just his thing.

PLAYBOY: How did your problems with her come about?

DURST: Shit, MTV wasn't gonna let that bitch play because they didn't have a slot for her. Britney Spears was playing. They told Christina, "If you do a song with Fred Durst, we'll let you play." So she calls me and goes, "Fred, MTV won't let me play the Video Music Awards. Will you do a song with me? Will you rap in the middle of my song?" I was like, "Hell, no. I've got an idea, though. How about you do your song and I'll come up afterward and do my own thing, a little piece off my new record. I ain't fucking doing no skit with you. I'll come up, size you up and get the hell out. I'll do it as a favor to you because you're so worried that Britney is going to perform and you're not." Her managers thought I was going to sabotage her, but I did it as a serious fucking favor because she is so competitive with Britney.

PLAYBOY: Did Aguilera thank you?

DURST: No. I didn't get a thank-you call or anything. She cried the day of the awards. She didn't even show up for the fucking rehearsal. I'm sitting in this hotel room with my managers the day of rehearsal and she ain't coming. She's fixing her hair. So I storm into her room, going, "What the fuck are you doing?" She goes, "Calm down." I go, "No, fuck you. I ain't fucking doing this damn song." So she starts crying hysterically, freaking out. I go, "OK, I'll fucking do it." I did her a fucking favor, and all I got was a bunch of shit from my fans who were like, "What the fuck did you do that for?" Afterward she was on MTV going, "The worst thing that happened to me in 2000 was Fred Durst called me so many times I had to stop answering my phone." That's bullshit, man. Fucking bullshit.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you date her?

DURST: There was a time when we were talking on the phone, but we never hooked up. We went out for ice cream. She's an ungrateful, spoiled-rotten fucking asshole who has an amazing fucking talent. Her managers suck. They treat her like shit. She's in the wrong world. She's so talented, but she doesn't see what's in front of her because she's so young and dumb. And it makes me think, What the fuck was I thinking? But I did it, and I know that I have good karma coming. Fuck her, man. I don't respect her.

PLAYBOY: You have said that you had a crush on her.

DURST: Who wouldn't? All I have to say to any of my fans who said "Fred's a fucking punk going out with Christina" is this: If she came up to you in a fucking mall and said, "Hey," you'd be all about it. Richard Patrick from Filter was like, "Fred fucking ruined the credibility of rock and roll." Fucking asshole. I took his ass on the Family Values Tour when no one wanted me to. I believed in his record. I'm a huge Filter fan. That guy's an ungrateful sack of shit. Fucking put that in bold letters, man. It's bullshit the way some people are so two-faced. How did I ruin rock and roll?

PLAYBOY: Another feud is with Trent Reznor. Why Trent?

DURST: I'm a huge fan. Nine Inch Nails is one of my favorite bands. After Woodstock, where I had been surfing plywood in the crowd, he's all "Fred Durst can surf a piece of plywood up my ass." For a minute I was flattered, because out of everyone in the world, he was talking about me. Then he kept on and on. I'm going, "Man, what the fuck is this guy's problem?" We were recording one night and I just sang his hook over my song. I

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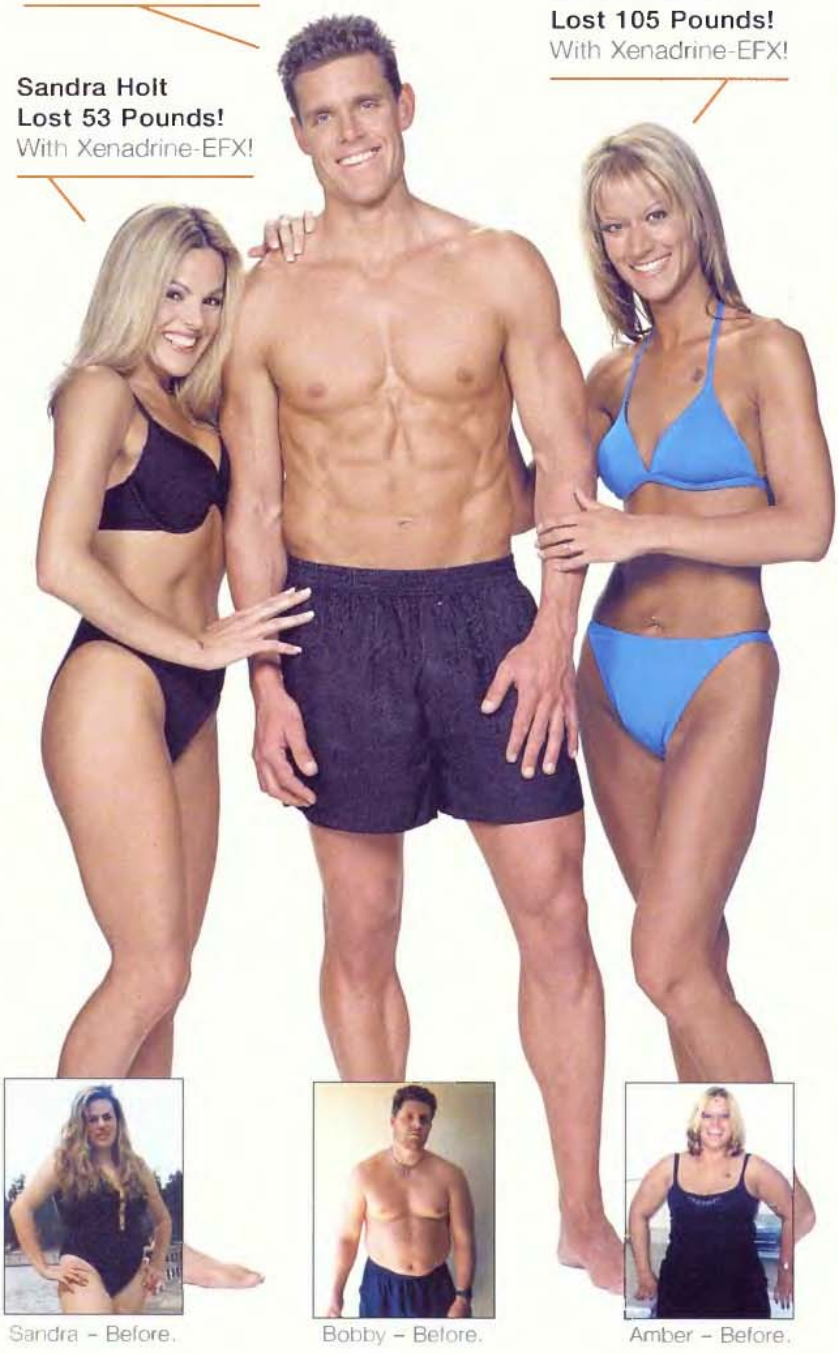

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didn't do it to be against him. I did it because our song is a parody of the word fuck. But you know what? Fuck you, man, you fucking Nine Inch Nail. I'll fucking knock your ass out. I had to send him my song to get permission to use his. He gave it. If he hadn't approved it, I would have put that shit on Napster so fucking fast. Everyone in the world would have heard it anyway.

PLAYBOY: You were one of the first bands to publicly support Napster. Why?

DURST: As someone who's in the record business, I know that Napster never hurt the record industry. Technology is like medicine. You might as well not fight it. Let medicine do its thing and get to where it's going. Same with technology. Record sales are bigger than they've ever been.

PLAYBOY: You also got flak for touring with Eminem.

DURST: Yeah, the critics said going on tour with Eminem is the worst thing you can do. There'll be riots! Protestors! It will be the worst press you get! It's going to ruin record sales! But we knew it wouldn't. We're two of the most hated acts in music, so why not go on tour?

PLAYBOY: What's your view about Eminem's controversial lyrics?

DURST: All I can say without being a hypocrite is that he's doing what he wants to do.

PLAYBOY: Do you think bands are responsible for the message they send out in their lyrics?

DURST: I do.

PLAYBOY: Should you be responsible for a song like *Break Stuff*?

DURST: *Break Stuff* is about having one of those days when you want everyone to leave you the fuck alone. That's it. Have you ever felt like that? It's one of those days when the remote's not working so you throw it at the TV. I don't think that's a bad message.

PLAYBOY: Are you misinterpreted?

DURST: Yeah. But a lot of people aren't misinterpreting what we're saying. More people are identifying with my feelings than I ever imagined. I sing about common things.

PLAYBOY: Like *Nookie*? What inspired that song?

DURST: It's about me taking abuse from a girl. She was fucking my friend. Used me for my money. She took my heart and put it in a blender. Because I'm a chump. I did it all for the sex. Every time I found out she was fucking one of my friends, it would make me more insecure. I'd want her more. Imagining her with someone else sexually made me sick. I pictured me eating her pussy out and someone else eating her pussy out. I couldn't get over her. I couldn't believe she did that to me. I was tore up.

PLAYBOY: Are you a jealous person?

DURST: I'm always a little jealous, yeah. I like my girl to be classy enough to the point that she's friends with all my friends, but not too friendly. There is such a thing as too much physical interaction between your girl and your friends. Some of my friends' girlfriends have guys kissing and massaging them all day. Not me. I'm a passionate person, really intimate. It's all or nothing.

PLAYBOY: Is it easier for you to get out of a bad relationship now?

DURST: Yeah. Because it's not worth the emotional roller coaster.

PLAYBOY: Might you miss out on a promising relationship?

DURST: I'm a little bit scared that I'm not going to give someone a fair chance, yeah. I have only dated a few people. There hasn't been anything serious. I dated Jaime Bergman for two months, but we didn't see each other much.

PLAYBOY: How about Carmen Electra?

DURST: Carmen and I didn't date long. We barely saw each other. Dennis Rodman was still crazy about her. I realized I didn't need Dennis coming after me. She's beautiful and cool, but it just wasn't for me. Sometimes I feel scared. I think, I'm a workaholic who is only thinking about making killer music. Am I going to be single forever?

PLAYBOY: What happened to your relationship with Summer Altice?

DURST: She was killer at the beginning. Then I'm going, "This girl's a serious fucking problem." I don't know what to say. It was instantly over the top. She was talking about marriage and kids. All of a sudden, everyone's going, "Did you hear? They're engaged." I'm going, "Are you kidding me, man?" You could make a fucking movie about that situation.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in casual sex, or does it have to be serious?

DURST: I humped my brains out when I was young. I still have a strong sexual side. I love women. I'm a heterosexual male who is going to be with a woman and lick her from head to toe. It's lust, it's love, it's romantic. I'm that person. Everything I do, whether I'm directing or dating or skating, is like that. It's almost a problem, because I go over the top. I'll meet a girl and go on a date. I'm open. I'm looking. I'm not the guy who can go out with someone for a year and then hold her hand and two years later she's my wife. When I sit down with a girl, she goes, "Why are you out with me? You're a rock star." Happens every time. I'm like, "Why are you out with me?" I always hope to meet my soul mate. I'm not a dater. I'm looking for that girl.

PLAYBOY: How good are your long-term relationships though?

DURST: I've met girls who are so sweet and killer, and I ruin it. I always think they're not going to end up that way. I'll turn off to them if they have bad breath or they smoke. Anything will do it. Maybe it's the way I make sure nothing serious happens.

PLAYBOY: Gossip columnists have reported that you're engaged.

DURST: They said that I got engaged to someone in Minneapolis. I'm going, "What the fuck are you talking about?" They don't fucking know. The fact that I'm newsworthy is fucking hilarious.

PLAYBOY: Is any press good press?

DURST: No. It's in the hands of the reader. One guy can read a bad thing and be stoked, that's cool. One guy can read a bad thing and be like, "I'll look more into this guy."

PLAYBOY: Do you care what the critics say?

DURST: I don't like to hear any negative things. I want to please everybody. When you hear nonstop negative things and rumors, it hurts. I take it to heart. It's crazy to be this popular. It's crazy to deal with the rumors that go along with it.

PLAYBOY: What hurts more, the negative comments about the music or rumors about your personal life?

DURST: Negativity in general. It seems like every few years a new band comes around that the media love to hate. We're that band. Our fans are like, "Fuck that." A lot of our fans rely on the media to get to know us. Some writers have a negative agenda from the get-go. That's part of the reason we did the free tour. We wanted to blow everyone away. So our fans responded, "I don't care what the critics say. They make good music. They're solid, they put on a great show and they're real."

PLAYBOY: Your big tours are heavy on pyrotechnics. Are you inspired by Kiss?

DURST: I wanted to do more than they did, so we got more propane.

PLAYBOY: What inspired the toilet you climbed out of at Ozzfest?

DURST: We were getting stabs from the press. Everyone thought we were big pieces of shit. So we decided it would be funny to make a 25-foot-tall toilet bowl and come out of it. We asked our label if they would pay for it. They were like, "A toilet?" I go, "Trust me, man, it's gonna be cool."

PLAYBOY: Who creates your live sets?

DURST: We create everything. I write our own video treatments, direct all our videos, market our CDs, do all our artwork, design our stage sets. It's all in-house. That's how I became senior vice president at Interscope. When we first signed, we let Wes Craven's son make the video for *Counterfeit*. It was the worst video ever. No one's ever seen it. They gave him $40,000. I didn't understand why he couldn't make a decent video with that much money. I've got all these ideas. I told them to give me $30,000 to make the video for *Faith*. They were like, "That's nothing." I shot the *Faith* video during our tour.

PLAYBOY: Did you always imagine that you would make it as a rock star?

DURST: You start out playing air guitar to Kiss in your friend's trailer. Then you

(continued on page 136)

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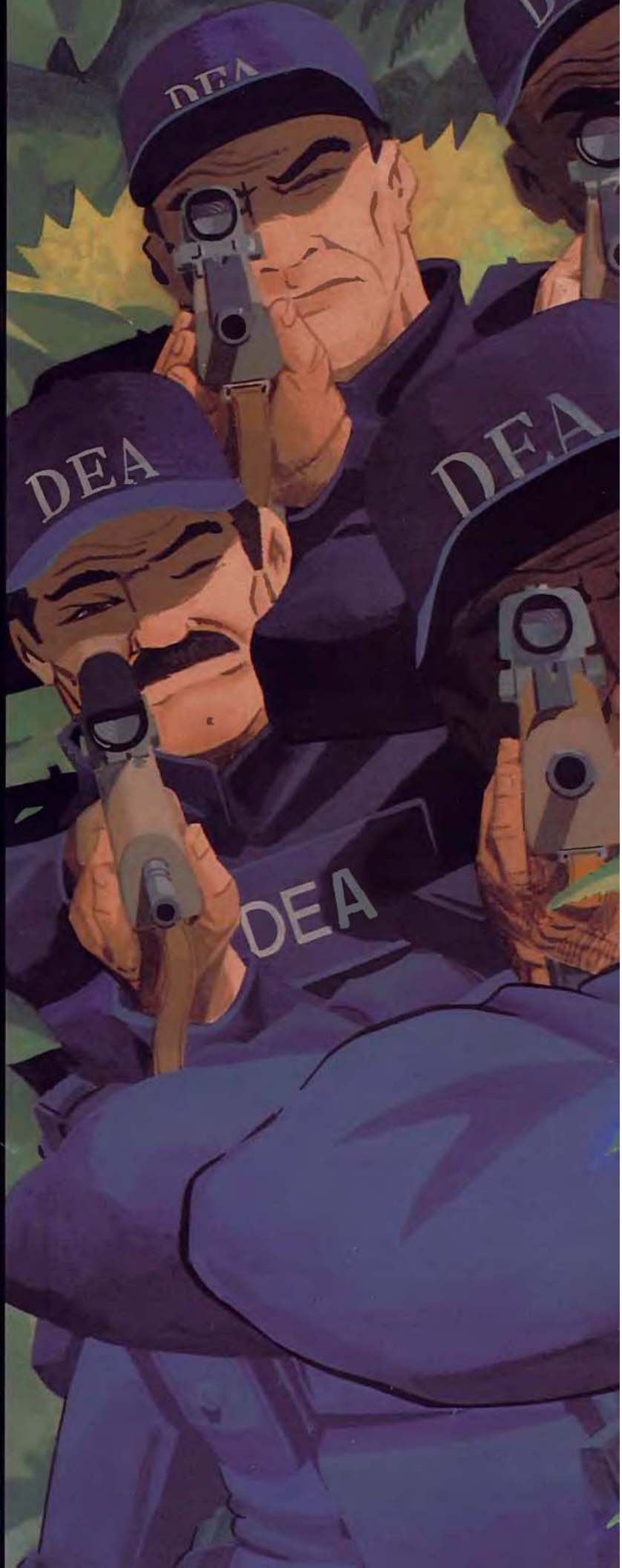
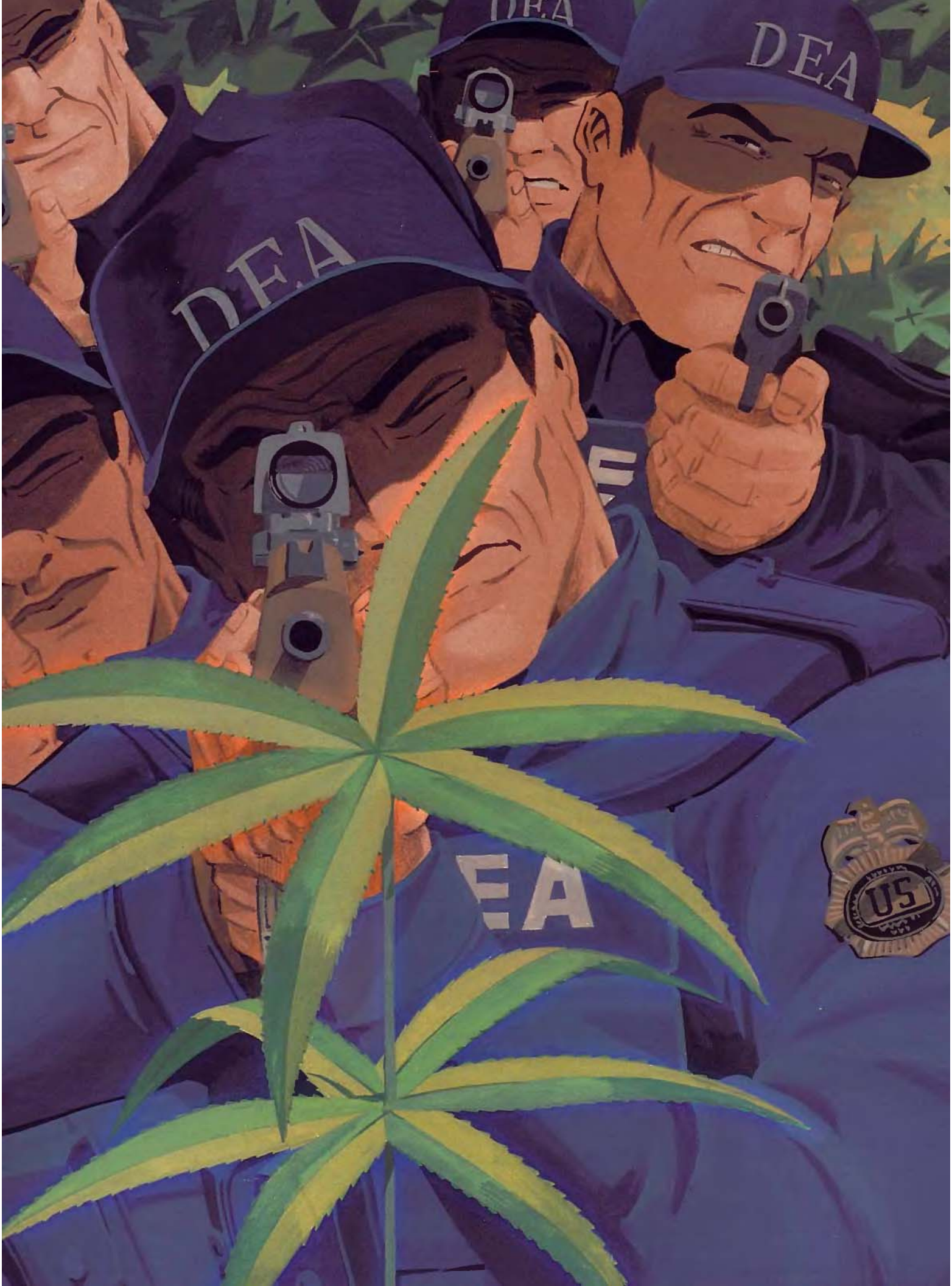
THE GOVERNMENT'S HOOKED ON THE DRUG WAR

ARTICLE BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

THE WAR ON DRUGS HAS NOW GONE ON THREE TIMES AS LONG AS THE VIETNAM WAR, WITH NO END IN SIGHT AND NO GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE IT CAN EVER BE WON. RICHARD NIXON DECLARED THE WAR IN 1971, AND ITS AIM, AS STATED LATER BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS, WAS A DRUG-FREE SOCIETY BY 1995. IF THAT IS STILL THE OBJECTIVE, PLAINLY WE HAVE LOST. IN 1980 THERE WERE 50,000 PEOPLE IN CUSTODY FOR DRUG-RELATED CRIMES. TWENTY YEARS LATER, THE NUMBER WAS 400,000. THE PRICE OF LOCKING UP ALL THOSE PEOPLE CLIMBED ABOVE $8.5 BILLION. IN 1980 SOME 580,000 PEOPLE

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES

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were arrested on drug charges. Almost 1.6 million individuals were arrested in 2000 for alleged drug offenses, and some of them have, no doubt, joined the ever-expanding prison population. Nevertheless, drugs are more available, cheaper and purer in content than ever. Inevitably, the drug warriors say they are fighting hard but they don't have the resources. What they need is more money. In this sense, the war on drugs has come to resemble many other big-government programs and bureaucracies whose raison d'être cannot be found in any mission statement. Why? Because they are interest groups, and the real reason for their existence, their true mission, is to exist. And to grow. More often than not, the best way to grow is to fail.

It works for Amtrak, the Postal Service and the Department of Education (the worse kids do in school, the more lavishly Congress funds this agency), so why not the war on drugs? The drug warriors are, in a paradoxical way, fortunate to be fighting an unwinnable war. After a real war, troops are demobilized, weapons programs are canceled and generals are sent into retirement on half pay. But in an endless war, the money to carry on the fight—more and more of it—keeps rolling in until the end of time.

According to the Office of National Drug Control Policy, the federal government will spend more than $19.2 billion waging the war on drugs in 2003. That sum is $7.6 billion more than what it spent 10 years ago, and has increased by 7 percent in the past two years. State and local governments will spend at least $20 billion more. That buys a lot of enforcement. A drug-sniffing dog—with handler—runs between $40,000 and $60,000 a year. A police cruiser equipped to handle dogs goes for about $25,000. A DEA agent starts somewhere between $25,000 and $40,000.

Money creates its own constituencies, and those lucky recipients tend to favor the status quo. No interest group has ever voted itself out of existence or asked Congress for less money than it received in the previous year. The people who depend on the war on drugs for their livelihood are no different. Consider, for example, the California Correctional Peace Officers Association—a union of prison guards that contributed more than $2 million to the campaign of the present governor of California. It has more political muscle than any lobby in the most populous state in the union. The CCPOA campaigned vigorously against a plan to send nonviolent drug offenders to treatment instead of prison. The union has a big stake in the war on drugs and an incentive to push for its escalation. More drug busts means more convicts, and that means more jobs for prison guards and a larger union membership and war chest. The longer the war on drugs fails, the better the union likes it.

Before drug offenders can be jailed, they must be arrested and prosecuted. That, of course, costs money. Like prison guards and DEA agents, a lot of judges and prosecutors owe their livelihoods to the war on drugs. Their salaries, pensions, health insurance (which includes drug rehab, no doubt) and all the rest are picked up by the taxpayer who, in turn, may be picked up himself if he is suspected of fooling around with the wrong kind of drugs. Because a lot of the people who are busted for drugs can't afford to pay for their own legal defense, the state (i.e., the taxpayer) picks up the bill for the lawyer who tries to keep the drug offender out of jail, as well as for the one who is trying to send him there. Just about the only people involved in a routine drug trial who are not on the government payroll are the jurors who get $30 a day and a ham sandwich for lunch. The time lost to jury duty on drug cases by otherwise productive citizens is just one of a profusion of hidden costs of the drug war.

Like prison guards and DEA agents, a lot of judges and prosecutors owe their livelihoods to the war on drugs.

When you begin to consider these hidden and ancillary costs, you come to realize the true magnitude of the waste. The official, on-the-books cost of this war is $609 a second. The real cost is much greater and, because the economic distortions are so large, not really determinable.

For example, the zealous pursuit of drug criminals leads inevitably to a lot of bad arrests. Consider the case of the woman who was strip-searched at O'Hare airport and later collected $129,750 in damages when she took the narcs to court. There will be large judgments coming in favor of the people who were stopped under racial-profiling policies used to make drug busts. The drug war's failures can sometimes be too expensive to calculate in dollars and cents. Consider, for instance, the death of a seven-month-old girl named Charity who was a passenger, along with her missionary parents, in a plane shot down by the Peruvian Air Force as part of the U.S.-financed war on drugs.

In daily life, the drug war imposes more-mundane costs of inconvenience on everyone. Those long lines of cars at the Mexican and Canadian borders are a cost, in terms of time lost. Time, after all, is money, especially if you are in the transportation business. There is also the cost of the fuel burned by all those idling engines. Not to mention the pollution they produce.

Drug tests are required by many companies that conduct business with the government, and the drug test industry is worth some $5.9 billion. Does that money represent an efficient use of resources? If you're smoking a powerful substance, the answer might be yes. The fact is that in 1990, 38 federal agencies spent $11.7 million on tests—for 0.5 percent positive results. Each drug user, then, cost about $77,000.

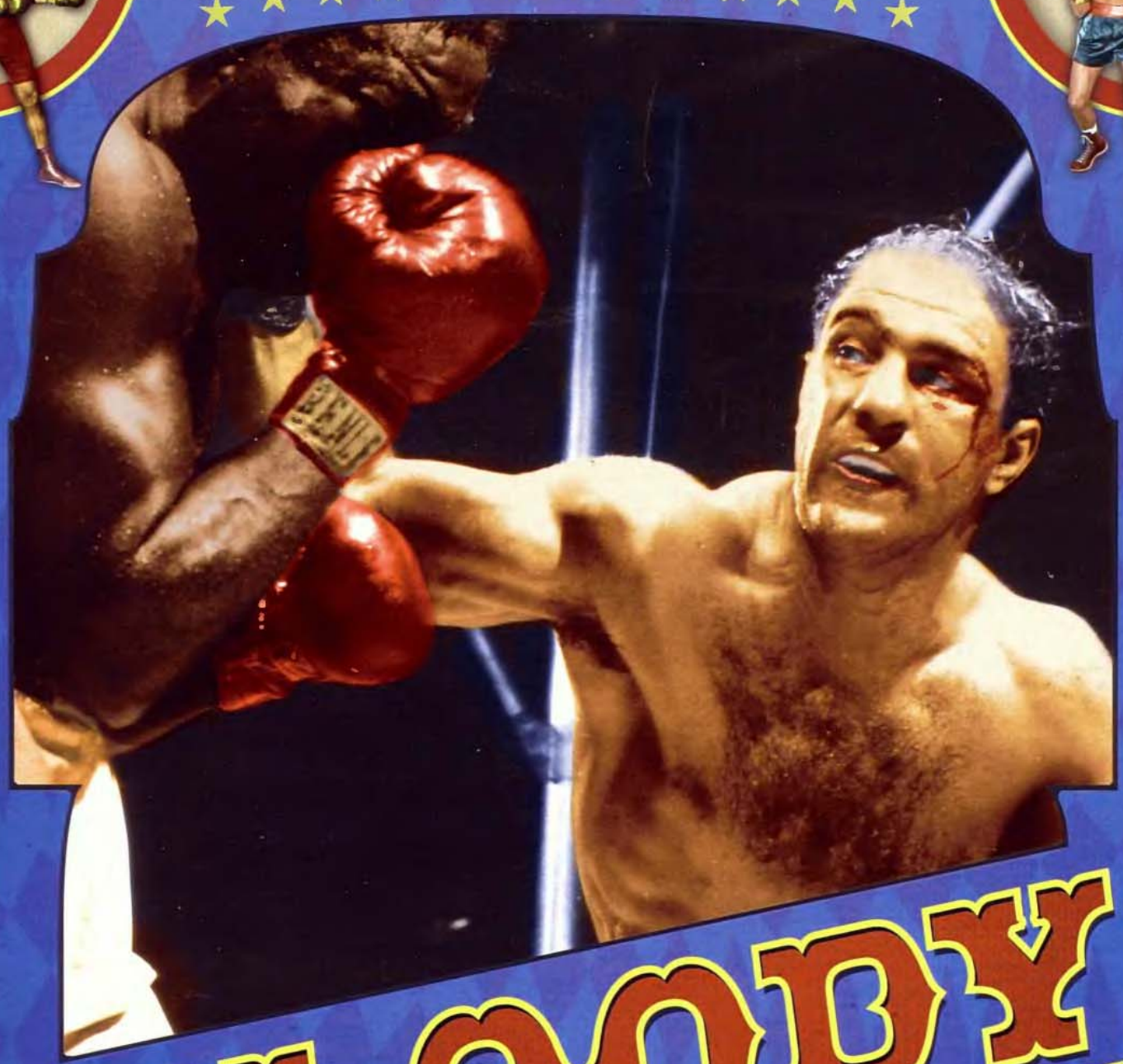
We also have to consider what is not done with the money that goes to wage war on drugs. If you spend money on a prison instead of a school, the long-term cost comes in the form of uneducated, unskilled kids who might just turn to selling drugs to make a living. Or using them to ease the boredom. But, hey, you have a prison, so you'll have someplace to put them when the bill comes due.

And there is the cost of wasted opportunities and undeveloped resources. It costs about as much to imprison someone as it does to send him to a good college. But factor in the lost wages (and taxes) of what might otherwise have been a productive citizen. Add in the cost of welfare for the dependents of the jailed person and the salary of the parole officer who will supervise that person after he is released. Taking someone prisoner in the war on drugs costs a lot of money (as much as $450,000, according to one estimate), and it is not a one-time expense. In the most extreme case, society loses a taxpayer (a productive resource) and gains at least one, and maybe several, long-term dependents. This may be good for prison guards and social workers. But it isn't much of a bargain for the remaining taxpayers who pay the bill.

Then there is the cost of crimes committed by the violent felons who should be in prison but are released early because the space required to house them

(concluded on page 135)

"Damn it, Tondalayo! Knock off your cell phone!"



BLOODY GOOD SHOW

A SHOT TO THE HEAD, A HOOK TO THE RIBS—
WILL THE BELL SAVE TIRED LEGS? LET US
HELP YOU MAKE SENSE OF THE SWEET SCIENCE

article by
Kevin Cook

Two things you ought to know about boxing: It isn't sweet, and it's no science. The oldest, cruelest major sport is a lousy way to earn a living—most fighters make fast-food wages—and nine tenths of its science boils down to *stick and move*. Technique serves a savage purpose: to create chances for sudden ferocity, for the quick shot that shuts down a man's brain and dumps him on the canvas. Even agile boxers take so many punches that their brains tend to shrivel. You'll find baseball's old-timers on golf courses, while too many former boxers go to nursing homes. But boxing isn't just cruel. It's corrupt, too. Promoters and sanctioning organizations compete to see who can screw fighters and fight fans first. Then there's Showtime and HBO. They sign the big names to exclusive contracts and keep the best bouts from happening—the cable turf war is one reason we never saw Mike Tyson fight Lennox Lewis when both men were in their primes. So why care about the champs and the chumps in Everlast trunks? Because every guy needs to be able to talk boxing. If he can't, he'll be left out when the alpha males snarl and shadowbox at the local watering hole. So tape your hands, crack your neck, reach for your shiny robe and get ready to rumble. Here's a crash course on the state of the fine art of smackage.

TALE OF THE TRITE

Scribes of the sweet science stalk the squared circle like punch-drunk pugilists, firing off clichés in flurries, if not fusillades. Can you match the boxing cliché to its real meaning?

What they say:

(1) Date with destiny, as in, "After 10 years of working his way through the ranks, Pumpsie Molloy has earned this date with destiny."

(2) Heart, as in, "He's got to have a whole lot of heart to endure a beating like this."

(3) Pound for pound, as in, "Pound for pound, Vernon Forrest might be the best of them all."

(4) Promoter, as in, "Love him or hate him, he's one of the most colorful promoters in the annals of the fight game."

(5) Puncher's chance, as in, "He may be clumsy, nearsighted and diabetic, but with that big left hand of his, he's got a puncher's chance."

What they mean:

(a) Chin—He might have a chin made of cast iron but his brain is rapidly turning into Silly Putty.

(b) A nice way of saying, "He can beat up guys his own size, but any halfway decent heavyweight would pound him into a mound of mashed potatoes."

(c) Date with a mouthful of canvas.

(d) This palooka can knock you out if you happen to drive your face into his fist, but other than that, he really doesn't have a chance in hell.

(e) Crook, as in, "Moi, a crook? I resent, reject and rescind the implication of your imputation, Your Honor."

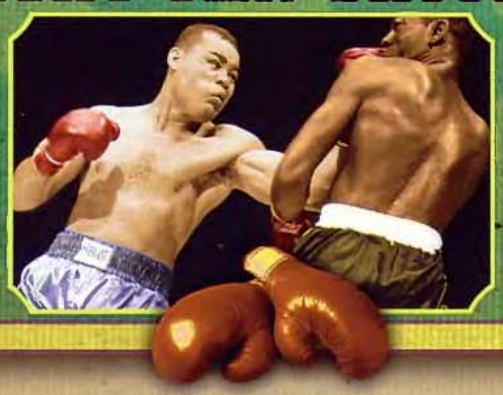
Answers: 1 c, 2 a, 3 b, 4 e, 5 d

8 COUNT

EIGHT THINGS EVERY FIGHT FAN SHOULD KNOW

A flurry of fact and attitude from Doug Fischer, who is editor of MaxBoxing.com, the best website on boxing:

(1) Mike Tyson is washed up. He's done. Homie turned pro in 1985 and hasn't exactly led a spartan lifestyle since. Although he hasn't gone 12 rounds or been a real contender since 1991, Tyson still sells tickets in Europe. But he can't beat a guy who can stick him and avoid his haymakers for five rounds. He'll get knocked out by a monster puncher like Lennox Lewis, who knows how to use his height and reach and who isn't intimidated by the



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former ring terror. Here in the U.S., Tyson still commands attention from the media and the curious, but only for his latest tirade, his latest press-conference scuffle or his latest sexual-assault allegation. The truth about Tyson can be summed up in four words: His legs are gone.

(2) There's more to boxing than the heavyweight division. Talent abounds right now between 147 and 160 pounds. The potential exists for an all-star round-robin reminiscent of the Eighties, when Leonard, Hagler, Hearns, Duran and Benitez got it on to the delight of hard-core and casual fans alike.

The winner of the Oscar De La Hoya–Fernando Vargas Jr. middleweight grudge match could take on Felix Trinidad, who is seeking a rematch with middleweight king Bernard Hopkins, who would love a payday with golden boy De La Hoya, who still wants to avenge his loss to Shane Mosley, who demands a rematch with new welterweight champ Vernon Forrest, who, along with junior middleweight champ Winky Wright, is willing to fight any of them. Get the picture? Add Floyd Mayweather Jr. at lightweight and Marco Antonio Barrera at featherweight, and what we have is a new golden age of boxing.

(3) Fights aren't fixed. Well, not as much as you think. Who needs to fix a fight when you can employ creative matchmaking and influence incompetent judges?

(4) De La Hoya is no mere media creation, and he hasn't been protected by his handlers. No one who fights Pernell Whitaker, Ike Quartey, Trinidad and Mosley and is preparing for a showdown against Vargas should be accused of being protected. De La Hoya won the Olympic gold in 1992 and has kept his image reasonably clean for 10 years. He's earned his limelight and the right to make crappy CDs.

(5) The golden age wasn't that golden. Sure, Sugar Ray Robinson and Archie Moore were fabulous,

(concluded on page 145)

HE COULDA BEEN THE GREATEST

Trainer Kevin Rooney, cut loose by Mike Tyson in 1988—back when Team Tyson ruled the world—reflects on what might have been:

"What went wrong with Tyson? He forgot where he came from, that's what happened. Don King fed his ego, and his ego got out of whack. King's a great thief. Tyson sued him for $100 million. Don King—that guy could have done a lot for boxing, but Don King sure did a lot for his own pocketbook. If Mike had stayed with Bill Cayton and Kevin Rooney, the people Cus D'Amato put on the team, it could have been different.

"The Mike I knew was on the road to breaking Rocky Marciano's record. I used to say that Tyson could go 100–0. He had style and power and, contrary to what everybody says, intelligence. Tyson's not educated educated, but he's smart. And the key is that nobody could hit him. If we're fighting and you're throwing punches at me and you can't hit me, what happens? You stop throwing punches. Now all of a sudden I'm in your face—*Bing! Boom! Bing bing!* That was Mike Tyson. Speed, power. He could have gone down as the greatest heavyweight ever."

TRAINING A HEAVYWEIGHT

BY F.X. TOOLE

Working with the big guys takes training to a level that can break your back and your heart. The trick is to get them slick and looking pretty—pretty because the pretty fighter usually makes more money than the grunt fighting with his face.

Because of the damage that can be done with one shot, heavies in particular must be cautious. So you work on the geometry of the game—angles and distance and how to get in and out of range with the least possible effort. The big fellows are too heavy to waste energy.

Fighters can drive you crazy, especially when they lose concentration during a fight. They go back to bad habits, or they are suddenly unable to follow instructions in the corner. Felix Trinidad, the former welter and current junior middleweight champ, most certainly listens to his father-trainer, Felix Sr., who has been known to slap him in the face between rounds.

(continued on page 142)

THESE CARDS ARE MARKED

Boxing judges often make $5000 or so for a major heavyweight bout, and you can't beat those ringside seats. "But a guy in the 20th row can evaluate a fight as well as the judges," says Marc Ratner, executive director of the Nevada Athletic Commission, which judges the boxing mecca's judges. A judge's task isn't simply to count punches, Ratner says, but to "reward effective aggression. One fighter may be landing a lot of jabs, but the other guy hits harder and controls the round. You go for the one who controls the round." In the standard 10-point-must system, that guy must be awarded 10 points for winning the round. His opponent generally gets nine unless he hits the canvas. A knockdown brings a 10–8 score that's basically worth two rounds to the victor. Thus, a fight scored 120–108 isn't a close decision—it's a wipeout.

Add up all of your round-by-round scores at the end, hand in your card and—if at least one of the other two judges saw things your way—watch your guy's glove raised in triumph.

Like a baseball umpire, a good judge is consistent. Bad judges don't see much of anything. After blowing the call in Lewis–Holyfield I—the most infamous card trick in recent heavyweight history—judge Eugenia Williams griped that she'd had a lousy view from her ringside seat.

HYPE CLUB

Got your DVD player handy? Plug in the Brad Pitt–Edward Norton slug flick *Fight Club*, which got one thing right—the primal rush of hand-to-chin combat. But for all its blood and bruises, *Fight Club* romanticized the hell out of bare-knuckle boxing. Every fan knows boxers wear gloves to protect their hands, not their foes' chins. There is little self-discovery in real fighting, which is mostly about self-preservation. That was true 113 years ago, when John L. Sullivan outlasted Jake Kilrain at an illegal fight club in Mississippi—the last big bare-knuckle title fight, a bloody spectacle that went 75 rounds. Today's boxing commissions would never permit such a war, but the goal is still to knock the other man senseless, and there's still nothing romantic about being the knockee.

WHY WE LOVE BOXING

BY MAX KELLERMAN

Celebrity boxing has taken its place alongside Mike Tyson as the only boxing topics the general public cares about. I was reminded of this when I got a phone call the other day from an ESPN radio producer. He wanted me to come on the *Tony Kornheiser Show* and talk about Fox' celebrity bouts. If time permitted, after we talked about the *Brady Bunch* actor versus the redheaded guy from the *Partridge Family*, we could turn our attention to Tyson versus heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis.

Why do people want to see celebrities box? For exactly the same reason they want to see Mike and Lennox throw down. Tyson–Lewis is celebrity boxing.

The more we know about the characters in a competitive drama, the more interest we take in their competitive fates, and the more compelled we are to watch them. Even casual sports fans know the recidivist Brooklyn thug with the lisp and the left hook, and the giant British heavyweight queller with the dreads. We have known Tyson and Lewis for a while. We have an idea of what is at stake for each man, professionally and personally, when they face off.

But if familiarity with the characters in a sporting event breeds interest in that event, then why don't MTV's celebrity basketball and softball games create watercooler buzz? Why are Tonya Harding and Paula Jones more fascinating in a boxing ring than on a basketball court or on a baseball diamond?

(concluded on page 145)

NICE GIRLS DO

do you want to get laid more? pay attention to these stories. you can find kinky sex in surprising packages

article by amanda green

What's the first thing you do when you meet a woman—after checking out her vital stats, that is? You put her in column A or B. In column A are the girls you take home to ma, in column B are the babes you want to take, period. Nice girls look good on your arm, naughty girls look good bent over your couch. So the conventional wisdom goes, good girls don't, bad girls do—anything. But as one who straddles the line (so to speak) between the two, and as someone who likes to keep track of such things, I'm here to say it's often the good girls who are the kinkiest. Useful information if you play your cards right.

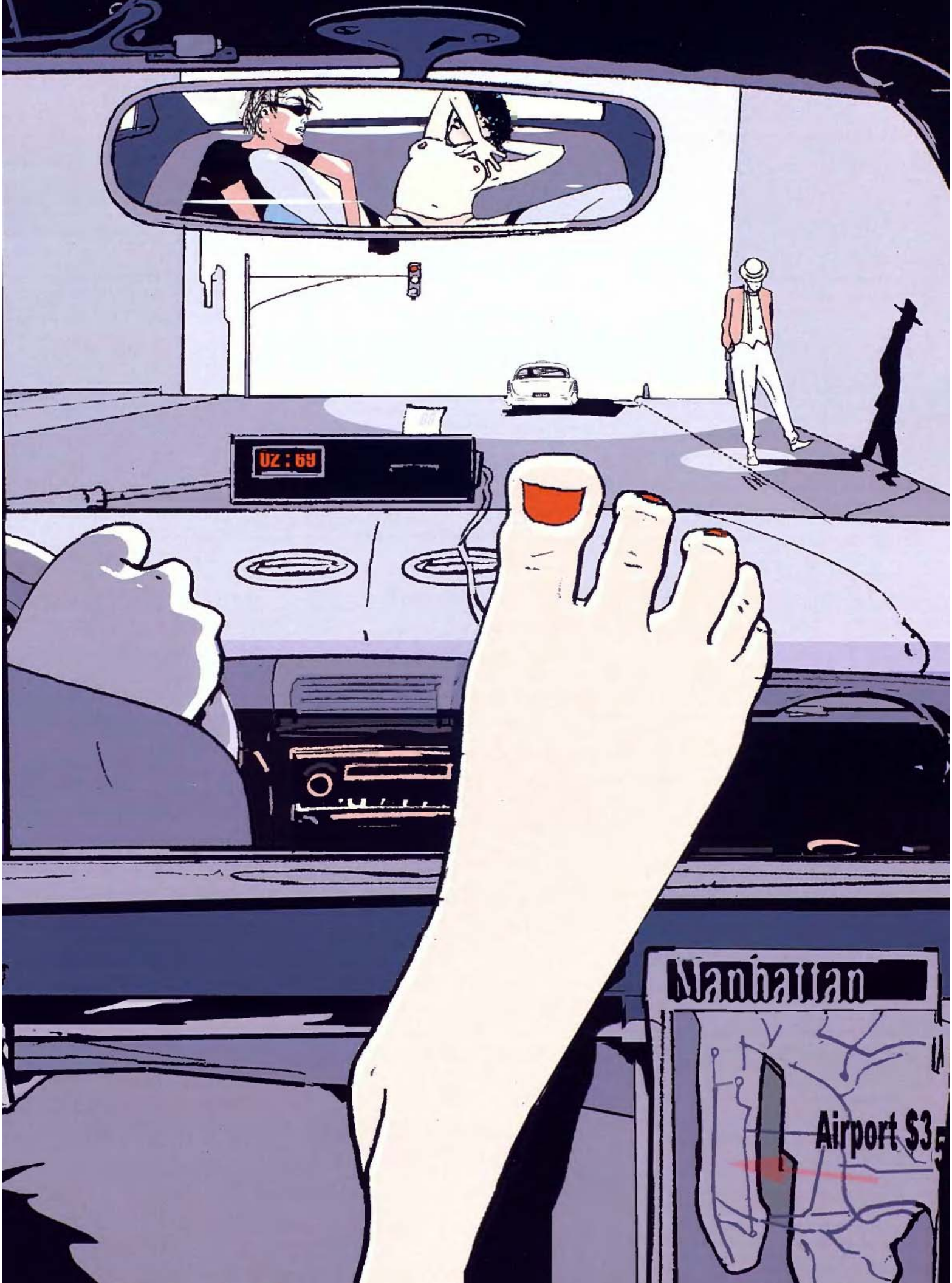
Baddies, who don't (and can't) claim the moral high ground, talk a good game, but when you get us alone you will likely find our favorite place for sex is somewhere a TV remote is likely to be set off by somebody's butt, and the tollgate to the chocolate highway is closed. There are hard scientific data to prove this, or so I have heard, but let's not get bogged down in technicalities. Let's just say that in my travels I've come across good girls who are anything but.

Next time you're at a club and, like every other guy there, trying to score with the cosmo-swilling, tousled-hair vixen with the nipples straining against her barely there belly shirt, why not take a second look at the mousy girl in the corner sipping a soda, dressed in her mom's Sunday best and looking like she'd rather be anywhere else. Maybe she'd rather be sitting on your face. To help you better identify these hotties-in-hiding, here are a few tales of, to all appearances, goody two-shoes I have known or heard of. Please note that the names have been changed to protect the naughty.

FAMILY VALUE PACK

As they say about home, there's no place like it, and it's where charity begins. So if you're looking for a hot pity fuck, why not start there? No, not *your* mom's, you freak! Someone else's! All

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI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Manhattan
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I'm saying is that, like Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*, you may find yourself discovering everything you've dreamed of "was right there all the time." And even some sick shit you hadn't. For instance, I was surprised recently, when staying over in my friend Keri's guest room, to open a drawer built under the bed in search of an extra pillow and find instead a black leather strap-on dildo.

Keri is, to all appearances, a prototypical soccer mom, a conservative Republican living in an affluent Ohio suburb who gave up her law practice to raise her three children. Plus, she's married to Chip, her college sweetheart. Who and how did the strap-on fit, so to speak? After the kids were tucked in, were ghosts the only uglies going bump in the night? Maybe another guest left it there? Or maybe it was a gag gift, a party favor at a holiday open house? Yeah right, and I have a big black cock. After trying it on and checking myself out in the mirror (man, I can wear one with the best of them), I threw it back in the drawer and went to sleep.

The next day I tried to figure out who really wears the cock in this family. Towheaded tykes aside, no one was above suspicion. I watched their Dominican housekeeper attack the linoleum with a scrubber, and tried to picture her attacking Keri with the same dogged tenacity. True, Candida is over 60, devoutly religious, 4'11" and about 90 pounds, but she is scrappy. Chip (who, according to varsity legend, is hung like a cashew) is a good, if unlikely, contender, seemingly of the old-school 90-seconds-followed-by-passing-out variety. There is Ulla, the Czech au pair. She is young, sweet, has bad skin and is built like a brick shithouse. She is also painfully shy. She would turn beet red and look like she was about to cry any time you asked her the simplest question, as if the attention was more than she could bear. I couldn't picture her strapping on with gusto. And Keri? As I watched her fussily get her kids ready for school and kiss them goodbye, I couldn't help wondering where else those pursed lips had been.

The reason for my visit was a business meeting, which I went to that morning. I thought I'd kill the afternoon at a gym before my flight out, so I went back to Keri's to change. The house was refreshingly quiet. I went up to my room and was about to open the door when I heard a raucous, throaty laugh from inside. It took me a few seconds to realize the voice was Keri's. Where was her usual pinched monotone? When did she become Kathleen Turner? Then I heard a high-pitched giggle and a slap, followed by another even higher-pitched giggle, and then a deep bass moan. Who the hell was in there and what was going on? It was so wrong but I had to keep listening. I heard the accented voice of Ulla saying, "This what you like, yes?" And Keri was moaning as if she were being stabbed, "Yes!" and then that booming bass voice echoing, "Christ, yes!" The Cashew was in there, too! It was like that Agatha Christie movie *Murder on the Orient Express*! Who did it? All of them. True, I didn't hear the housekeeper, but she struck me as the strong, silent type anyway. I finally beat a quick and silent retreat, drove to a mall, bought some workout clothes and hit the gym, my legs feeling like jelly.

I waited until I was sure the kids were back from school and went to get my things and say goodbye. Everything was sitcom-perfect: the kids playing noisily and fighting while Ulla tried to maintain order, Dad trying to read his paper in peace, Mom making dinner.

On the first date? After a few minutes? Without the guy even asking? Gee, that kind of made Susie sort of, well, a slut!

But they weren't fooling me.

I made my goodbyes, searching their faces in vain for a trace of the passion I'd overheard that afternoon. Keri was perfectly pleasant and cordial. Chip welcomed me back anytime with the almost-requisite amount of sincerity. Ulla turned tomato red when I said, "It was nice to meet you."

My room looked perfect, untouched. No evidence of any steamy session. I had to open the drawer and check. The dildo was gone. Had I dreamed the whole thing?

As I got in my car and waved goodbye to the family gathered outside, I saw a curtain open in the guest room window, and Candida appear. I could swear she gave me a wink as I pulled out of the drive.

THE GIRL MOST LIKELY TO . . .

You know her. Sure you do. You see her now in the face of some dazzlingly beautiful pearl-wearing prep, her cashmere sweater set encaging a pert set of knockers that make you weep, and you shudder, remembering all those horny nights when you chased her in vain. The Girl Most Likely to Give You Blue Balls. But perhaps you had her all wrong.

Looking back, all I wanted was to fit in and be exactly like everyone else. And there was no one else I wanted to be more exactly like than Susie Solomon—a preppy goddess who looked like she had wandered off the set of *Happy Days*. She was everything I was not. Her blue Fair Isle sweater matched her blue velvet headband, which matched her sparkling shiksa-blue eyes. Her L.L. Bean moccasins were spotless. Her face was Ivory fresh, her hair Breck shiny and perfectly straight, every strand in place. She had a meltingly sweet smile, and her teeth were so white and diamond-brilliant they could have cut through rock. Underlying her sweetness was a no-nonsense practicality, a steely self-possession.

In the decadent world of Manhattan in the Eighties, she was a decidedly old-fashioned girl, and proud of it. While my friends and I, insecure and eager for any kind of experience, tended to chase after lads Sadie Hawkins–style, with an aggressive "rassle you for a lip lock, lover boy" mentality, Susie kept throngs of hopelessly horny boys in check with a polite but strict discipline that would have made a prison matron proud. "You have to set limits right off the bat," she advised me with her characteristic cool practicality. "I told Phil if he thought he was going to get to second base with me, he had another think coming," she confided after a date with the cutest guy in our class. Incredibly, her apparent refusal to give up anything seemed to add fuel to his fire, and he asked her out again and again. I was in awe of her powers.

So when Tom, a stud whom even older girls threw themselves at with kamikaze abandon, asked Susie out, it felt inevitable. Every guy, it seemed, was helpless against her sweet and maddening old-school allure.

They went out that Friday night. On Saturday I waited breathlessly and jealously to hear the details of their dream date. But when I called, I was disappointed to learn from the housekeeper that Susie had just gone to Connecticut for the weekend "to ride her pony."

That night eight girlfriends and I wangled an invitation to a party, where I watched in amazement as Susie's Tom made a beeline toward me.

"God, I went out with that Susie Solomon last night. What a freak," he began in a conspiratorial whisper. "I go

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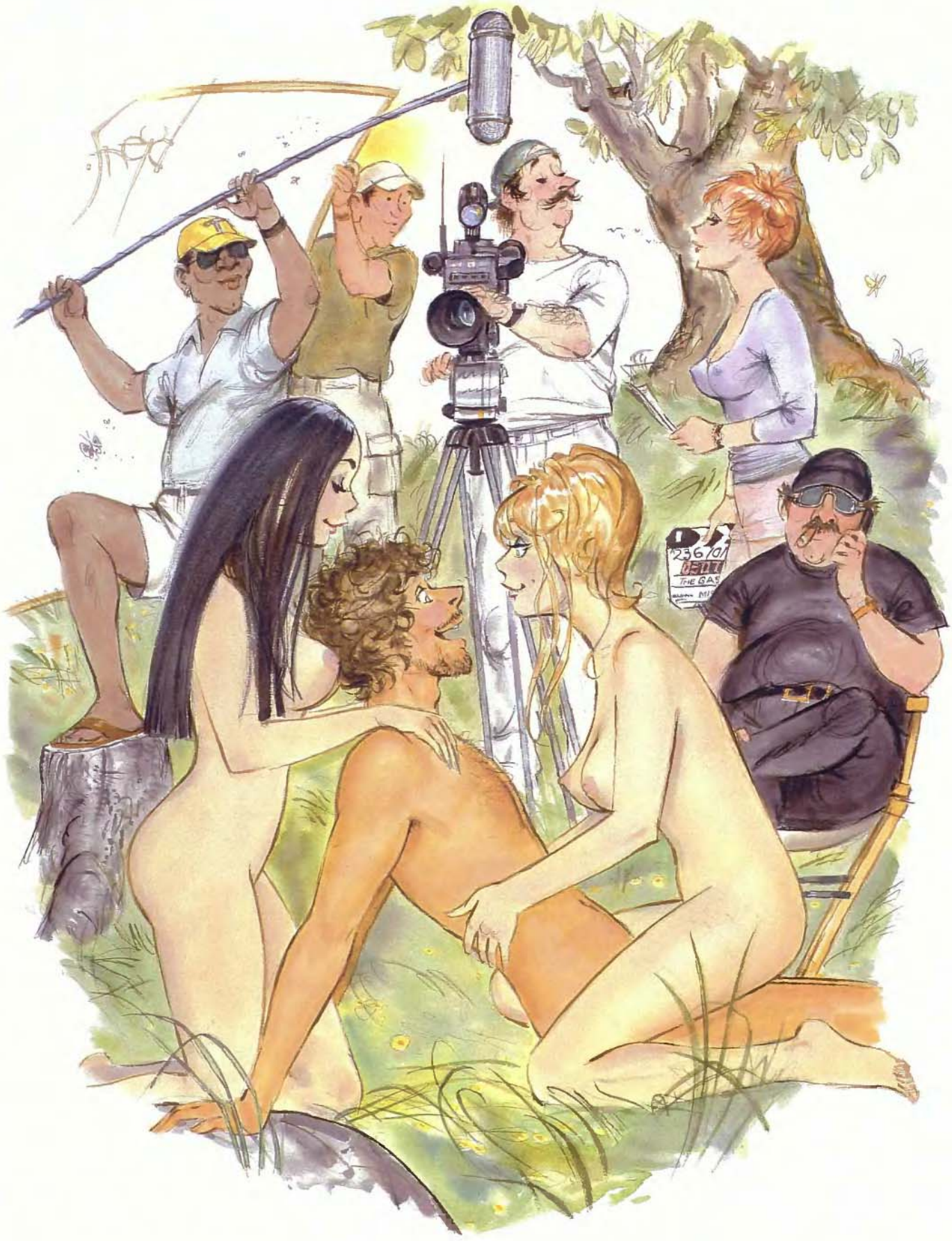


"What I really want to do is direct."

ROCKET SCIENCE

who needs the space shuttle? climb aboard and buckle up, we're going for a ride

Hot, small sport compacts are rewriting the rules. Big is bad. Rear-wheel drive is old hat. The new thinking is front-wheel drive or all-wheel drive in machines influenced by rally cars and featuring air dams, fender flares and tail spoilers. Five- and six-speed manual gearboxes, immense brakes and trick alloy wheels come with the packages. The rationale for all this is simple. Married younger guys want a family car that says "I'm still happening." Singles want a car with room for double daters and luggage.

Above, top to bottom: Reviving a British classic, the front-wheel-drive Mini Cooper S boasts a 163 hp supercharged engine and a six-speed gearbox, plus sophisticated electronic traction and brakes. The price: $19,850. Mazda's limited-production (only 2000 will initially be built) Mazdaspeed Protegé couples a turbocharged 170 hp Callaway Cars engine with a short-throw five-speed transmission. The price: around $20,000. The Dodge SRT-4 has been stoked for 2003 with a 205 hp turbocharged four, a hood scoop, stiffer suspension and a spoiler. Price: about $20,000.

A six-speed Getrag gearbox, oversize disc brakes, five-spoke 17-inch alloy wheels and a 170 hp engine with variable-intake cam timing differentiate the Ford SVT Focus from the basic model. Price: $18,000. With a power plant providing only 160 hp, the Honda Civic Si isn't the most powerful sport compact, but it is agile and beautifully appointed with an in-dash shifter. Price: $19,000. The stylish and nimble Acura RSX Type S is the standard-bearer of the sport compact class. Its 200 hp engine red-lines at 7900 rpm and the six-speed trans is a joy to shift. Price: around $23,000.

Don't let the four doors fool you into thinking this is a family sedan—Nissan's Sentra SE-R Spec V has a 175 hp engine, a six-speed gearbox and performance tires, all for about $18,000. Volkswagen's New Beetle Turbo S is another street sleeper. It packs a 180 hp engine and a six-speed gearbox into a Golf platform. Price: about $23,000. With five-spoke alloy wheels, an air dam and a tail spoiler, the Mitsubishi Lancer O-Z Rally looks like a sport compact, but it needs more than 120 hp to compete with the big boys in this class. At $16,500, it leaves you room to invest in upgrades.

By KEN GROSS

Houston, we have liftoff! *Sport Compact Car* magazine, the bible of the pocket-rocket set, called the Subaru Impreza WRX the "unchallenged king of small-car performance." With its 227 hp turbocharged engine and all-wheel drive, the WRX handles beautifully in the fast lane as well as in deep snow, and its mild-mannered exterior doesn't scream to the world, "Ticket me, officer."

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

Performance is a must: Many of these cars will sprint from zero to 60 in less than eight seconds, powered by high-revving 175 to 200 hp four-cylinder engines that are often supercharged or turbocharged. Cost is also a factor: The base price for some sport compacts is just below $20,000. Inside, small leather steering wheels and competition-style bucket seats are the norm. Loud exhausts? You bet.

The 10 that we selected represent the best of the bunch. But competition is intense, and there's always something new coming over the horizon. Automakers know that today's sport compact driver is tomorrow's luxury car owner. Back in the Sixties, Detroit created such muscle machines as Pontiac's GTO and Chevrolet's 409 by shoehorning powerful engines into midsize coupe bodies. They're doing the same thing today. Subaru's WRX is the basic all-wheel-drive Impreza, pumped up with a supercharged engine, race-inspired brakes and suspension and aerodynamic bodywork. Not every visitor to a Subaru showroom buys one, but street buzz for one car will rub off on the entire product line.

Mission accomplished: The Subaru Impreza WRX has landed.

The new Mini Cooper, with its great-looking retro body, represents another way car companies play in this league. Starting from scratch, Mini created a two-door sedan based on the British icon that raced and rallied its way into automotive legend in the Sixties. We drove the Mini Cooper S version on twisty backroads in Portugal. With 48 horsepower more than the base Mini, and race-inspired double-wishbone suspension, the supercharged S handles like a go-cart. The car's structure is solid. It feels like a BMW, and it should, because the Bavarians own the company.

Mazda's Protegé MP3 was a player last year, with decent handling and good looks, but its horsepower wasn't up to its chassis dynamics. All that has changed with the Mazdaspeed Protegé, which is coming to a limited number of Mazda showrooms later on this year. Mazda will manufacture just 2000 Mazdaspeeds in its initial run. The good news is that many of the car's special components will be available at your local dealer in the future, so you can jazz up an MP3 with high-performance aftermarket goodies.

Dodge recognized that the performance of last year's Neon R/T wasn't quite up to the competition, so it introduced a more powerful SRT-4 for 2003, with 55 more horsepower than the standard 2002 model R/T engine and a racier body. Some critics of the old Neon R/T will be won over by its new 205 hp engine and slicker wheels, not to mention a 5.9-second zero-to-60 time. The SRT-4's new interior and appointments seem a little on the cheap side.

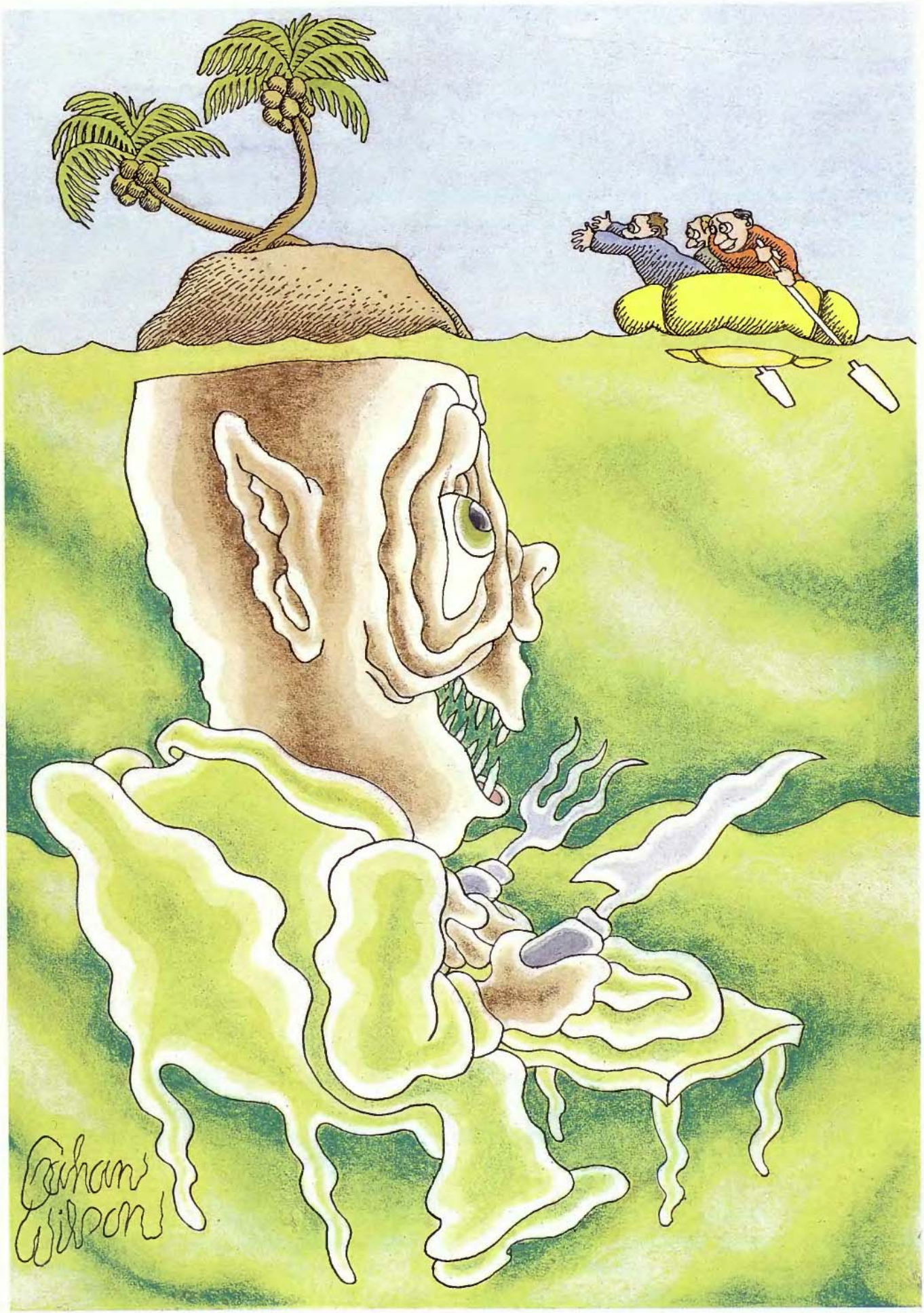
With its knife-edged styling, Ford's SVT Focus looks dramatically different from the curvy imports in this category. Tapping into the engineering skills of Britain's Cosworth Technology, builders of Formula 1 engines, Ford's Special Vehicle Team redesigned or added more than 200 standard Focus components. To handle 170 hp, the Focus is equipped with an upgraded clutch, a sophisticated dual-mass flywheel and a specially designed six-speed Getrag transaxle with two different output ratios for selected gears. With this unique setup, the SVT Focus screams to 60 in just over seven seconds and tops 90 mph in the quarter mile. There are numerous brake upgrades and chassis tuning changes, too—all for barely $4000 over the $14,000 base price of the Focus ZX3. One caveat: Ford recalled its SVT Focus in April to fix a problem with its cruise control. Apparently, the control can snag and keep the throttle in the open position. No injuries have been reported, and Ford has implemented a repair procedure.

Honda's Civic Si hatchback and its upmarket companion brand, the Acura RSX Type S, have set high handling standards for front-wheel-drive cars. For 2002, both makes switched from competition-style independent, unequal-length wishbone suspension to more prosaic MacPherson struts in front and a compact double-wishbone rear suspension with no trailing arms. The trade-off meant higher crash-test scores and more interior space, but enthusiasts have complained that the car doesn't handle as well. You probably won't be able to tell the difference. Both models feature short-throw shift close-ratio gearboxes. The Civic's five-speed shifter is mounted in the dash console—the perfect position for spirited driving. With an extra gear, the RSX Type S can top 94 mph in the quarter mile. Thanks to torque-rich i-VTEC (variable valve timing) power plants, both of these cars are exceptional performers.

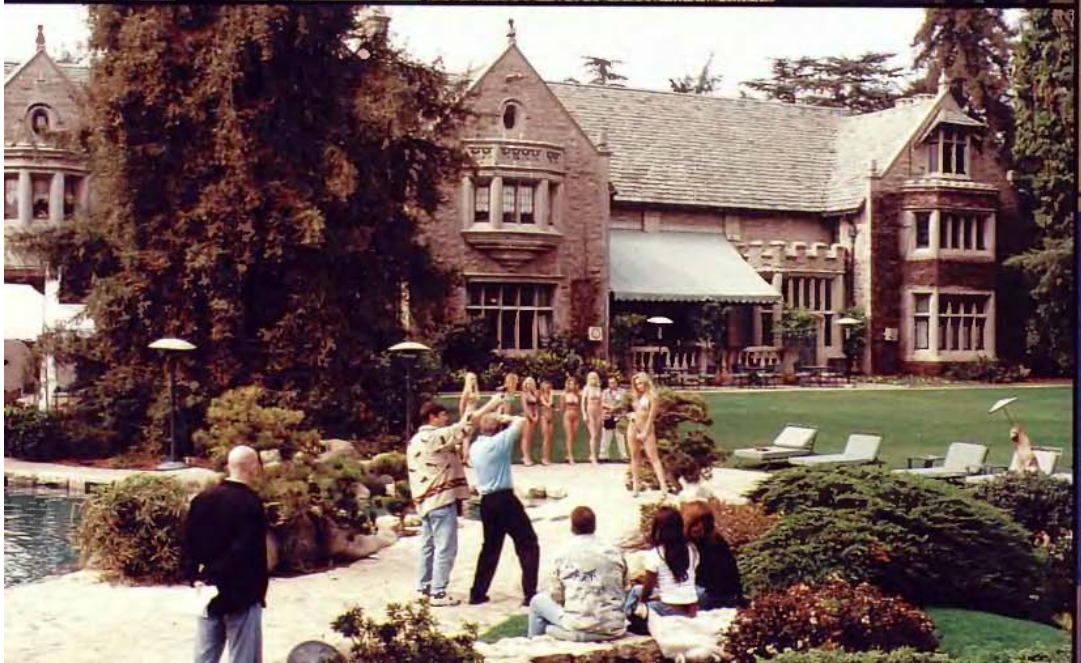
Nissan has created the Sentra SE-R Spec V by zinging up a plain-Jane four-door with a six-speed gearbox and a mechanical limited-slip differential that ensures both wheels grip equally through tight corners. The long-stroke SE-R engine develops more torque (180 ft./lb.) than its 175 horsepower, so it really pulls in the lower gears. Other improvements include stronger disc brakes, better shocks and springs and 17-inch cast alloy wheels. On the downside, the Spec V's shifter is a bit on the rubbery side, and there's noticeable torque steer and some wheel hop during hard acceleration. The ride is also a bit harsh, but with a base price of about $18,000, the Spec V is a bargain.

At first glance, the New Beetle Turbo S from Volkswagen may look like its cutesy big brother, but this Bug will dash to 60 miles an hour in a little over seven seconds. Too bad its speed-activated spoiler rises and lowers with a resounding clunk, disrupting an otherwise enjoyable driving experience. If the Turbo S is too retro for you, the company has another answer. The Golf GTI is celebrating its 25th anniversary in Europe this year, so 1500 special GTI 337 editions (337 was the code name used for the Golf in the Seventies) with turbocharged 180 hp engines will be coming to America, priced around $22,000.

The Lancer O-Z's styling is based on Mitsubishi's Evo VII World Championship Rally car. It's got the sporty look, but its 120 hp engine comes up short when you compare it with the competition. White-faced instruments, 15-inch spoked aluminum wheels and a roomier interior than last year's Mirage are pluses. At just over $16,000, the O-Z's price leaves you change for aftermarket improvements.


Graham Wilson

A team of professionals—hairstylists, makeup artists, manicurists and masseurs—come to the Mansion to primp, pamper and prepare the girls for their photo sessions for Fox' *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*. A wardrobe stylist helps select the perfect ensemble. Hef shows the girls a group picture, Lauren Anderson gets misty (top left), Shallan Meiers takes a catnap between shoots (top center) and Christina Santiago bares it all for the first time (bottom right).



THE MAKING OF FOX TV'S SEARCH FOR A Playboy Centerfold

Ten starry-eyed hopefuls with dreams of becoming the next Playmate pose with Hef outside the Mansion Grotto. The girls stay at a house down the street with Bunny Mother Ava Fabian, Miss August 1986, who helps them get acquainted by playing parlor games like Truth or Dare and 20 Questions. Clockwise from top left are Shallan Meiers, Danielle Day, Wendy Culp, Alexis Contopulos, Sara Schwartz, Christina Santiago, Jill Scott, Hef, Katie Hadorn, Jennifer Nahra and Lauren Anderson.

Reality TV gets a dose of the naked truth with Fox TV's *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*, a two-hour special that followed 10 women as they vied for the chance to be a Playmate of the Month. After a nationwide search, 12 girls (two dropped out early) were chosen to room together and compete for the title. Fox cameramen trailed the women around the house for several days, shooting network TV fare as the girls got to know one another. We gravitated to the hotter fare at the Mansion. Some of the girls had tested for PLAYBOY before and offered advice to the new girls on how to catch the photographer's eye. But could they be trusted? An interesting dynamic developed as the group was narrowed to three finalists. On the last night, when the lucky girls hit the town with Hef and his girlfriends, each knew this date was her last chance to impress. At the end, Hef presented the winner with a Playmate necklace as she was officially welcomed into the Playboy family. She appears in this issue as Miss July. Some of the footage was too hot for network TV, but viewers can see unedited content and behind-the-scenes action in the Cyber Club at Playboy.com.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG / REPORTAGE PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

Alexis

Christina

Sara

Lauren

Jennifer

Hundreds of ambitious girls line up at open calls during Playboy's nationwide casting search for *Girl Next Door*. Polaroids are taken and the casting team and Playboy representatives in each city narrow it down to 25 candidates. At the Mansion, Hef and his photo editors sift through the Polaroids and select the semifinalists who will fiy to Los Angeles for a chance to become a Playmate. Camera crews follow some of the semifinalists as they get the phone call they've been waiting for and as they arrive at the Playmate House. There, they arrive in groups and explore the grounds.

Shallan

Jill

Katie

Wendy

Danielle

When alarms go off at five A.M., the girls wake up and gather their things for the photo shoot at the Mansion. The photographers tell the girls that they will first be photographed in bikinis by the pool (bottom right). Inside the Great Hall of the Mansion, each girl is photographed in lingerie as she descends the candlelit polished-wood staircase. The photographers watch how each girl moves to her spot as much as how she poses. Hef carefully looks at the day's photos (top right) to narrow it down to the seven, including Jill Scott (below), who will pose for Playmate test shoots.

Playboy Studio West Photo Manager Bill White (top right) advises the girls on how to maximize their beauty and relax for the camera. Will each girl be able to keep her cool in a roomful of people? It pays off for Alexis Contopulos (left), one of the seven eager to advance to the final round.

A Playboy representative announces the names of the seven semifinalists at the Playmate House. As each name is read, there are screams, tears and congratulations for the lucky girls and concern from the others, who hope their names are called. Though together for only a short time, many had started to form bonds that made it hard to relish their first victory, when a new friend is sent home. Three of the girls get pumped up in red (left) for a print ad to promote *Girl Next Door*.

Hef and his team study the photographs with the daunting task of picking three girls to move on to the final round. But there is a surprise announcement: Two of the girls need to redo their test shots. The girls wonder if this is a good or a bad sign. And the girls wonder what they can do to impress Hef the second time around. The semifinalists pictured here are Sara Schwartz (above), Katie Hadorn (left) and Wendy Culp (below).

AND THE FINALISTS ARE

Lauren anderson

Lauren Anderson is from Gainesville, Florida, where she is studying pre–veterinarian medicine and animal biology in college. The 22-year-old represented her city in the 1998 Miss Teen Florida pageant and has gained previous modeling experience doing local television commercials and working with PLAYBOY. "When I posed for the college issue, I appeared only topless," she says. "I wasn't comfortable with posing totally nude at that time, but obviously things have changed!"

Shallan meiers

Shallan Meiers lives and works in Sin City, where she is studying international business and communications in college. The 20-year-old was Miss Las Vegas 1999 and has worked as a showgirl. "I believe PLAYBOY worships women and empowers them, and I certainly know how wonderful it feels to be a woman," says Shallan, a darts enthusiast. "I strive to achieve my best and want to meet my full potential."

Christina santiago

Christina Santiago is a 20-year-old Puerto Rican model from Chicago who plans to study performing arts in college and become an actress. "I'm doing this because someone told me I wouldn't measure up to Playmate standards, and I think it will give me a life-enhancing experience," she says. "I've always admired the sensuality of a woman posing nude and having all the confidence in the world!"

AND THE **WINNER** IS LAUREN ANDERSON

It takes a special woman to win a contest like Fox' *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold* without enduring a few claw marks, bnt Lauren Anderson emerged unscathed and even made some new friends along the way. "The whole thing was an incredible experience," says Miss July. "I got along with all the girls and want to keep in touch with them." You may recognize the 22-year-old Florida college senior from the October 2001 *Girls of the SEC* pictorial, but Lauren doesn't think her previous modeling experience gave her an edge on the competition. "It had no bearing whatsoever," she says. "We were judged on the pictures that were shot during the show. I love being on camera and acting—it comes naturally to me."

Lauren is studying pre-veterinary medicine in college and is determined to open her own animal-rescue farm someday. "My favorite class was

"Hef's situation with the girls is very unusual, but it's OK—different strokes for different folks," says Lauren. "He is the sweetest man I've ever met, very much a gentleman, and so willing to do anything for you."

Livestock Practical," she says. "I delivered two litters of pigs and a horse for that course. At home, I have two cats and a pet duck named Marble, who was paralyzed in one leg. I assisted on a surgery to put a metal rod in his leg, which we just took out the other day. He's doing fine and likes to swim in my bathtub." One guy who thinks waterfowl swimming in Lauren's tub is just ducky is her boyfriend of more than three years. "I love all-American boys," she says. "And I'm attracted to a guy I can't get right away. I love going bowling or just walking on the beach—simple stuff. In five years I could see myself married, being an actress and owning an animal shelter. I believe in destiny, so I wouldn't change anything that has happened to me, because those experiences helped me become the woman I am now."

"When I started college, I wanted to be a vet," says Lauren. "But I also want to act and model so I can make enough money to build an animal-rescue ranch to take care of strays." When her nose isn't buried in a book, Lauren loves getting wet. "I'm so into boating, waterskiing, tubing, kneeboarding or any other water sport," she says.

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lauren Anderson

BUST: 34 D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 6-6-80 BIRTHPLACE: Milwaukee, WI

AMBITIONS: To Graduate from college, be a successful actor and open an animal rescue ranch.

TURN-ONS: A Guy who is loyal and has a good sense of humor, with a great smile!

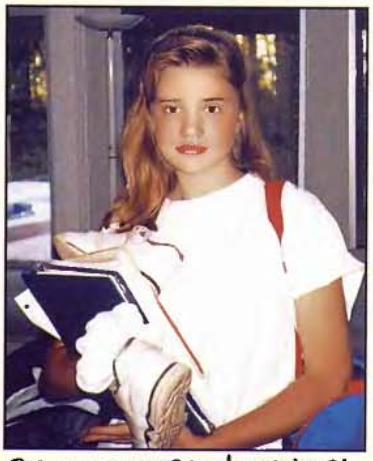
TURNOFFS: A Guy who is conceited, has poor hygiene and doesn't brake for Animals! (The last is by far the most important.)

FIVE CDS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Bobby Brown's Greatest Hits, Marvin Gaye's Greatest Hits, Fleetwood Mac's The Dance, Madonna's The Immaculate Collection and any Aerosmith.

SPORTS I LIKE TO PLAY: Basketball, softball and all water sports.

I WISH I HAD: More time to spend with my family, and land to start my animal rescue ranch.

IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: Spend it relaxing at the beach!



On my way to school, with an attitude, in eighth grade.

My best friend (and sister) Kelley and me at Christmas.

Spending some time outside, at home in Florida.

THERE ARE MORE PHOTOS, PLUS VIDEO, OF LAUREN AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A female police officer arrested a man for drunk driving. She said, "Anything you say can and will be held against you."

He shouted out, "Tits!"

Why do they call it the Wonderbra?

Because when a woman takes it off, you wonder where her tits went.

What's the difference between parsley and pussy?

Nobody eats parsley.

A young man had the job of collecting sperm from turkeys to be used to artificially inseminate other turkeys. As he approached one turkey, it said, "Gobble, gobble!"

The man replied, "Fuck you, dude. You're getting a hand job just like everyone else."

A robber entered a bank, ordered everyone to take off their clothes and lie facedown on the floor. One secretary removed her clothes, but lay on her back. Her boss whispered, "Miss Jones, turn over. This is a holdup, not an office party."

Three Irishmen passed a graveyard while they were stumbling home from a night at their favorite pub. "Come look over here," the first man said. "It's Michael O'Grady's grave. The tombstone says that he lived to the ripe old age of 87."

"That's nothing," the second man replied. "Here's one named Patrick O'Toole. He was 95 when he died."

The last Irishman exclaimed, "Good God, here's a fellow who lived until he was 145."

"What was his name?" the other two asked.

The third Irishman lit a match and said, "Miles, from Dublin."

A husband announced, "I have discovered a great new position for lovemaking that will save our marriage."

"Really?" the wife replied. "What is it?"

"Back-to-back," the man said.

"That's crazy," she replied. "We can't have sex back-to-back."

"Yes, we can," he said. "I've persuaded another couple to join us."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: What is the difference between a blonde woman and an ironing board?

Sometimes the legs of an ironing board are hard to open.

What personal-ad lingo really means:
Adventurous—will sleep with your friends.
Athletic—no tits.
Contagious smile—does a lot of ecstasy.
Emotionally secure—heavily medicated.
Friendship first—reformed slut.

Stressed out by city living, a man quit his job and bought a cabin in the woods. His closest neighbor was four miles away. One night he was finishing dinner when someone knocked on his door. "Hi, I'm your neighbor," the man said. "I'm having a party on Saturday and I thought you'd like to come."

"That sounds great," the man said.

"Gotta warn you though," the neighbor said. "There's gonna be a lot of drinking."

"I love drinking," the man said.

"More than likely gonna be some fighting, too," the neighbor added.

"I'll just stay out of the way," the man said.

"Last time I had a party, there was some screwing, too," the neighbor said.

"Now, that's not a problem," the man said. "I've been alone for six months. By the way, what should I wear?"

"Whatever you want," the neighbor said. "Just gonna be the two of us."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A man was driving up a winding mountain road as a woman driving the other way leaned out her window and yelled, "Pig!"

The man leaned out his window and yelled, "Bitch!"

After he rounded the next curve, he ran into a pig.

A politician visited a reservation and gave a speech to a group of Native Americans. "I promise you better schools, hospitals and roads," he said.

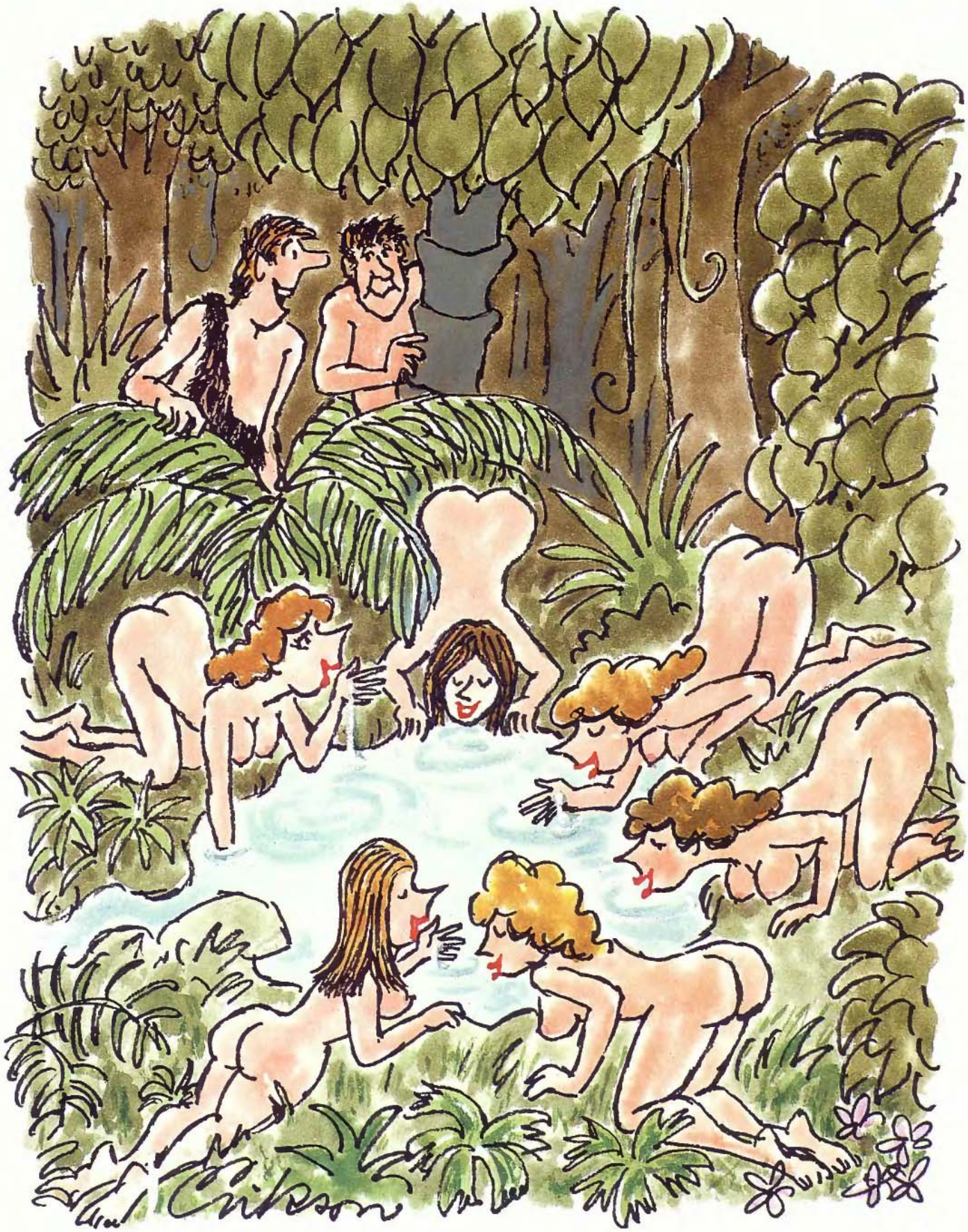
The crowd shouted, "*Hoya! Hoya!*"

"I promise to secure funds to build a casino on the reservation," he said.

"*Hoya! Hoya!*" the crowd shouted again.

A few hours later, the politician toured the reservation with the chief. As they inspected the cattle, the chief said, "Be careful not to step in the *hoya*."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



"Hey, is this a watering hole or what?"

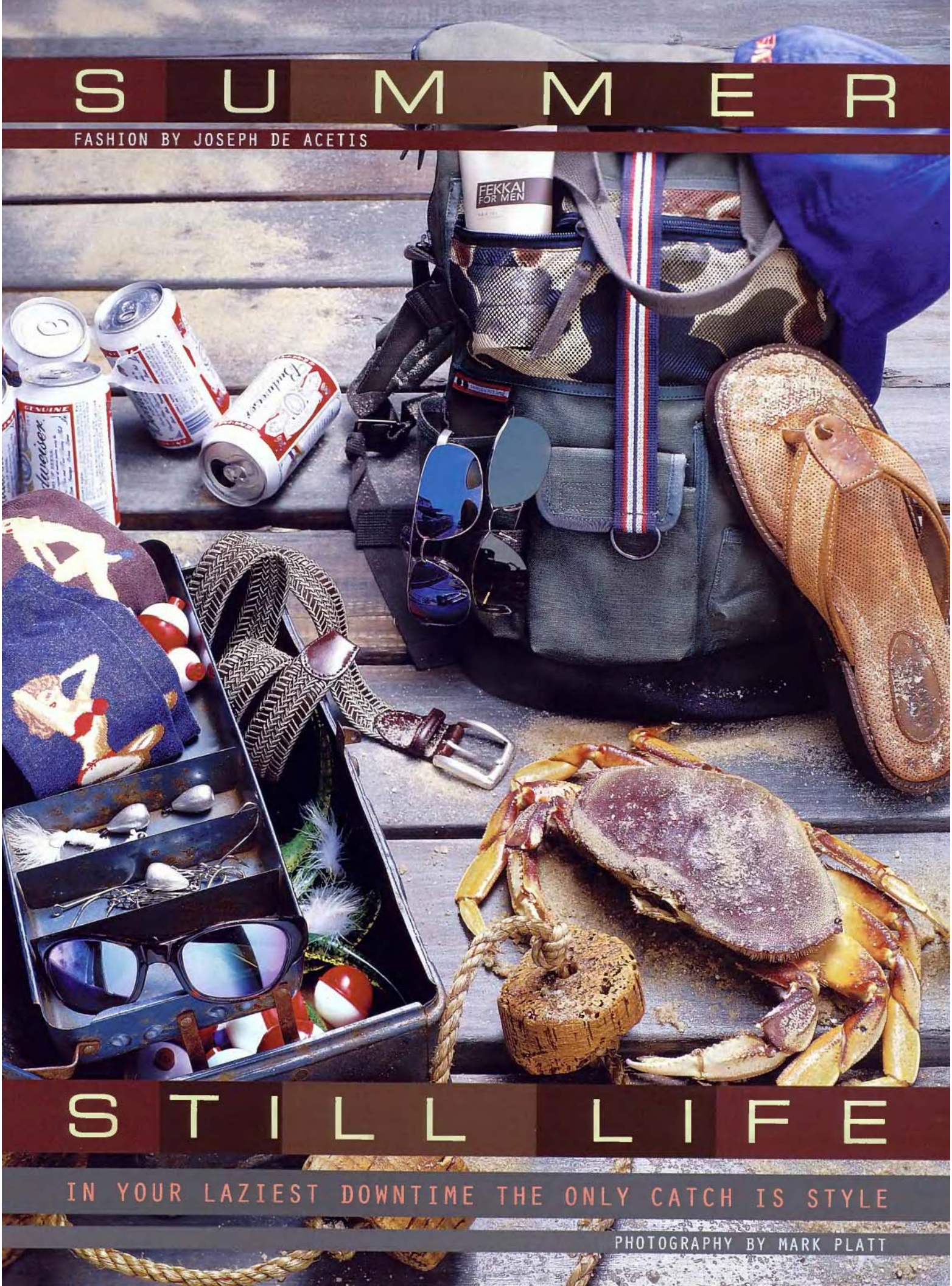
DISASTER ARTIST

is there grace
in a gunfight?
is there charm in
a chokehold?
if there is, john
woo will find it

By Michael Fleming

HOLLYWOOD KNEW what it wanted when it convinced director John Woo to leave his role as Hong Kong's most successful action director. It wanted violence—the stylized, balletic violence that Woo perfected in *The Killer*, *Hard-Boiled* and *A Better Tomorrow*. The violence that made him one of the most widely copied directors in the world. It worked. Woo turned his talents to such films as *Broken Arrow*, *Face/Off* and *Mission: Impossible II* and attracted stars like Tom Cruise, Nicolas Cage and John Travolta. The emperor of Hong Kong cinema became a box office ruler in America as well. Now Woo branches out into different territories. In Hong Kong, he not only directed action films, he also directed dramas, comedies and even operas. His newest film, *Windtalkers*, will be his first American drama. Based on real incidents from World War II, it stars Cage as a hardened GI assigned to guard a naive, idealistic Navajo who, with others from his reservation, has been recruited to transmit information in his native tongue—the only code the Americans used that couldn't be cracked by the Japanese. There will be artistic battle scenes, but Woo hopes the emotional story line will separate *Windtalkers* from the recent spate of Hollywood war flicks and show the public the director has more to offer than action films. It's a career gamble for Woo, but the 56-year-old is accustomed to taking risks. Growing up in Hong Kong, Woo fell in love with American movies, haunting theaters and stealing books about film. That taught him enough to get a low-level job in the Hong Kong film industry. At the age of 26—aided by a friend's inheritance—he directed his first film, *The Young Dragons*, a martial-arts movie *(continued on page 148)*

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT LAUMANN


SUMMER
FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
FEKKAI FOR MEN
STILL LIFE
IN YOUR LAZIEST DOWNTIME THE ONLY CATCH IS STYLE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK PLATT

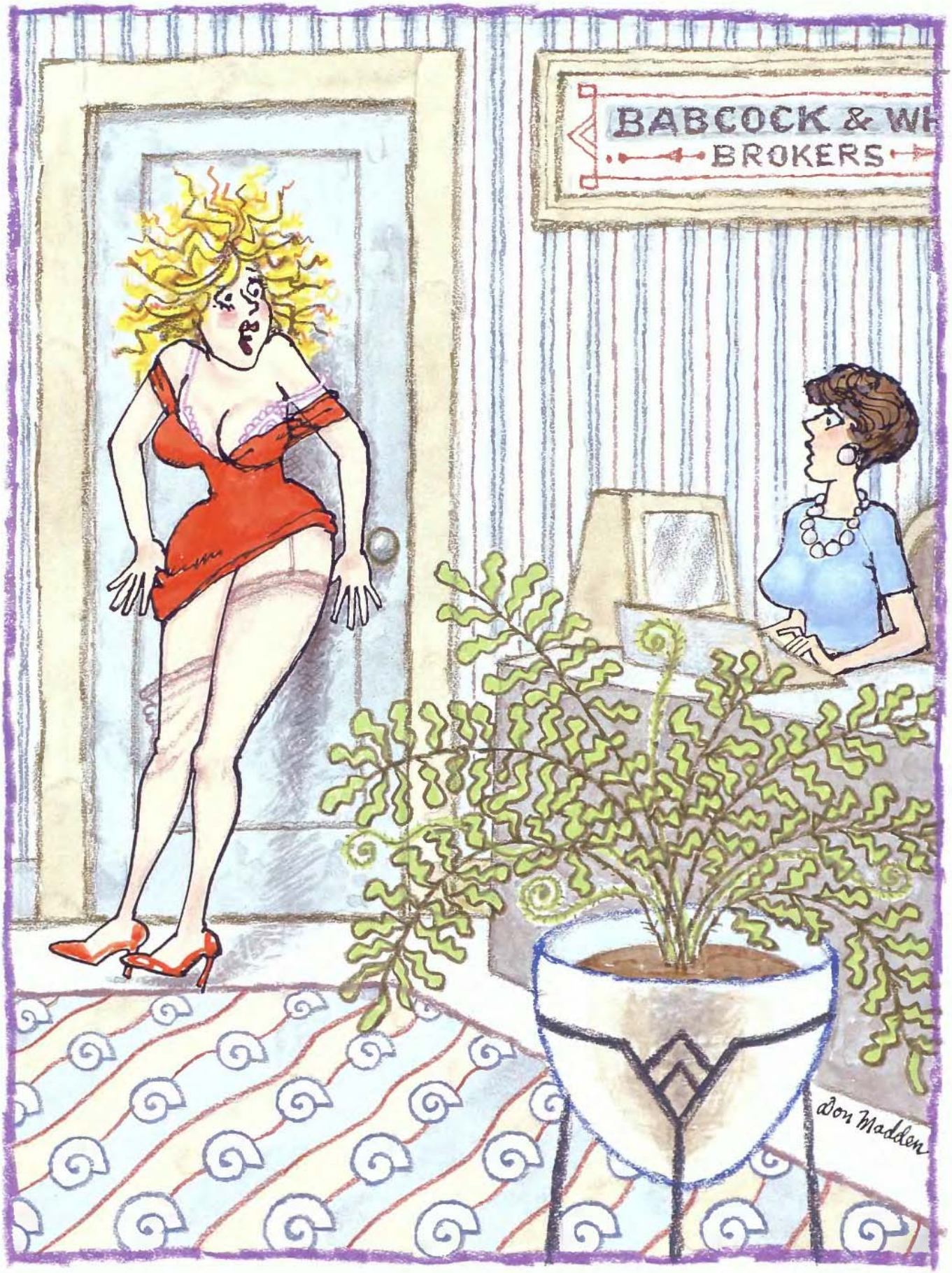
There are two things you need to know: Last year's cool T-shirt is this summer's busted move, and you can never tell when you're going to run into the mermaid of your salty dreams. We don't care if you're heading out to the deep woods for two solitary weeks—the girl handling the fry machine at the last rest stop for 50 miles is checking out your stuff. And she's a better trophy than something that smells of mud and has a face like a lamprey. So pay attention to the grace notes like sneakers, shades and watches. Remember: The stylish guy always finds the keepers.

You don't need ice to keep cool. Opposite page: In the tackle box, the pin-up socks are by 2(x)ist and the sunglasses are by Ocean Waves. The woven belt is by Torino Belts. The Triple 5 Soul backpack serves as a backdrop for a 57 Fake baseball cap, Fekkai for Men hair gel and leather thong sandal by Tommy Bahama. The aviator shades on the left are by Revo. On the right is a pair by Silhouette. This page, clockwise from top: The suede shoe is by Skechers. Gravis makes the sneaker with green trim, followed by a mesh sneaker by New Balance and a leather sneaker by 7 Path. The running shoe with 25 is a sneaker by Benetton. Then comes a hot shoe by Fila, one in suede by Kikwear and a court shoe (behind the net) by Gravis.

No shirt? No problem. In the basket is a crewneck by Jordan Sportswear (left) and a crewneck with logo by 57 Fake (right). On the dock from left to right: First up is a Varcity plaid buttondown shirt. And that's a zip-front sweatshirt by Akademiks beneath a Columbia Sportswear shirt (with fishing motif). Then comes a cotton sweater by Snoop Dogg Clothing, a buttondown by Triple 5 Soul and, in the bottom corner, a striped polo shirt by Varcity.

The last thing that you want to do with the expensive Swiss chronograph you wear at wark is to get fish guts all over it. On the style meter, it's like wearing wing tips on the beach. Instead, match your timepiece with the activity—you're not wearing much in the heat, so use every opportunity to show some flair. From left to right: Hit the resort with a bit of color, like the red face on this piece by Michele Watches. The cuff watch above it doesn't leave a tan line—it leaves a tan handle. The orange detail is a nice touch. It's by CK Watches. For a more colorful lure, check out the contrasting colors of the multifaced watch by Swatch. It has a rubber strap, as does the next watch over, from Tommy Hilfiger. How will you know who made it? We'll give you one guess. Perhaps the sunniest watch of the bunch is a stainless steel job from Wired Watches by Seiko—its yellow face just sizzles.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.



"Watch out for Mr. Babcock today. All his indicators are up."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

Shannon STEWART

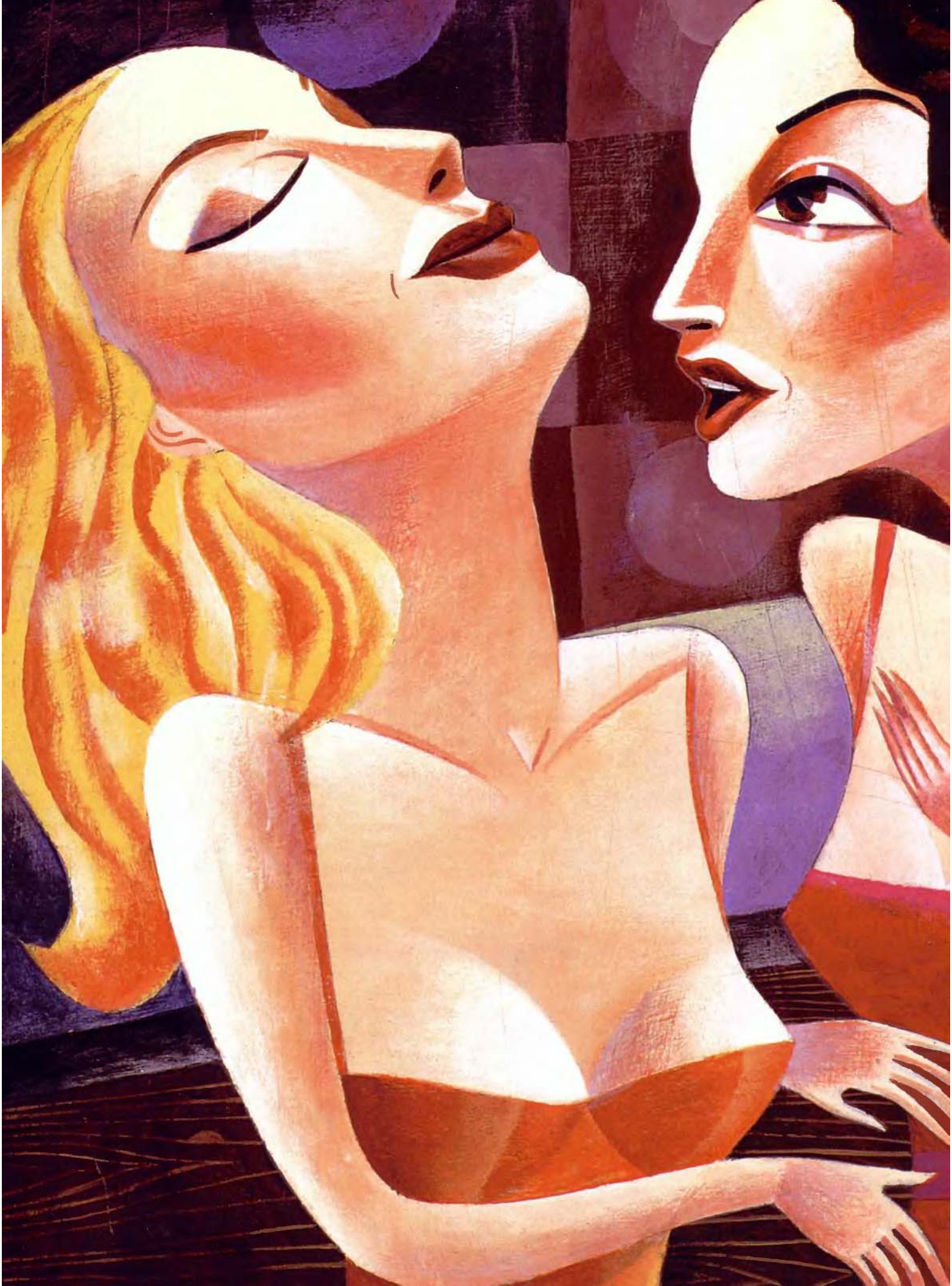
WHO REALLY KNOCKED YOUR SOCKS OFF?

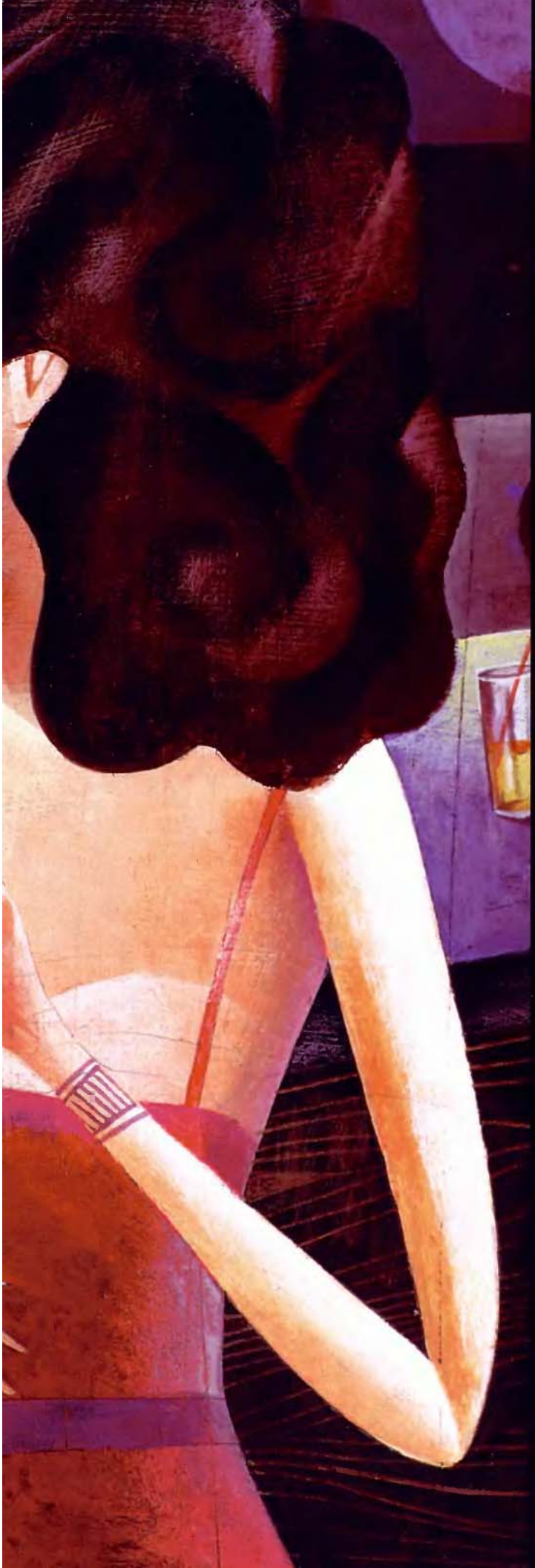
It wasn't a relationship. It was one of those few times I had sex with somebody just to do it. I never slept with him again. And when people ask me who was the best, I think of him. It's a bummer we never hooked up again. He wasn't much older than me, 28 or so, and the whole thing was so unexpected. What made him so hot was his personality. In public he was shy, but in bed he was like a lunatic. Great sex is about the expectation. And with this guy I had no idea what was coming. It was a totally amazing surprise.

THE MYSTERY OF ORAL SEX

I think good oral sex is something a man is born knowing how to do. It's not a hard concept, but I've been with guys who are lousy at it. They don't know what they're doing. I like finger touching around the area and sometimes inside. Again, it depends on whether the guy knows what he's doing. One guy I was with didn't even get undressed. All he did was use his mouth and his hands and I was like, "Oh my God." And to this day, he's the very best I've ever had. And we didn't even have sex—that's all he did, mouth and finger. You know, I was done, and he went into the bathroom and finished himself off. I probably came seven or eight times, after eight minutes or so. Incredible. I think he was just really into it. Like, really more than I was. He was making noises and doing the whole thing. So I was like, "Wow." He was almost an animal. He probably had a lot of practice. He really loved doing it.

SEE MORE SHANNON IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.





fiction by **STEVE ALMOND**

SAUCE

OH GOD, HE WAS GOOD,

SHE SAID. I GOT HIM

TO SLOW DOWN

AND OPEN ME UP

"Be more specific," the first girl said, and the second girl said, "It felt, I dunno, good or whatever, intense."

"Specific," her friend said. "Like details."

"It was like everything loosened up," the second one said. She was blonde and tan and full of breath.

"Everything?" her friend said.

"Especially my cunny."

"Oh my," her friend said. She was a chubby little brunette. "My, my."

"But that was only at the very end. At the beginning, when it first started, it was just the opposite, like all my muscles tightened up," the blonde said. "Like tense."

"Now wait," her friend said. "Just wait——"

"Like when you stretch, that feeling you get in your arms when you stretch——"

"Where is he?" the brunette said. "Where's Scott? What's he doing?"

This is when I decided to duck behind the oven. It was hot back there, and it smelled of burnt cheese, but I wasn't complaining.

"He's still down there. I told you, I kept him down." The blonde giggled. I imagined her hair bouncing around. That was how she looked when she giggled.

"What's he doing?" the brunette asked.

"Nothing really different." The blonde fell silent and they let the moment gather emphasis. "Except. . . ."

The brunette gasped. "Except what?"

"I got him to slow down and spread out. You know, spread me out. It was like he was finally getting to the good spot. I mean, he got to it before. But never so it was, like, right there."

"He opened you up? He opened up your cunny?"

"Yeah." The blonde giggled *(continued on page 146)*

ILLUSTRATION BY OLAF HAJEK

Chris Isaak

the cable balladeer explains his broken heart, his broken nose and why he likes older women

Some performers collect armloads of awards every year. But Chris Isaak, a 46-year-old Stockton, California native, just hunkers down and does the work. To his amusement, the star of Showtime's Chris Isaak Show is finally receiving big-time kudos. He had a brief career as a boxer in Japan (where his nose was broken), forays into acting with small roles in Married to the Mob (playing a homicidal clown) and Silence of the Lambs (appearing as a SWAT commander) and years of fine-tuning his musical skills in clubs around the country. Then Isaak's profile took off with a monster hit, Wicked Game, which featured a sexy video co-starring supermodel Helena Christensen. He followed with several albums and videos, including a moderate success, Somebody's Crying, that caught critical attention but not the mass appeal of his initial hit. Isaak's good looks earned him a place on People's list of the 50 most beautiful people. He was a natural on the big screen in David Lynch's Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me (portraying an FBI agent), Little Buddha opposite Bridget Fonda, Grace of My Heart, and That Thing You Do, directed by Tom Hanks. He appeared on television as himself on It's Garry Shandling's Show and The Larry Sanders Show and guest-starred on Friends, Melrose Place and the HBO miniseries From the Earth to the Moon.

Stanley Kubrick chose Isaak's song Baby Did a Bad Thing as the focal point of the soundtrack for his last film, Eyes Wide Shut. CBS commissioned him to compose the theme for its Late Late Show With Craig Kilborn. Then Viacom approached Isaak with an idea to star him and his real band, Silvertone, in a quirky cable series, the Chris Isaak Show. The Showtime series, now in its second season, has caught the attention of critics and guest stars, including Bridget Fonda, Jay Leno, Stevie Nicks, Green Day, Third Eye Blind and Everclear. Isaak recently released his ninth album, Always Got Tonight, and visited U.S. troops in Afghanistan with Dwight Yoakam, among others.

Robert Crane caught up with the reluctant star at Sutton Place Hotel in Vancouver, where the series is filmed. Crane reports: "Besides being handsome and talented, Isaak attracts women by being so damned low-key. They seem to want to take care of him. Among his female handlers are an assistant, a manager, publicists and record company staff. Nice gig. Isaak is also an accomplished artist. He drew 12 sketches during our interview, illustrating what he was talking about. His manager wouldn't let us publish them."

1

PLAYBOY: Have you kept any sand in a jar from the *Wicked* video with Helena Christensen?

ISAAK: I didn't keep the sand. I kept the memories. At the time, Helena wasn't a big star. They put her up in a really seedy, mildew-smelling motel. It was in Hawaii, on the big island. I had stayed in that motel before. That's the kind of place I stayed at. They put me up in this really fancy-pants place. Your monogram's on everything. I said, "I really feel it's a waste to put me in this room because it's not what I'm accustomed to. Why don't you put her in my room and I'll go stay at the cheap motel? It's not going to bother me. She'll feel good. She's a girl. She'll have nice fresh sheets." They said, "OK, if you want to." So we switched. At about two in the morning, my girlfriend called and got Helena Christensen on the phone, and I never heard the end of that. To this day, I'm sure she believes there was some kind of hanky-panky. I wasn't even at the hotel, but she wouldn't take no for an answer. She said, "I know! I know what was going on. You can't pull the wool over my eyes." Often accused, often guilty, yet only convicted for crimes I didn't commit.

2

PLAYBOY: Your nose was broken when you boxed in Japan in your early 20s. When it was reset, did you ask for the upturn, like "Give me the Bob Hope?"

ISAAK: No, it was probably an uppercut that did it. I got what nature gave me. Somebody took a swing and that's what's left. The interesting thing is, when I quit boxing in Japan and was back in the States, some girl I knew was going to get her nose done. She wanted to go to the doctor. She was scared. She said, "Come with me and listen to what he tells me because I'll forget. I'm going to get nervous." So I went into the room. The doctor walked in. He looked at me and said, "Oh, we can definitely do something with it. Yes, this is definitely worth doing." I said, "No, I'm not the patient. She is." And he said, "Well, you know, we can take cartilage from your ear and then reconstruct your nose." And I said, "No! I'm fine. I can breathe through it if it's raining." I can't imagine going through surgery and taking cartilage out of my ear. My ear and my nose would look screwed up. I said, "I'll just wait a few more years. I'm a guy." I don't have to worry about that stuff. Ten years from now, who cares? I'll just be another gray-haired guy on a beach.

3

PLAYBOY: Who sings better love songs? You or Dwight Yoakam?

ISAAK: Dwight's a pretty good singer. He's a hell of a writer. It's always hard to judge your own work, but I would put Dwight at the top of his class. When you listen to the quality of his songwriting, there are real stories there, and you can take them into your own life. He's a smart guy. Don't let the cowboy hat fool you. I spent 23 hours with him on an Air Force cargo plane going to Afghanistan. We entertained the troops together. It was a lot of fun. Bridget Fonda was on my TV show playing my girlfriend, and that's his girlfriend in real life. So, for 23 hours, I kept saying, "Yeah, you know, Bridget is a hell of *(continued on page 130)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NEAL PRESTON

moxi

Room Service

LINKIN PARK IN THE LIVING ROOM AND NICOLE KIDMAN IN THE BEDROOM—HOME MEDIA SERVERS DELIVER

BY LAZLOW

Once the Internet infiltrated the home, people began swapping TV time for computer time. While that's great for eBay, it's bad for must-see TV. In response, the consumer electronics industry is attempting to move computers from your home office to your living room. There your TV will talk to your PC and create a network in the same fashion many homes have connected computers to share a high-speed cable or DSL Internet connection.

At the heart of this network is the home media server, a box with a huge hard drive that manages and stores your TV programming, MP3 collection and digital photos. Even better, this digital hub distributes movies and music to any room of the house. Soon, a movie you digitally recorded last night can be watched on the TV in the kitchen, living room or bedroom.

To accomplish this, the TVs have to be connected via coaxial cable or Ethernet wires. The easier scenario (one that prevents you from having to drill holes in the wall) is wireless. With a high-speed wireless format called 802.11a, you can connect the PC, stereo and home theater to share content. That means you don't have to get up from the couch to check e-mail, and you can reduce the number of

(continued on next page)

Opposite page: Meet the future of home entertainment. With the Moxi Media Center you'll be able to watch a movie in the living room, listen to music in the kitchen and, at the same time, play a different movie upstairs. The Media Center can distribute four signals to wireless extension units. It uses an 80 G8 hard drive to store digitally recorded TV programming, music and movies. (Available from both satellite and cable providers for $425; extension units are $250 per TV.) Left, top to bottom: Most media servers can't connect to a PC, leaving your collection of MP3s and movie clips inaccessible. Pioneer's Digital Library can stream music from your computer and its own hard drive. (Available late 2002 or early 2003; no price yet.) Kenwood's Entré media server is the easiest to set up. The Entré connects to smaller receiver units (called Axcess portals) via existing telephone lines, while still allowing you to make calls. (Cost is $1800; Axcess portals are $500 each.) The Fireball by Escient ($2000) connects to up to five other units. When connected to a television it can recommend music, connect users to Internet radio and display on-screen menus for easier management of your music collection. HP's de100c digital jukebox ($1000) has a 40 GB hard drive and Ethernet connectivity for retrieving track information and streaming Internet radio stations. Using menus that are displayed on your TV, you can create and save personalized playlists. Then burn a copy with the CD-RW drive.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

remote controls on your coffee table. With one remote and on-screen menus, you can access music, photos and video on devices throughout the home.

HIP-HOP IN THE BATHROOM, DEEP FUNK IN THE BEDROOM

The first home media servers to hit the market are music based. Only a few of them offer video sharing. The Sovereign Entré from Kenwood ($1800) makes your MP3 collection accessible in other rooms of the house. The main unit connects to smaller units called Axcess portals ($500). As many as four Axcess portals can be set up to play simultaneously. That means you can play reggae in the kitchen, hip-hop in the bathroom and deep funk in the bedroom. The Entré streams music to the Axcess portals over existing telephone wires, while allowing you to still make phone calls. Any room with a phone jack can be networked. The Entré includes a CD burner and a USB port for transferring files to a portable MP3 player. One complaint: The Entré's 20-gigabyte hard drive is small—especially when you consider that most new PCs come with at least 40-gigabyte hard drives.

For more memory, both Sonicblue's Rio Central MP3 server ($1500) and Escient's Fireball ($2000) have 40-gigabyte hard drives that can store about 650 CDs (or 6500 individual tracks). CDs are automatically cataloged as they are recorded. A built-in modem connects to the Internet for track listings and other information. Both units feature integrated CD burners and USB ports for transferring files between MP3 players. The main difference is in the cost of networking. The Rio Central can be networked with up to eight Rio receivers that sell for about $200 per unit. The Fireball can only be connected to up to five additional Fireballs, which cost $2000 each.

The inability to network the home media server with your PC is a drawback of many early models. Most people already have their MP3 collections on their hard drives, and those songs are inaccessible to a stand-alone home media server without a complex series of steps. Pioneer Electronics' line of digital network entertainment devices makes the PC part of the process. The Pioneer Digital Library, slated for release later this year or early next year, can simultaneously distribute three DVD-quality video streams and 21 audio streams. Auxiliary units, called branches, will communicate via Ethernet or wireless networking. Videos downloaded from the Net to your home PC can be transferred to the hard drive of the Digital Library and watched in the living room. That will irk Hollywood, because movies still in theaters can easily be found and downloaded online. Pioneer hasn't set a price, though it should be similar to others in the category.

WHAT ABOUT WINDOWS?

The buzz over home media servers hasn't gone unnoticed in Redmond, Washington. Microsoft plans to enter the category in a joint venture with Samsung Electronics. Earlier this year in his annual sermon on the mount at the Consumer Electronics Show, Bill Gates preached the glorious future of home media servers. Gates' vision is a retooled PC called the Home Media Center by Samsung that will include a Windows-based interface that can be navigated with a remote control rather than a mouse and keyboard.

The Home Media Center will include digital video recorder capability, which allows users to store dozens of hours of television on a hard drive and pause live broadcasts. Besides storing video and MP3s, the system can upload and edit digital photos. The e-mail and instant messaging are pluses. The expected release date is January 2003.

SOPRANOS VIA E-MAIL

DVRs are replacing the VCR as the preferred way to record from the ever-growing number of cable channels.

DVR manufacturer ReplayTV has taken notice of the move toward home networking. The company has already drawn the ire of the TV networks (and more than one Napster comparison) with its first attempt at media sharing—the ReplayTV 4000, which allows you to swap shows. If your best friend forgot to record last night's *Six Feet Under*, your ReplayTV unit can send the show over the Internet to his ReplayTV device. That, and the ability to skip through commercials, has the network executives fuming. While the media giants and ReplayTV are fighting it out, you can get the ReplayTV 4000 in one of four models, each with a different hard drive. The low-end model retails for $700 and will store 40 hours of programming. The top-of-the-line 320-hour version goes for around $2000. Both, it should be noted, could be rendered obsolete by law. But right now that seems unlikely.

WIRELESS WONDER

The most anticipated home media server (and our favorite) is the Moxi Media Center. Moxi was founded by Steve Perlman, the pioneer who came up with WebTV—an early step toward bringing the Net into the living room. The Moxi Media Center is a collaboration with EchoStar, the company behind the satellite TV provider Dish Network. Expected for release this winter, the Moxi is an advanced satellite-TV receiver, housing an 80 GB hard drive and DVD player. Besides performing basic DVR functions, the Moxi Media Center can store downloaded music and photos. With the Moxi Media Center extension unit, you can access recorded programs from other TVs in the home via wireless protocol or ordinary coaxial cable. It will stream up to four separate media signals throughout the home and can interact with your PC to access music downloaded from the Net (sorry, no video). Pay-per-view movies ordered through the Moxi come with DVD extras—a bonus for videophiles. Additionally, the units will be compatible with HDTV, ensuring a clean digital picture and sound. The main units will be available from satellite and cable providers for $425. Extension units will sell for $250 per TV.

"Jim and I had an appointment with a marriage counselor today. Jim has split, but the counselor is still here."

AdriAnA

she has legs and a day job hawking the wonderbra

THE FIRST THINGS that you notice about model Adriana Karembeu are her stems, which are long enough to make other supermodels rip out their hair extensions. Adriana, who hails from Slovakia and stars in the international Wonderbra campaign, holds court in *The Guinness Book of World Records* as the model with the longest legs in the world. Take that, Cindy, Christy and Naomi. Turns out Adriana's superlative status in the tome is a result of happenstance. "They were measuring Nadja Auermann's legs because she's tall," Adriana says. "I'm tall, too, so they decided to measure mine. And mine were longer." To be exact, 1.24 meters long, and she's been flaunting them ever since. Adriana lived in Slovakia until she was 20, and though it sounds too trite to be

How do you pick up a Wonderbra model? In the case of Adriana, you must be willing to travel on short notice. "My husband and I met on a flight from Milan to Paris," she says. "He had no idea I was a model and I had no idea he was an athlete. He said, 'Can I have a coffee with you?' I said, 'Maybe tomorrow. I have to fly back to Milan for an early job. You'd have to fly back with me.' He was like, 'OK! I will.' And he did. It was great. I'm so happy being married to him. We're so in love."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARINO PARISOTTO

true, she was discovered by a talent scout and invited to Paris to try her hand at modeling. "I didn't speak English, so I didn't understand what the scout was saying. Apparently, he insisted that I enter a modeling contest. I won, and the prize was a plane ticket to Paris." Before that, Adriana had no aspirations to becoming a model. In fact, she was studying medicine at the University of Prague. After being discovered, she shelved the books. "In Slovakia, we were completely blocked from everything," she says. "We didn't have fashion magazines. Girls didn't think about being models. But I wanted to go to Paris. I asked my father and he said, 'Try it. If you don't like it, you always have a place to return to.'" In Paris, Adriana was floored. "In Slovakia, we were taught that everything in the West is bad. But once I got there, I thought, My God, it's not bad! I remember going to the supermarket and seeing the different kinds of cheeses and meats. I wished my parents could see it." After her first gig, a French catalog shot in the Bahamas, Adriana landed a slew of high-profile modeling jobs in Milan, Paris and New York, including runway shows for Yves Saint Laurent and Chanel. But most fans recognize her as the Wonderbra girl. So, does she sport one in real life? "Of course. If I'm wearing a nice dress and I want great cleavage, I wouldn't wear anything else," she says. Dressing sexy for her husband, French soccer player Christian Karembeu, is an integral part of Adriana's life. When the couple goes out, she wears elegant dresses that are so tight you can see her silhouette. And while she is taller than 6'1", she never forgoes high heels. "He's a bit shorter than me, but with his dreadlocks, we're about the same." At home, she cooks dinner for Christian while wearing lingerie—or less. "I like to make people, including my husband, go, 'Wow.' I enjoy turning heads." Consider ours turned.

See wonderful coverage of Adriana at cyber.playboy.com.

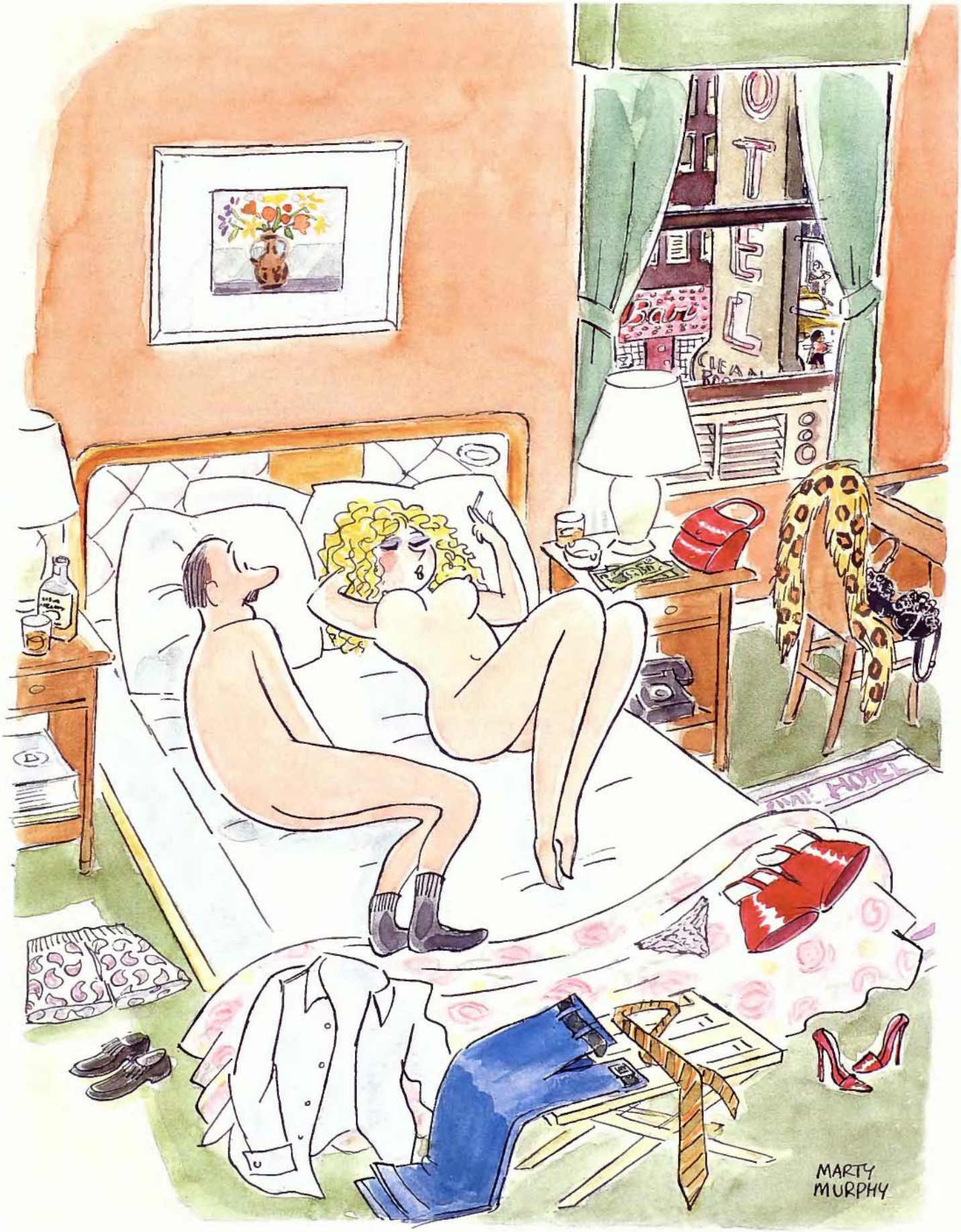
Don't expect to see Adriono in movies onytime soon. "The director of *15 Minutes* trocked me down ond flew me to Los Angeles for a casting," she says. "They made me do a comera test ond say lines, which I'd never done. I hoted myself. I just wanted to lough. It was so horrible. I wos so bad it would have been o crime to pick me. I wos like, 'Oh, forget it! I'll stick to modeling.'"

DISCO DIVA WITH UNDERWEAR SMARTS—WANT TO DANCE?

KYLIE MINOGUE

You might think Australian pop singer Kylie Minogue came out of nowhere with her infectious dance track *Can't Get You Out of My Head*. It turns out she's a vet—overseas, she's better loved than Madonna. Where have you seen Minogue before? Think back to an era of big perms and spandex, when Minogue scored a U.S. hit with *The Loco Motion*. Then she seemed to disappear into pop oblivion. (We won't name the Pauly Shore movie she appeared in, which can't have helped.) Minogue, however, has fared better than other pop tarts on the shelf. She began acting at the age of 11 and achieved stardom in the Australian soap opera *Neighbors*. She has her own lingerie line, Love Kylie, and a figure at Madame Tussaud's wax museum in London. According to *The Daily Telegraph*, Tussaud staffers have been forced to dress her likeness in "robust" underwear "in an effort to reduce the damage being done by gropers." Still, Americans are just becoming sweet on her sugary cuts. After meeting Minogue at an awards show, Macy Gray said, "Love your song. Is it your first?" Minogue's latest release, *Fever*, debuted at number three on the *Billboard* 200 chart. She has appeared on *Saturday Night Live*. Check out her video, an MTV staple in which she wears a frisky hooded outfit that accentuates what's down under. She's like a crooning Victoria's Secret model who doesn't take herself too seriously. Fresh from a European tour, Minogue is making the TV rounds again in the revealing outfits we have come to adore. "People wonder how the dress in my video defied gravity," she says. "We had stuntmen and sticky tape. People say, 'You're not wearing anything!' I say, 'I'm wearing more than ever!'" Minogue has charmed everyone from singer Robbie Williams to Prince Charles. When she appeared at Williams' concert in a "slip of a thing, he lost it. The confidence was stripped away and he was, 'Unnghhh!' My regret about meeting Prince Charles is that I said the word penis. I said, 'I did a show with Sir Les Patterson and he got his penis out and chased me around.' Charles was laughing. The next day I woke up and thought, Oh God, I said penis to a prince!"

—ALISON LUNDGREN



"Would I be pushing my luck, Miss Fenster, if I were now to offer you a penny for your thoughts?"

Chris Isaak

(continued from page 115)

a kisser, Dwight. She's really got it going on. It must be a lot of fun, huh?" He's a funny guy. He's a pilot. He was in the front of the plane almost all the way. He was hoping they might let him fly the plane a little bit. I said, "No, I hope to God they don't let you fly the plane. It would be a desperate Air Force." He also gets extremely worked up if you mention the Taliban. He's ready to put on fatigues.

4

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it to have a nude woman on the rotating turntable?

ISAAK: It's based on Bimbo's nightclub in San Francisco. We played Bimbo's because I wanted to have a home base besides my house. A place where you could say, "Where's the band? Where do they work out, play, hang out?" Bimbo's has a great restaurant, it's a nightclub big enough to have fun, but small enough to be intimate. And below the club there was a labyrinth of mirrors, with a woman rotating on a table and her image reflecting up through the mirrors into an aquarium behind the bar. This has been there since 1930. It's like some magical trick. So we thought this would be impressive for the TV show. Actually, it's better than a video game. If you have a few beers, it really looks like she's swimming in the fish tank. I went down there a couple of times. When you have time between sets, you don't want to go out into the club; it's noisy. So you go talk to the woman on the table. She likes the attention. She's just killing time down there.

5

PLAYBOY: Do you ever lose your lines?

ISAAK: Oh, because of that? No. A lot of people joke with me. "You must hate that, working with that beautiful nude woman." Bobby Jo Moore, who plays Mona, is the sweetest girl and as much like a sister as you could have. Every time I see her, it's "Hi, Chris." "What're you doing, Bobby?" "I'm making cookies for my nieces." "Hi, Chris. I'm decorating Christmas cards for everybody." I was on the *Rosie O'Donnell Show* and they asked me about her. I said, "She's this sweet girl who's always doing things for her nieces and nephews." Rosie said she should have her on her show. Bobby was staying at my manager's house. Rosie called her up, and Bobby said, "Are you kidding me?" Then she named all of Rosie's kids. I asked her, "How do you know all the names?" "Because Rosie works with children, and I want to work with children someday, too. And I'm really proud of her." And I was thinking, "Nice people. I forgot they existed." On the show she's naked, but there's no sexuality between us—she is totally a mentor. She has reached nirvana and she's helping me get there. I never hit on her and she never comes on to me. Sex is the last thing going through your head. What's really going through your head is, I have 10 seconds to deliver this line, because you have to hit the mark as she turns around. Those scenes are very exacting.

6

PLAYBOY: You find your own clothes, right?

ISAAK: I try to find my own clothes. They got me some stuff for the show because TV just eats up clothes. You go through clothes because you're shooting 20 different scenes every week and each scene calls for a different set of clothes. I try to go to the junk store with the wardrobe people once in a while and find secondhand stuff that's cheap. We get a few new things to sprinkle in with the old stuff. And to come up with something flattering.

"I wanted to get you a ring, but the mechanical claw grabbed a bracelet. . . ."

7

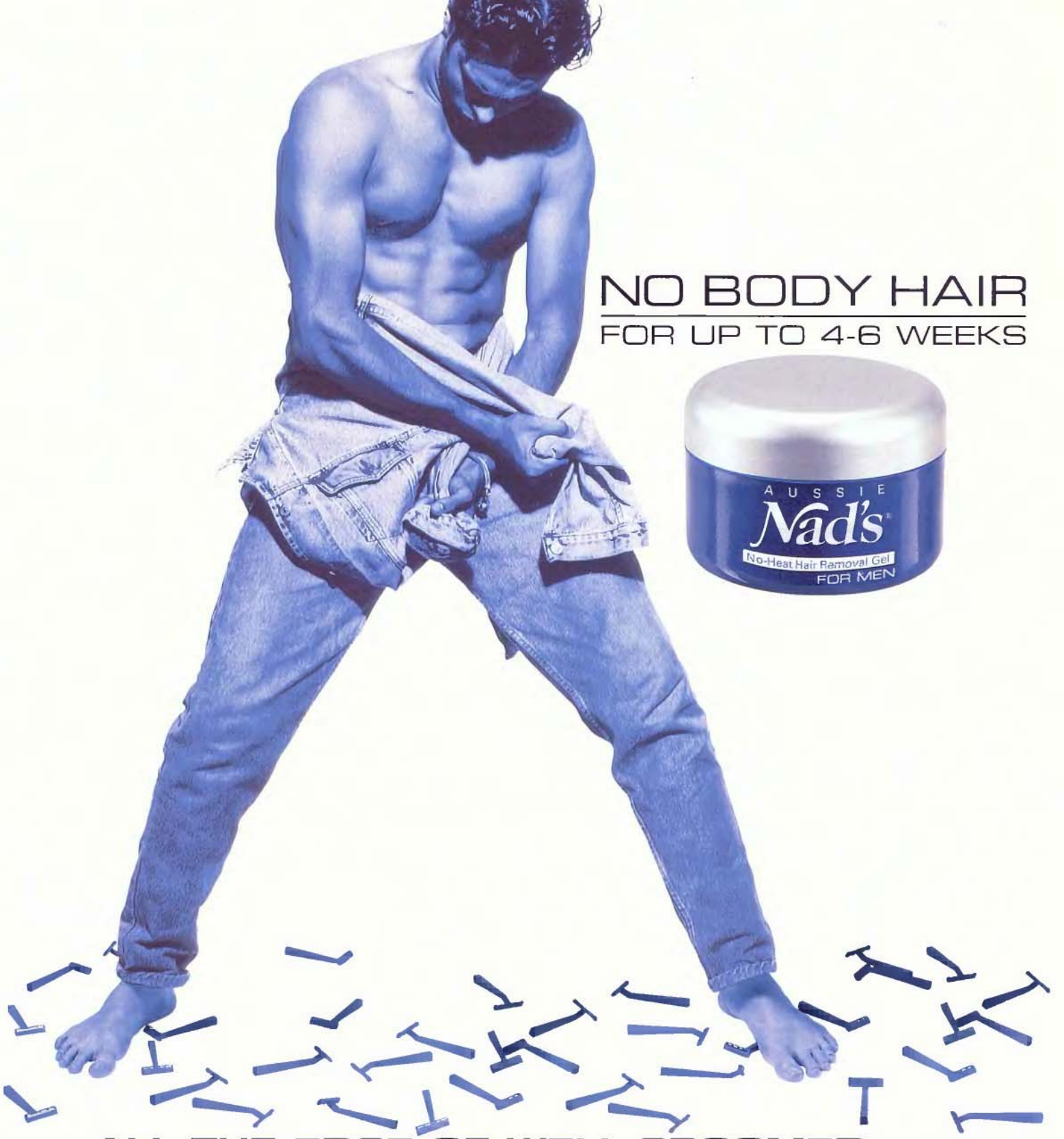
PLAYBOY: Don't you have some of your outfits made?

ISAAK: The stage suits I have are things I get interested in. I'll actually sketch designs and talk to the people making the stage clothes. I meet rock stars who are on the show and they look at the clothes I'm wearing and ask, "Is that Versace? Armani?" I don't know. Usually it came from Goodwill [*showing label of sweater he's wearing*]. I think this is some Catholic school sweater. It is. School Apparel. I think that's an offshoot of Armani. It's nice to have designer things once in a while, but a lot of the stuff I have is junk. The only people who notice the good stuff are the people who can afford it. That leaves all my friends out. It's always hysterical to me when people look at a black T-shirt and say, "Is that by such-and-such?" "Yeah, if it was it would be 500 bucks. And it'll still be a black T-shirt." Prada. I think they must have a guy there who sews really slow. Nice stuff, but he just takes his time. I've always liked stage clothes that looked like you dressed up for the show. My band wears suits. None of us look like fashion models. We're not the guys you can put in Levi's and T-shirts and the women would scream. So I've always thought, Let's dress up and look nice. Let people walking in think they came to a nice show. "Look, honey. I spent 25, 30 bucks. I drove downtown, had to park the car. And these guys went to the trouble to get dressed up." It would bug me if somebody has gone to the trouble to come to the club, and you wander onstage half an hour late, in a dirty T-shirt, smoking a cigarette, in your Levi's. I've seen that. For some people, that's a good act. But for me—we're tipping our hat right from the beginning. Here we are. We're here to entertain you. Even if you don't like the music, we hope you go home and say, "You wouldn't believe what the hell he was wearing!"

8

PLAYBOY: You seem to have loads of monogrammed shirts and jackets. Do you have any monogrammed nonapparel items?

ISAAK: Well, "monogrammed" makes it sound like I'm classy. It sounds like David Niven. David Niven would have DN on all his shirts, demurely set in a corner of a sleeve. Think more like Jethro Bodine. Mine is in glittery, big letters and it's on my guitar in stick-on mailbox letters, like Stevie Ray Vaughan. It's on my guitar strap because I saw B.B. King had his there. It's on my belt because I saw James Dean did it on his belt. It's on my boots because I've seen other people monogram their boots. I put monograms all over things, partially because I always figured people won't know who I am when they're watching TV. And



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partially because some of the guys I work with aren't really trustworthy. It's like summer camp. My surfboard has my name on it in big letters. I figured if it gets lost at sea, they'll be able to bring it home.

9

PLAYBOY: Define what sort of music you do.
ISAAK: Seventeen years ago I had a three-piece rockabilly band. Seventeen years ago Sting was trying to be pop and now he's avant-garde. I think I am more vocal than pop. Roy Orbison was gleeful one time and said, "People ask me what kind of music I do. I tell them I'm the romantic balladeer." I thought that was a good description for what I try to do—romantic balladeer, and put some rock and roll into it.

10

PLAYBOY: What's the best way to take a vacation?
ISAAK: It's all about weather and food. I'm a basic animal. If I go to Greece and the food is cheap and plentiful, I'm happy. If the food is bad and the weather's cold, get me out of there. I don't care how much wonderful art they have. When I go on a road trip, I love to go to the old side of town. Usually there's a nice side of town, where there's a fancy mall and they have artistic things to do. I go to the old side of town, where there are pawnshops, places that sell hair products and a 5-and-10. Those are the places I love to haunt. They have interesting, weird junk. I never buy expensive antiques on the road. Cary Grant did stuff like that. I don't. Find a local to tell you where the places are to haunt. I went to Thailand. People asked me, "Did you hook up with a girl in Thailand?" That's the last thing in the world you need to do on the road—try to hook up on your day off. You don't need to chase women in some strange country. Just do the tourist things. It's hilarious. Most people won't do it because they feel they are too hip. When I was in Thailand, I went to the capitol building and the museums. All my friends went to bars and they all asked, "Well, what did you think?" I said, "I had a great time." They think I caught something!

11

PLAYBOY: What is the most wicked game you've ever played?
ISAAK: It's usually being played on me. As soon as I completely commit to someone, that's when something lands on my head. The gods are just waiting. For instance, I pulled into my girlfriend's driveway after I'd picked up some food for her because she said she wasn't feeling well. Did her a favor. Let her just lie there and rest. I rang the bell and there was no answer. Poor thing, she's probably so sick she can't get the door. Then I looked and noticed there was another car in the driveway. Well, at least I had my shopping done.

12

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between rock-and-roll fame and television fame?
ISAAK: Rock and roll is a small, specific group that likes your music. Television is a whole bunch of people who didn't particularly want to see you but did. They may like you, or not, but they know who you are because they were too lazy to get up and change the channel. It's like the difference between having a subscription to a magazine or a throwaway newspaper that comes to your house every day. TV is right there—accessible to a lot of people. Because I'm on TV, I'm recognized by people all the time. I was in New York and I walked into the Carnegie Deli. "Hey, Mr. Isaak, come on in. Right here, man. Here's your table." He acted like he knew me. I guess he feels that way because he saw me on TV. I'm glad when somebody knows me. I'm just happy to be treated well. Any kind of smile I get, I'll take. It's all wonderful and good.

13

PLAYBOY: Is fame addictive?
ISAAK: To tell the truth, fame doesn't really do much for me. I want the stuff that goes with it—that green stuff. You get the money and you get control over your art. Every time you're famous, or the band becomes famous, it means we have a few more years on our career—at least playing state fairs. I love playing music. It sounds like a joke, but I would be happy playing bars or state fairs. I would rather do that than sit at home. As far as the fame? My scenario is: Let's imagine Bill Gates calls me. He's watching TV. It's late at night. He and his wife are laying there in their big connubial bed and he looks at the screen and says, "Who's this creep Chris Isaak?" She says, "Honey, he's got a TV show." He says, "I hate him. He's creepy. I can't stand his singing, and I hate his show." "Well, what're you going to do, honey? What can we do about that?" He says, "You know something. I'm a billionaire. I'm the richest man in the world. Have somebody pay him off not to sing." "Really?" "Yeah." So if Bill Gates called and offered me $250 million to never appear on TV again, I'd say, is that cash or a check? Cancel my show. I'll stay home! I'll do all my singing on the beach.

14

PLAYBOY: The rock-and-roll groupie is dead—say it ain't so.
ISAAK: Damn, she was getting old. It's too bad, because I was hoping to get a turn at her, but I guess she's gone now. Well, God bless her. It was probably wearing her out, all these different bands. The word groupie is offensive to me because I think it's demeaning to the women. If you travel all the time, who are you going to meet on the road? You're going to meet everybody on the road. They're the only friends you have. I've always been a singer. Being a singer you end up going back to your room. If you go back with a girl and talk and go to bed and stay up until three in the morning, you won't hit the high notes the next day. I'm conscientious. My relationship with my throat is like a baseball pitcher with his arm. You're not going to blow it out before the game. The other thing is, there's a loneliness that comes with doing that. It sounds fun. People like to fantasize about it, but I think it's really lonely. I'm not blaming anybody. Take some sandwiches back to your room and watch CNN by yourself. I do that a lot. I read something Jewel said in an interview. She said after a gig she was back in her hotel room and all these people

"It doesn't look good."

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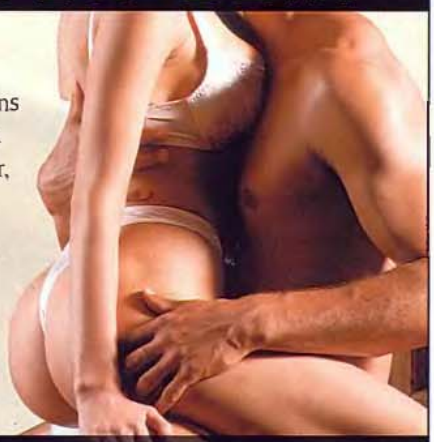

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wanted her attention. Of course they want her. She's sexy. She said she felt alone. She's in her room saying, "What's wrong with me? Here I am alone. All these people apparently want me." The attention you get is not really about you. It's about the stage and the lights and your glittering suit. But when you go back to your hotel room, you're on your own.

15

PLAYBOY: When is a woman being predatory and when is she being brainy?

ISAAK: You look in people's eyes and the conversation you have with them, you get a pretty good idea of what people want. Some people are pretty bold and up front, and say, "I want you, baby. My girlfriend will wait in the hall." People can be really forward, which is always scary to me. In some ways it's exciting. But it's also terrifying, because you think, Where have you been? If these are your standards, if you'll go with me, my God, you'll go with anyone. I've been lucky to find people in my life who are smart. They're dangerous and I like the danger. In the long run, it's smart women who reinvent themselves, and are a challenge and a stimulus. They bring something to the table everyday. Somebody else who's just looking for breast size and a day care center—if they want to do that, that's OK. Infantilism is a laudable pursuit for somebody. I just don't know that I want to do it full-time. It takes all kinds. Everybody gets a chance to try different things. The best thing is to get somebody that you're physically attracted to and they have something else going on. Charles Bukowski said: Take any beautiful woman that you see. Look at her and realize that somewhere there's a guy who's sick of her. What I take from that is if it's just physical, you're going to get over that. Then you're just changing partners. For me, I'm shooting for the moon. I met somebody who's a complete knucklehead and very cute and sweet. Apparently, her extradition is not going well, so she's going to be here for a while. They're unable to match her fingerprints with the other bodies. So everything's looking good.

16

PLAYBOY: If you could have been in any band, which would it have been?

ISAAK: When I was starting off in the music business, I used to dream about being in the early Sun sessions. I would have loved to have been Scotty Moore, playing guitar in a three-piece, but I wouldn't have been as good. Or I would have loved to have been in the Beatles. What the hell would I have done? I'd have screwed things up. I wish I could have seen those bands. We've played venues where someone has given me a list of who has played there before, like 1960-something or 1955. One bill was Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, the Everly Brothers, a juggler and some kind of 4H project. Admission was $1.50. I wish I could go back in time and see that. I would love to have seen Elvis playing the Airport Lounge. I read about this. He played at an airport when he was starting out. Somebody said, "What would you pay?" I'd give you $50,000 to see that. I'd give you $100,000 to see that. I would love to have seen the Beatles playing in Hamburg when they were doing three shows a night. I'd give you $100,000 to see that. That's how much of a rock-and-roll freak I am. Those guys are just so impressive and I want to see them when they were rough and raw, and just starting off. I heard the tapes of those early sessions. It's amazing. You always wonder, What did Sam Phillips hear? Sam Phillips is a genius—the guy who produced Elvis—a genius. You listen to the first Elvis tapes and they're rough and raw. But my God, the guy could sing. To digress for a second—I am sitting in my house in Vancouver, working on the TV show like crazy and reading some magazine. It's a Sam Phillips article. I love Sam Phillips as a producer. He started rock and roll. Genius guy and a crazy man. He just did it his own way. At the end of the article, it asked, "Who among modern artists do you like?" And he said Chris Isaak. And I cried! I don't know if he knows that that nice thing he said travels out there and goes to me. I always think that's so cool. I haven't talked with Sam Phillips, and I would love to. I'm such a complete fan of his work. Everybody in rock and roll owes him a debt. He really took chances. Today, there are certain people pretending to be dangerous. But there was a time when rock and roll really was dangerous. That was a time when they were saying, "Hey, this is something that unites black and white, young and old, and brings all these things together." I love that music can break down barriers. That's very cool.

17

PLAYBOY: Could you name some aesthetic offenses of the Seventies?

ISAAK: I can't think of the offenses so much as things I liked. You take any woman and dress her in Seventies fabric, and she looks a little tawdry—but hot. I like that. I'm also the guy who likes all the women on Mexican television because they dress like glamorous hookers. We know it's bad taste. We know it's not fashionable. But we go, "Look at those glittery clothes and makeup." Is there anything that white go-go boots can't help?

18

PLAYBOY: Who do you want on your show?

ISAAK: Mariah Carey. It seems like the press is having a field day saying she's having a hard time. But she wrote all those songs and she produced them. She isn't a piece of fluff. It would be funny for her to come on the show and make fun of the fact that somebody was knuckleheaded enough to pay her millions to be let go. She's going to turn around and have another huge hit. I think she'd be fun. James Coburn. I'd like to have him play my father on the show. A real badass. He looks like my dad, so that would be good. One cool thing about doing this show is people think everybody in Hollywood knows everybody. One minute Shelby Lynn is on and the next minute it's the Goo-Goo Dolls. And Green Day, Third Eye Blind and Art Alexakis from Everclear. Every week is a music education. It's been raining gold, so I haven't been wishing for much.

MEATY Myths
THE CONFESSION
FORGIVE ME, I'VE BEEN NAUGHTY!
I MADE LOVE LATE AT NIGHT ON THE SUBWAY, THEN IN A CAB AND THEN SKY DIVING...
OOH, YES!
AFTER THAT I MADE LOVE HANGING FROM A CHANDELIER, THEN ON A BUS AND THEN IN A FOUNTAIN!
WHOOO!
BUT, BUT THIS IS THE SAME STORY YOU TOLD ME LAST WEEK!
I KNOW! I JUST LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT!

19

PLAYBOY: Who would be a present to yourself?

ISAAK: She has to be sweet and kind—through the eyes of a child—yet a total freak. You know who I like? That actress who was in the movie *Hud*. She was also in *A Face in the Crowd*. Patricia Neal. That's my type of woman. I always go for the type who was a little older, smarter, been around, seen things. I like the soul. Patricia Neal always did it for me. I always thought Barbara Stanwyck was really hot. Older, but she was still hot. She just looked like somebody who'd give you hell. I need a woman who's smart enough to give me hell. I already have somebody who's giving me hell. It's funny what women think men want, and then there's the reality. You get a bunch of guys in a room and a girl who's drop-dead gorgeous. And there's another girl who's not gorgeous, but every guy in that room is looking at her and going, "Oh my God." It's the way somebody moves, the way they talk, the way they look at you. We were talking to this woman, and she must have been 60-something. I said, "God, she's hot! How is this possible?" My friend said life, it's just boiling out of some people. Other people can be beautiful, but it's like looking at a piece of cardboard.

20

PLAYBOY: Baby can do a bad thing. When is it real bad and when is it unforgivable?

ISAAK: I'm trying to think what I would not forgive if I'm in love. That's the sick thing about the way you love somebody sometimes. "Honey, I know you didn't mean to cut off my legs, right?" "I did! I did mean to cut them off." "Well, I forgive you." There's a song that goes, "I'm here at the barroom thinking of what you have done. I'm just sitting here with this bottle, trying to forgive you." It paints a picture of somebody who's saying, "You did something to hurt me so bad, yet I love you so much I want to forgive you and I can't find a way. Maybe if I get drunk, I can find a way to forgive you." If you really love somebody, you can always come around. When you get a little more experienced, it's harder to judge people. You go, "Yeah, she stole my money. Yeah, she shot my dog. Yeah, she wrecked my car. But you know something? I see why she did it." People don't do something out of downright crazy meanness. I've met a few people who were crazy mean. Usually, people are afraid you're going to hurt them first, so they hurt you. When you see that, it makes you feel sorry for them. Sometimes life does that—throws stuff right in your face and you're confronted with the limitations of your love. I don't feel like I hate the other person. I just feel bad.

REHAB

(continued from page 68)

is taken up by drug offenders serving mandatory minimum sentences. A few years ago, the state of Florida released murderers, among others, according to a formula called gain time, because it needed the beds to handle drug offenders serving long sentences. Gain time isn't always the same as good time. In some cases, in fact, it was nothing more than time served. Some of the murderers who were released returned to violent crime, including murder.

Finally, there is the cost of putting our law enforcement energies into the war on drugs instead of, say, the war on terrorism, where the return could have been much more satisfying. Between 1992 and 1998, the FBI increased its number of convictions by almost 70 percent. After September 11, one could reasonably ask if the FBI might have been fighting the wrong war. If the priorities of the FBI had been different, perhaps events might also have been different on September 11. That is one of those imponderables, like the actual economic costs of that terrible day.

One small cost of the drug war that has been documented is the more than $3 million that went for ads during the Super Bowl. Rather than concede the possibility that a full-scale war on drugs might not be the best use of the nation's will and resources, the drug warriors spent all that money to propagandize for their war and piggyback on the public's support for the war on terrorism. According to the ads, if you do dope, the money you spend on drugs goes into the pockets of terrorists.

Ah, yes. And marijuana is a gateway to hard drugs, LSD causes birth defects, and so on. The $3 million–plus is chicken feed in the big scheme of things (and the war on drugs is a big scheme, if ever there were one). The heavy-handed pitch is pretty much in line with what we have come to expect. Of course, you could point out that Osama bin Laden is a Saudi of considerable wealth. Saudi money comes, directly or indirectly, from oil. So maybe someone should have created an ad about how if you drive a gas-guzzling SUV, you are financing terrorists. Such an ad would have provoked outrage, and rightly so. But the drug warriors didn't take much criticism for their Super Bowl spots. Probably because we have all grown weary. The drug war has been going on so long that we expect it, like farm subsidies, to go on forever.

The difference, of course, is that when you pay farmers not to grow crops, you are just wasting money. When you pay for a war on drugs, you waste lives. If we are going to pay so extravagantly for such meager results (the drugs keep coming in and people keep using them), then maybe it is time to pay off the drug warriors. Give them the money, but only if they do nothing.

The only other solution, after such a long exercise in futility, is to recognize that what we really need to do is declare war on the war on drugs.

"Honey, you know how after all those years, those wrestlers that you like admitted they'd been faking it?"

FRED DURST (continued from page 64)

Critics said Eminem is the worst thing you can do. We're the most hated acts in music, so why not tour?

make a band and you're playing for 20 friends. Then it turns into 100 people and you're like, "This is fucking awesome." Then 1000 people come and you think, We're the king of the bands in Jacksonville. Then it goes to 5000 people and you're going, "This is serious, man, Limp Bizkit can make it." After dreaming and hoping to make it, you're living it. Then it's like, "Let's do a demo and I'll produce it."

PLAYBOY: You got the demo to Korn, who helped you.

DURST: Korn came to one of our little shows and I was like, "You guys want tattoos?" So we went to my house and I did their tattoos and gave them a demo.

PLAYBOY: We hear you misspelled Korn and tattooed HORN on one guy.

DURST: [*Sighs*] It says KORN but the K sort of looks like an H. So fuck that.

PLAYBOY: How did the tattoo lead to a record deal?

DURST: Next time Korn was in town, they called and said they needed a place to wash their clothes. They came back and jammed with us in our jam room and realized we'd gotten better. I gave them another demo and they said they'd get us to open for them sometime. All of a sudden I got a call from Ross Robinson, who produces Korn. He said he loved our demo and wanted to work with us. A week later, we went on tour with Korn. We had no record deal, no money, no label, but we were like, "Fuck yes—no nothing" and we're like, "Fuck yes." We got a little tour bus and gave out samplers. Korn broke us.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Interscope paid radio stations to play your first single?

DURST: We were on tour, but the stations wouldn't play us even though the fans wanted them to. So Interscope said, "We'll pay you to play the song this many times and then you can stop." They played it, and the fans loved it. It became number one at the station.

PLAYBOY: There was a front-page article critical of that practice in *The New York Times*.

DURST: Who cares? It was great marketing. I didn't know they did it until I read about it in *The New York Times*. I didn't ever think we'd be on the radio.

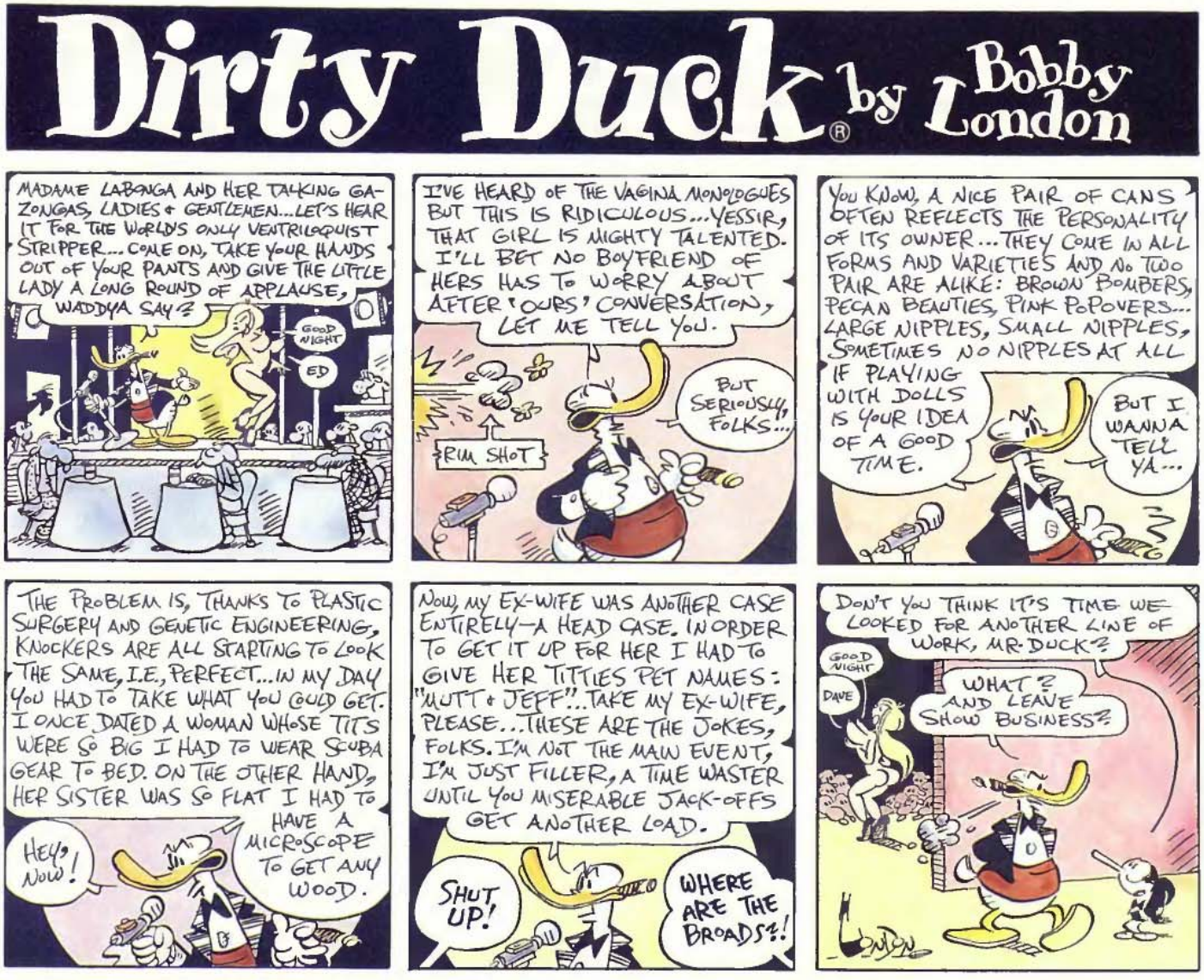
PLAYBOY: You got another publicity boost when George Michael got busted for masturbating in a public bathroom. Your version of *Faith* had just been released.

DURST: It was perfect, man.

PLAYBOY: Why did you record *Faith*?

DURST: I was like, "Let's think of a cheesy song that everyone knows and do it heavy." It was a goof. It was coincidental that he got caught doing whatever in the bathroom. I tried to get him to play the song with us during MTV's New Year's Eve shows. I was like, "Kids will think you're cool if you do this." He thought it would be making fun of him.

PLAYBOY: When the song hit and Limp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GOOD NIGHT ED
I'VE HEARD OF THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS... YESSIR, THAT GIRL IS MIGHTY TALENTED. I'LL BET NO BOYFRIEND OF HERS HAS TO WORRY ABOUT AFTER 'OURS' CONVERSATION, LET ME TELL YOU.
RIM SHOT
BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS...
YOU KNOW, A NICE PAIR OF CANS OFTEN REFLECTS THE PERSONALITY OF ITS OWNER... THEY COME IN ALL FORMS AND VARIETIES AND NO TWO PAIR ARE ALIKE: BROWN BOMBERS, PECAN BEAUTIES, PINK POPOVERS... LARGE NIPPLES, SMALL NIPPLES, SOMETIMES NO NIPPLES AT ALL
IF PLAYING WITH DOLLS IS YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME.
BUT I WANNA TELL YA...
THE PROBLEM IS, THANKS TO PLASTIC SURGERY AND GENETIC ENGINEERING, KNOCKERS ARE ALL STARTING TO LOOK THE SAME, I.E., PERFECT... IN MY DAY YOU HAD TO TAKE WHAT YOU COULD GET. I ONCE DATED A WOMAN WHOSE TITS WERE SO BIG I HAD TO WEAR SCUBA GEAR TO BED. ON THE OTHER HAND, HER SISTER WAS SO FLAT I HAD TO HAVE A MICROSCOPE TO GET ANY WOOD.
HEY, NOW!
NOW, MY EX-WIFE WAS ANOTHER CASE ENTIRELY—A HEAD CASE. IN ORDER TO GET IT UP FOR HER I HAD TO GIVE HER TITTIES PET NAMES: "MUTT & JEFF"... TAKE MY EX-WIFE, PLEASE... THESE ARE THE JOKES, FOLKS. I'M NOT THE MAIN EVENT, I'M JUST FILLER, A TIME WASTER UNTIL YOU MISERABLE JACK-OFFS GET ANOTHER LOAD.
SHUT UP!
WHERE ARE THE BROADS?!
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME WE LOOKED FOR ANOTHER LINE OF WORK, MR. DUCK?
GOOD NIGHT DAVE
WHAT? AND LEAVE SHOW BUSINESS?

Bizkit took off, were you shocked?

DURST: Fuck, yeah. I was like, "I can't believe my video is on MTV. I can't believe I met so-and-so. I can't believe I'm fucking in Hollywood. I can't believe I met Jim Carrey. I can't believe we sold a million records." I look into the crowd and see people who are fat, skinny, black, white, rednecks, preppies, hip-hoppers, grunge kids, metal heads, ravers. Dude, I see everybody out there, and they're all listening to Limp Bizkit. It's unbelievable. I can't believe I'm friends with Ben Stiller. We call each other on the phone. I can't believe I went to a party at Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell's house. Growing up, I couldn't have imagined it.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your childhood?

DURST: My father was a police officer in a small town in North Carolina. He wasn't racist, but he was against anybody who wasn't clean-cut. All my friends were black, redneck or trash and they had tattoos and smoked cigarettes. My black friends thought I was a cool white dude. I loved Michael Jackson. I had the white glove. You don't see colors when you are young, man. I loved music that told a story. *The Devil Went Down to Georgia* by the Charlie Daniels Band was such a story. I loved Led Zeppelin, Elvis, Donna Summer, Willie Nelson.

PLAYBOY: Your dad was shot in the line of duty. Were you terrified?

DURST: I didn't know about it until I saw it in the paper.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then?

DURST: I don't even remember. I do remember the time a Peeping Tom was looking into our house one night. My dad gets up, puts a gun in his tighty whities and confronts the guy. The guy swings at my dad, my dad knocks him out and the next thing I know, the cops are there. My dad's standing there with a gun in his underwear. Oh, my God. It was weird. There were always guns around the house, but I never became fascinated with them. I'm lucky. That's probably why I don't do drugs.

PLAYBOY: Never?

DURST: I've smoked pot but it made me so paranoid I thought I was going to die. Some people can do drugs and some people can't. I can't. I tripped on acid once when I was young. I freaked out of my fucking mind. Went insane. I can't stand anything I can't control. I don't have an addictive personality. I'm lucky.

PLAYBOY: Did you rebel at all?

DURST: Even though my dad thought earrings were a fag thing, I pierced my ear. I wore it when I left the house. One night I forgot to take it out. I got my ass beat. Then there was the time I gave myself my first tattoo with a pen and india ink. A little heart with a cross over it. He already couldn't stand me at that point. I'm not his real son. There was always distance between us. He was a military man. He was a Vietnam vet and a police officer, and I was an emotional little kid.

PLAYBOY: What about your real father?

DURST: I didn't even know I had another dad until I was 16 or 17. I was looking through my mom's closet when I found a book with a picture of my mom in a wedding dress getting into a car with a blond guy who wasn't my dad. Turns out it was my real dad. I fucking freaked out. Started crying.

PLAYBOY: Did you confront her?

DURST: She was in the room. She goes, "You know your Grandma Pat? That's your real dad's mother." I thought she was just some lady in Florida who I called grandma. When I was 20, I decided to meet him. I was living in North Carolina and he was in Jacksonville. We look alike, except for he's about 300 pounds overweight. He's artistic. He's rich. There were Porsches everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Did he have another family?

DURST: Yeah. I have a half brother named Hank. I decided to stay with him at his house. He gave me a job at one of his printing companies, but I was a skateboarder. I didn't want to work.

PLAYBOY: Was he warm?

DURST: He's funny and warm. We have the same personality. But I was into playing. Within a week of meeting him I was like, "Fuck this." I stole a guitar from him, pawned it and lived off that money. I haven't talked to him since.

PLAYBOY: He hasn't tried to contact you?

DURST: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent him?

DURST: Nah. I'm a kid he didn't mean to have. It happens.

PLAYBOY: How do you get along with the man who raised you?

DURST: He is killer now. I went into the military to try to please him. It was the only thing I knew that would make him happy. Dude, I was fucking excited. I watched the Navy commercials. My dad was pumped. I got off the airplane and it was freezing. It was near to the Great Lakes. They put us on this bus and as soon as we step off the bus, a hose is spraying us. It's the middle of the night. Freezing. Our clothes are soaked. This guy comes up to a guy near me and smacks him in the face: *"Shut the fuck up!"* You're thinking of the military movies you've seen. You're standing there in line, a guy's slouching and the officer is pulling him up by his hair. "Look at this faggot right here with the long hair!" The first thing you do is get your hair cut. It does help you with discipline.

PLAYBOY: Did that stay with you?

DURST: Yeah. But it's hell. It's like prison. The first time you get to the phone, you're calling home. You're crying. So I said, "Fuck this." My wrist was crushed from skating. I had crushed it a few months before I went in. I went in and said I did it loading bombs. They said they were going to do an operation. I knew right then what would happen. They have to do the operation and then physical therapy, and you say whether it's healed or not. Let's just say they did the operation, and it never got better.

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PLAYBOY: When you left the Navy, what did you do?

DURST: I went back to North Carolina and opened a skate park. It was awesome, but we got shut down because we didn't have the money to put in handicapped bathrooms. Then I moved back to Jacksonville and worked for my dad's lawn business. I was just another crappy kid, a loser.

PLAYBOY: Was your father disappointed when you were discharged?

DURST: I guess.

PLAYBOY: Is he proud of your success now?

DURST: There's another level of respect. I told him that I'm not just a rock star, I'm a businessman. It changed his mind about everything. Now he lives vicariously through me.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that it took success to bring him around?

DURST: Shit, no. I'm just glad. Finally I have a relationship with the guy who raised me.

PLAYBOY: You had a daughter when you were 20. Do you have a relationship with her?

DURST: Yeah. Not with her mother. We were together forever. She ran away, met some other guy and had a baby with him. I begged her to be with me because we had a kid. I didn't care if she cheated on me or liked someone else. I was desperate. Things were falling apart. I get a record deal and all of a sudden my daughter's mother is reaching out. It's because of the money, but at the same time it's cool. It's brought my daughter and me closer. For a while, my daughter's mother told her that people with goatees or tattoos were bad. She'd tell her we were freaks. I couldn't say anything because she'd been raised by someone else her whole life. I was just a paycheck. Now we hang out. She knows we're not bad. I want to be a cool dad she can come to with questions or when she's upset. I'll be a cool-ass parent.

PLAYBOY: If your daughter wanted to come live with you, would you let her?

DURST: In a heartbeat. If she ever wants to come out and stay with me, I'm ready. I tried to get back with her mother so many times, begging, saying, "This is a family, we can do this. I know you're in love with that guy but. . . ." She's a weird lady, man. I don't know where her head's at. My daughter's cool, though. She looks just like me. She's supersmart.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about Dallas, your son. Were you in the delivery room?

DURST: I filmed the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you will be a different parent with him than you were with your daughter?

DURST: I'll be around a lot more. I'm older and more mature and wiser now.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as a role model for your children or your fans?

DURST: I can't think too much about it. I try to act like myself all the time. When you think too much about being a role model you start to change. The fact that I act like myself is why a lot of fucking people hate me. I don't want anyone to get hurt. When I hear about murders and hate crimes, that shit's terrible. But I don't think I'm ever gonna change. Being a role model is like being a president. Look how fake Al Gore was.

PLAYBOY: In the last election, you said Ben Stiller would make a great president. Were you serious?

DURST: Sure. He's cool. But when I saw Gore and those guys trying to be role models, they were faking the fucking funk.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of W.?

DURST: I'm not a political guy. I'd like someone to get up there and be the common man. Clinton lied his ass off. He got his dick sucked. He got busted and said, "I tried to beat around the bush to make the lie not such a lie." I would like someone who magically has it all. The realness, the smarts, the right answers, the right thoughts, the right plans. I bet that guy's out there, and he probably doesn't even like politics.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever run for office?

DURST: Fuck that. No way, dude. I tell you what, they would fucking like me, though. I only hang around with down-to-earth people.

PLAYBOY: You're directing movies now. Why?

DURST: I don't want to just direct videos, I want to direct films. I love Martin Scorsese and Francis Coppola. I love films that you watch every couple of years.

PLAYBOY: What movies do you watch over and over?

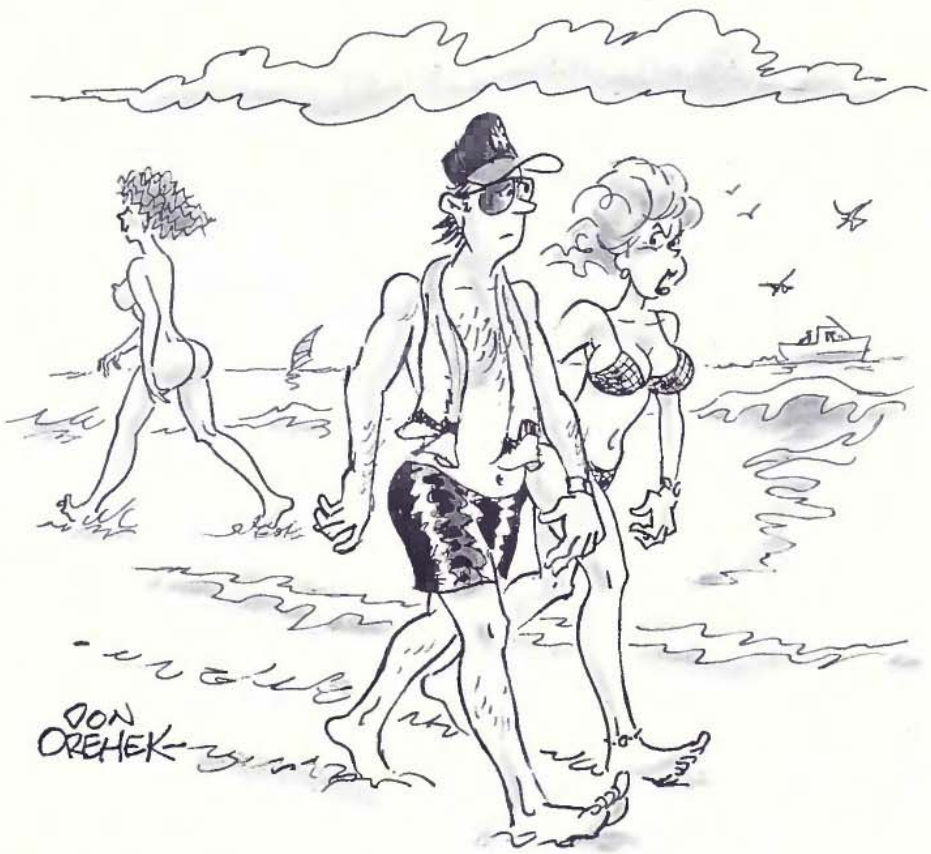
DURST: *Boogie Nights*, *Apocalypse Now*, *Raging Bull*, *Goodfellas*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Badlands*. That's really inspiring on a directing level. *Dumb and Dumber* is a timeless movie. *Fight Club* is so deep. I love it.

PLAYBOY: You have also become a record-company executive. What's a vice president like you do?

DURST: I sign bands. It's not like they said, "Limp Bizkit's selling records. We have to give Fred a job to make him happy." It's not like that. I sign and develop my own acts.

PLAYBOY: Can you sign whoever you want?

DURST: If I like a band, I go to Jimmy Iovine, who runs Interscope. I don't play that middleman bullshit. I have a couple of killer acts that are going to be really big. They're nothing like Limp Bizkit. I believe in diversity for my longevity. If I go out and get all these rap-metal-mock-rocker-jock guys, it would be so shallow. But I'd love to find a band that does kind of what we do and was really real. That's like Dr. Dre going, "Man, I would love to find a white rapper who for real can rap better than anybody. There's the only way I would fuck



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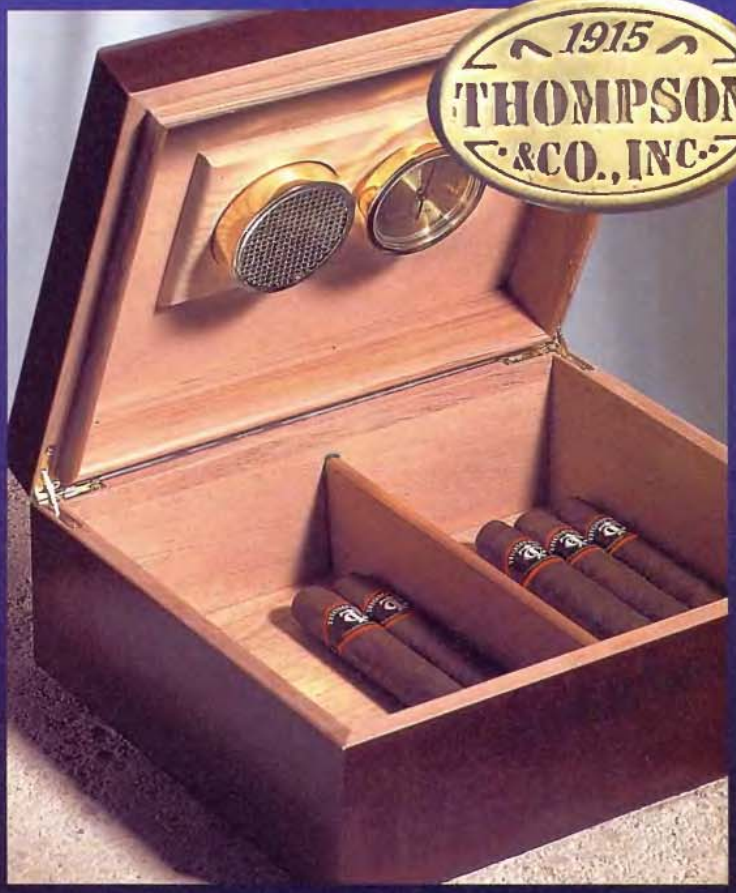

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with that." He did it with Eminem. Regardless of what Eminem talks about, he's a lyrical genius. He really is a good rapper. Contentwise, I'm not going there.

PLAYBOY: What kind of music influenced you?

DURST: In the early Eighties I liked everything. I love anything danceable, rock or hip-hop. I'm inspired by anything that touches me emotionally, whether it is happy or sad. Timeless music.

PLAYBOY: Does Limp Bizkit make timeless music?

DURST: No.

PLAYBOY: What is your definition of timeless?

DURST: A song from 10 years ago that still moves you. A song you can't deny. In 10 years, the people who are 15 today won't be singing *Nookie* or *Break Stuff*. Limp Bizkit is a stepping-stone for the great music that's about to come. I can't be singing "I did it all for the nookie" when I'm 40 years old. You can quote me. I will not be singing that song.

PLAYBOY: Mick Jagger said he wouldn't be singing *Satisfaction* at 45 and he's singing it at 60.

DURST: If I were Jagger, I'd have said I will be singing that song. Limp Bizkit is a different energy. It's physical. We're creating a standard for this genre. It's not something you want to see somebody older doing. It's vertebrae-damaging, hip-dislocating energy. I know I'm not going to be able to walk well when I'm older. My back already hurts. When you get older you don't want to fucking bust your jeans, man. Elton John can do it. He can get on that piano and fucking do it, man. Aerosmith. It's just the way it is.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you to understand that you're making music that won't last?

DURST: I can make timeless music. I write it in my own studio. It's solo stuff. I can't go to Limp Bizkit and make it happen, force it, because that would be fake. I can't go, "Hey, man, we're going to try to make this kind of music." The reason our records are so up and down is because we're just jamming. Some days we'll come in all hyped and I'm rapping. We never make a conscious effort to try to write something. That's what's special about Limp Bizkit. So it's good for now.

PLAYBOY: What's your prediction about the music coming down the road?

DURST: I think we're headed for another period like the early Nineties. To me that was a timeless era. Pearl Jam's first album, Nirvana's *Nevermind*. Soundgarden, who came in with this beautiful voice over this rock. I love music from that period. I love radio songs where I can listen to the hook and the second time the hook comes around, I've got it. That to me is pop. We're going to get some bands bugging out. I would say Creed would be one of those bands if Scott Stapp wasn't so into being a superstar. The music is undeniable. Puddle of Mudd will be a part of it. Kenna is going to be a part of it. With the Internet, people's tastes are changing faster than usual. We've got to stay in touch as a band. I think that's where bands lose it, and I'm not saying we won't. Everything we do, we want to do better than our last hit track. What if we're not in the right mind-set for the next record? Then we'll be a band that had three killer records.

PLAYBOY: Who would you like to collaborate with?

DURST: Maynard Keenan from Tool. Elton John, as weird as that sounds. Bono. I'd like to do a cool acoustic song with him.

PLAYBOY: Is part of the benefit of success that you've proved something to people who knew you back when?

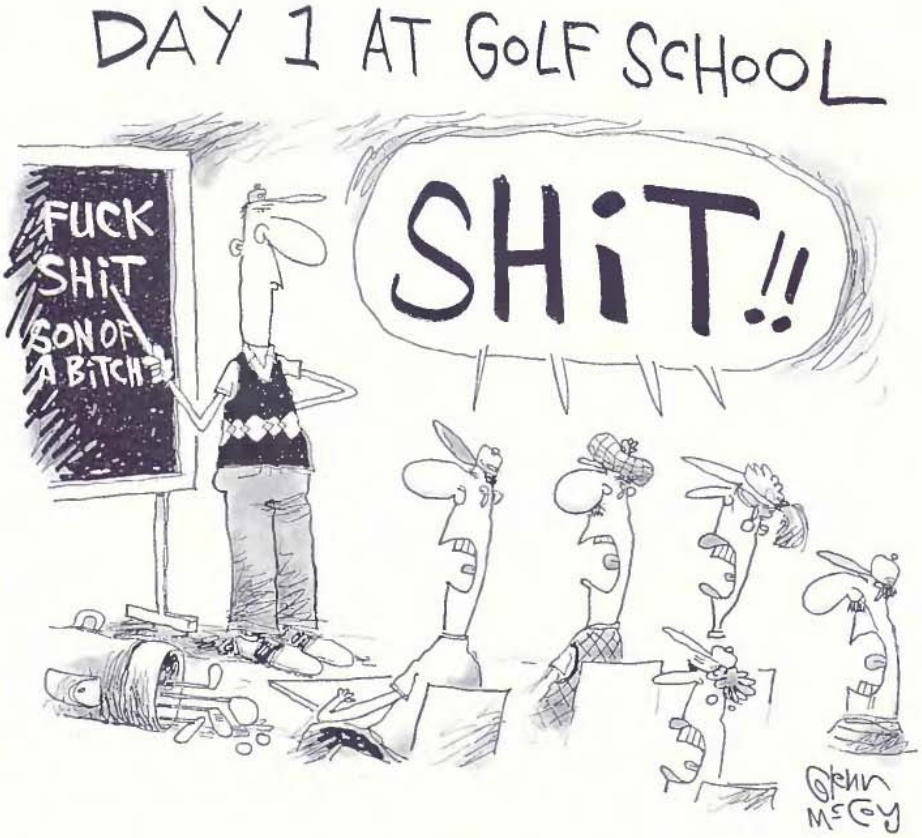
DURST: All the guys who beat my ass in school, tormented and tortured me, made me hide on rooftops for hours—those people! I know they know who I am now. They've got the record or they've heard it. They're going, "That little fucking guy." I almost went to my 10-year high school reunion. Maybe I'll go to my 20th. I don't think you ever think you're gonna become famous. I never thought I'd be so outspoken and want to accomplish so much.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like you had to prove all of those guys from high school wrong?

DURST: I always think I've got to prove something to everyone. I proved something to the record industry, the critics. I'm that guy who's gonna die proving something to everybody. When I'm gone, that's when they're gonna look back and see what I've done. I document my life on digital video camera. I talk to people as if I'm gonna be gone. It's just me going, when somebody gets these tapes, here are the answers. I wish I'd had those about Elvis or Kurt Cobain, someone who knew nobody understood them. As long as you're persistent, and you're always telling the truth, you're good. On my first record I wrote, "Don't be afraid to feel fear, frustration, love, happiness, anger. It's OK to be you, man." Some people don't think it is.

PLAYBOY: How important is the money?

DURST: We're very lucky. We come from normal parents, living paycheck to paycheck. I didn't wear name-brand clothes to school. We've got more than we ever imagined. A little bit of money is awesome for us. It's nice to hook your assistants up. If you're able to write a $1000 check for Christmas to everyone you're tight with, it feels good. But you have to be smart and think about the future. You have to think about longevity. I can count on two hands how many people have made timeless music and had people follow them for years. I have to be prepared to think I'm not going to be one of those handful, but I want to do something musically now and stop while it's still amazing. I've watched too many episodes of *Behind the Music*. I don't like it when bands fizzle out. I won't. Remember this: I'm not going to fizzle out on you.



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HEAVYWEIGHT

(continued from page 72)

Then Felix Jr. goes out and executes. But who's going to slap a heavyweight, son or no son?

Pressure, pain and exhaustion still cause many fighters to make fundamental mistakes—or, worse, to close down and go brain-dead on you. That's when the trainer has to come through for his fighter. The fighter supplies the sweat, the chin, the will and the brain. The trainer must get his fighter to learn, to remember, to think as coldly as an executioner when the bell rings.

Working with the big guys of the game makes a trainer's job harder. How do you tell someone supercharged with testosterone to use his mind instead of his 60-pound dick? How do you teach a heavyweight that it isn't the man with the most muscle who wins, or the fastest feet, but the one who gets there first with deadly force? Because heavyweights have huge upper-body strength, they tend to work from the waist up, to throw arm punches. George Foreman did that, but big George was so strong he got away with it—besides, he seldom missed. But lesser heavies have to work from the waist down, as well—to get their asses behind their shots. They must learn that a thousand things must take place before a good punch can land, and those things begin on the floor, with balance. Did you know that a good left jab begins with the right big toe?

After they win a few fights, especially by knockout, heavies are liable to become hardheads on you. They'll try to control the training process, and balk at learning what they need to do to reach the next level. Once they make a few grand, they get prone to laziness and they love to chase poon, of which there is plenty whenever there is evidence of heavyweight green. *Why shouldn't I run things?* the heavy's eyes demand. He doesn't understand that he cannot be the horse and the jockey at the same time. *How could anyone as big and handsome and powerful and smart as me be wrong about anything?*

When that happens, your fighter is already halfway to the gutter. You may have to cut him loose.

Few fight fans ever see the inside of fight gyms. Yo, I don't get the deal with these big bums!

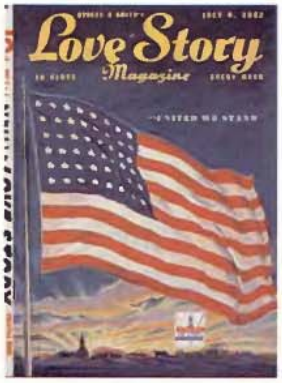
Think money.

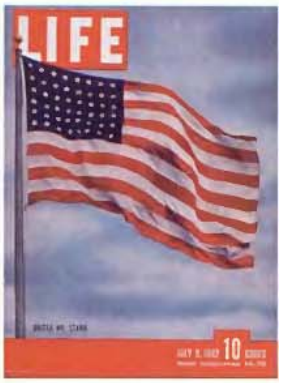
First, there aren't that many heavyweights going into the gym. Most big athletes go into team sports—more gain, less pain, even if they have to play 150 games a year or more, and suffer the major surgeries that go with them. Beginning fighters? Some of the more talented think they should get big paydays from the day they walk into the gym. When they don't, they fall away, and you know they were never after what all great fighters seek—respect.

The heavyweights especially see themselves as first-round draft picks out of Big Money U. Seldom do they understand they need to be hungry fighters before they can become championship fighters. They have to survive the many layers of work and hurt that the sweet science demands. Obviously, there are fewer white heavies than black heavies, and the whites can be even goofier regarding big, fast money. Some spout off that because they are white, as in white hope, they should get easy fights up to and including the one for the title. These are the heavies, black as well as white, who soon learn they don't have the tit or the brains for the game.

Though heavies may appear much the same, they are as different as can be in mental stability, manners, warrior mentality, athletic ability, desire, power, chin and heart. Compare Mike Tyson and "Neon" Leon Spinks with Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey. Compare Rocky Marciano and Evander Holyfield. Getting the heavies into shape is one problem. But keeping them in shape is an even bigger one, for they have bottomless pits for stomachs. Some think that they can lay off for eight months or more and then get ready for the next fight in four weeks. Forget that. You work to keep them in at least decent shape all the time—but not in punishing top shape, the kind that you want to peak just before a fight. A fighter would go raving mad if he had to live at that peak longer than a few days, with apprehension and hunger eating him alive through that endless wait before the first bell. The job of molding a human being—whose primal instinct is flight before fight—into a fighting machine that meets danger instead of fleeing from it is as complex and delicate as ballet, as punishing as driving

"Now <u>that</u>, Leonardo, is a masterpiece!"





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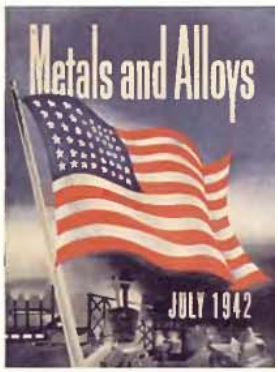

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WHY YOU SHOULD FEEL GUILTY ABOUT BOXING— AND HOW TO BEAT THE GUILT

BY
JACK NEWFIELD

Boxing is my guilty pleasure. When it's good (Muhammad Ali versus Joe Frazier or Sugar Ray Leonard versus Thomas Hearns), it's exhilarating art—ballet with blood. When it's lousy, it's grotesque burlesque and I hate it.

I go to fights. I follow fight news, I write about fights and make documentaries about them. And the guilt persists. I cheer, and then feel like yelling, "Stop the fight!"

I deeply admire most of the fighters I have gotten to know over the years, people such as Ali, Frazier, Jose Torres, Archie Moore, Carmen Basilio and Bernard Hopkins. Most fighters are gentle outside the ring, thankful for the attention, intelligent and reflective—possibly from spending too much time enduring lonely, rigorous training.

But I know their profession is and always has been brutal, corrupt and unfair. I have seen boxers die in the ring. I've seen dangerous mismatches, unjust decisions, boxers cheated out of their pay by promoters. The boxers have no union, no pension, no medical plan, no protections from state commissions run by patronage hacks. Unlike the concert business, where performers such as Bruce Springsteen and Britney Spears appropriately make most of the money, in boxing the promoters take home the biggest cut.

The main source of guilt for me is that so many former fighters I know (or knew, when they were alive) have brain damage, slurred speech and empty bank accounts. The list of tragedies is long: Joe Louis, Ali, Floyd Patterson, Jerry Quarry, Kid Gavilan, Riddick Bowe, to name a few. It can't be coincidence.

Reluctantly and repeatedly, I admit to myself that too many fights, too many hours in the gym, careers that last too long, like Ali's did, contribute to neurological damage. The greatest fighter who ever lived, Sugar Ray Robinson, had Alzheimer's. I grieve over the way he spent his last years. Strangers cherished the memory of Robinson's fights with Jake LaMotta, Rocky Graziano and Basilio, but he had no memory of them at all, nor of who he was.

And I keep going to fights.

How to beat the guilt? The best way to reconcile my guilt with my pleasure is to try to clean up boxing, so that fighters stop taking it on the chin from the suits who rule the sport. Here are three simple steps:

(1) The rankings of the sanctioning bodies—the International Boxing Federation, the World Boxing Association and the World Boxing Council—are comic and criminal. They should be replaced by a poll of writers. That's how college basketball and football teams are ranked. Champions like Roy Jones and Lennox Lewis could become the Curt Floods of boxing by declaring that they would abide by new, honest rankings. Then nobody would be fooled into believing that Evander Holyfield and Johnny Ruiz were fighting for a heavyweight title last year, while Lewis and Tyson looked on. The tyranny of the sanctioners would crumble in no time.

(2) Create a national boxing commissioner by an act of Congress. Every other major sport has a commissioner to enforce its rules and protect its integrity. Because most state boxing commissions are patronage dumping grounds, fighters need a national regulator to protect their rights.

(3) Start a pension plan for all pro fighters. The plan could be funded by the promoters, casinos and cable networks that reap the lion's share of boxing profits. Two percent of the profits from every pay-per-view fight should go straight to this pension fund. Of course, that's only a beginning. Rankings by writers, a national commissioner and a pension fund wouldn't save Ali from Parkinson's, or help the thousands of club fighters who give years to the sport. Boxing reform can't help light heavyweight Beethavean Scottland, who died after taking a beating on national television last summer. But these three steps toward reform would be a good start—a leap toward respectability for my guilty pleasure.

•

People ask about balls. Does it take balls to be a fighter? Yes, but in ways most men can't conceive of. It takes balls to train, to put on that cup, to climb through the ropes, to stand virtually naked before the world. It takes balls to shove off that right toe with "evil intent," to quote Tyson. But once a fighter is in shape, once the mechanics are imprinted to the bone, the rest is mind. If I had to choose between a brute with a snarl and a coward with brains, I'd take the coward every time.

Then there's the thump factor. First of all, when a heavy moves, his trainer must move with him—in the ring, on the hardwood or around the big bag. You're there. You're there to guide him, and to stay on his ass to keep him from dogging it. All fighters will dog it after they've been in the game awhile, but heavies can be the worst. They've got all that weight to transport, and, being human, they look for a place to hide. Money will usually stimulate them into action. But there is always more training than fighting, and the faith and fever it takes to be a champ will drop below 98.6 quickly unless your boy eats and sleeps fight. Which is where the mitts come in.

The big bag they can fake if you don't stay on them, but not with a trainer with mitts, calling for combination after combination, like a wire jock. Keeps them on their toes. Both of you know when a punch has been thrown correctly—not only does the thump bang through you, but you hear the crack of a pistol shot, leather smacking leather with thousands of pounds of force.

So for the trainer, the mitts mean catching punches thrown by a 6′5″ monster, punches with enough force to drop a horse. But even a 115-pound bantamweight can make you squint. And the trainer takes this punishment round after round, day after day, the thump moving through him like a six-pack of nine millimeters. Being an old man, I can't work the mitts as much as I once did, unless it's with smaller fighters, or when I'm teaching moves and mechanics, or for a short stretch leading up to a given date. Part of the payoff for all that work is something sweet as strawberry pie. It's when fighters stop acting like bulls at a watering hole, looking for something to gore. It's when they begin to accept that they have to do it wrong for a long time before they get it right, when suddenly they discover how to use their feet instead of their gloves to control an opponent, how they smile like shy little boys when they see that their every action has become both offensive and defensive, and that they suddenly have the ability to beat a man with their thoughts as well as with their fists.

Getting a boy ready for a specific fight on a given night is more intense still. After a session with the mitts, my fingers will curl into the palms of my hands for an hour or so. It's like having arthritis, and driving home on the freeway becomes interesting. The muscles in the middle of my back squeeze my shoulders up around my ears. I have piano wire holding my chest and ribs together. I am heading home with one thing on my mind—time in the prone position. When you get down to it, being a trainer is volunteering to be a cripple.

After surviving all of the above, you live with the knowledge that you might work years with a heavy only to have him quit altogether—or leave you for somebody who is dangling wads of money. But a good heavy has to win only 25 fights, maybe less, to get a shot at the title. If he wins that, he's earning millions, even if he defends his title only once. The payoff can be enormous if he defends successfully. And when the champ gets a $10 million payday, the trainer gets 10 percent off the top—a million-dollar bill to stick in his wallet. That can make you forget your crippled back and hands. Then again, some fighters dump their original trainers once they win a title and then pay the next trainer pennies on the dollar. The next guy will take it, because it has dropped into his lap—and because he figures he, too, will be dumped down the line.

Fighters are usually portrayed as bovine victims of a dreadful game, but it ain't necessarily so. Of course, the downside for the fighter can be worse. That's when your heart goes out to him, as you watch helplessly while he takes punches to the head that can hack permanently into his memory. And your gut will turn on you one day, when you see your boy's eyes wander glassily as he tries to find a word that no longer is in his vocabulary. You feel disgust at yourself, but you also love your fighter for having the heart to roll the dice of his life on a dream; and you understand he may well have nothing but his life to roll, and maybe you gave him the only shot he'll ever have. That's why a fighter will love his trainer for his whole life, will make of him the daddy he never knew. Yet the real lure, when you love the fights with everything that's left of your patched-up heart, is being part of a world where the dues are so high that once paid, they can take you to the Mount Everest of the squared circle, to that highest of places where fire and ice are one, where only the biggest and best can play.

Every trainer knows the odds against winning a heavyweight championship are a gazillion to one. So why do I risk the years, why do I take shots that stun my heart? Why am I part of the blood? B.B. King sings the answer for me: *I got a bad case of love.*

EIGHT COUNT

(continued from page 72)

but a lot of guys who fought from the mid-Forties to the late Fifties were merely tough (as the children of dirt-poor immigrants who grew up in the wake of the Great Depression tended to be). Truth is, there was better talent from 1975 to 1985. That's right: Roberto Duran, Carlos Monzon, Marvelous Marvin Hagler and Larry Holmes could have beaten the best of any era.

(6) Don King is not the living embodiment of evil. He's a shrewd and sometimes cold businessman just like Bob Arum, Cedric Kushner, the Duvas, Frank Warren, Mat Tinley, Dan Goossen and the rest of the world's successful boxing promoters. Hey, all business is ruthless. If it weren't, we wouldn't need lawyers, would we?

(7) There's more boxing on TV than ever. It just ain't free. HBO will air more than 35 major fight cards this year. With bouts broadcast on Showtime, ESPN, ESPN2, ESPN Classic, Fox Sports Net, Univision, Telemundo, Galavision and the new Telefutura, determined fans can catch at least three shows a week.

(8) Roy Jones Jr. is not history's best fighter. Jones may be the best pure athlete ever to lace on a pair of gloves (so what? I wouldn't pay to see him play basketball), but he still doesn't rate above hall-of-fame light heavies Billy Conn, Archie Moore, Bob Foster and Michael Spinks—guys who didn't just *talk* about fighting heavyweights, they *did* it!

WHY WE LOVE BOXING

(continued from page 73)

The easy answer is, boxing is the most intrinsically interesting of all sports. If you walk down the street and see a group of kids playing stickball, or a bunch of guys shooting hoops in the playground, you're not likely to stop and watch unless the level of play is exceedingly high. But two people throwing punches at each other is sure to produce a crowd every time.

Sports other than boxing contain surrogates for the players' wills. In tennis, a (usually) one-on-one confrontation, the surrogate is a green ball. If Andre Agassi can't successfully return the ball to Pete Sampras, then Sampras has imposed his will, and he wins. When two men square off in a ring, you take away the ball. If Tyson can't avoid Lennox Lewis' fists, Lewis literally will have imposed his will on Tyson. In the case of a knockout, he will have done this by actually separating Iron Mike's will from his body—Tyson will tell himself to rise but he won't be able to do so.

Joyce Carol Oates' book *On Boxing* notwithstanding, the appeal of prizefighting is precisely that it is not a metaphor for anything else. The literal destruction of a man's will is simply more compelling than a symbolic representation of the same thing. And that is why boxing is your favorite sport.

(With Sam Kellerman.)

"C'mon, Paul, be patriotic. One more ride before midnight!"

SAUCE *(continued from page 113)*

The brunette chortled. Honestly. She chortled. "You horny toad," she said. "You horny, horny toad."

again. "I helped him out a little."

"You did not."

"I did too." It was a beautiful thing to listen to the two of them. The blonde sounded positively drunk. "He wasn't getting to it," she said. "Not enough. Not consistently."

"So you helped?" the brunette snickered. You could tell she was jealous she hadn't thought of it first. "You gave him a hand."

"Right."

"A real handy woman. Didn't it get crowded down there, with all those hands?"

"No. I just showed him, that's all. He had his fingers inside me—you know how they jab around inside?—but I got his fingers out. I moved so they kept sliding out and he finally figured it out."

"Then he took over?"

"Yeah. Right."

The brunette chortled. Honestly. She chortled. "You horny toad," she said. "You horny, horny toad."

But the blonde was quiet, a serious sort of quiet. "He picked up on it," she said. "The love button, love. Yes, that's right. They're trainable, you know."

The dough was down on the slab in front of me, a lump of white, but I didn't so much as knead. Just pressed down my palms, one by one, gently, until it was thin enough for the sauce. More than anything, I needed for them not to hear me.

"OK," the brunette said, "so he's down there working it. And that's all it took?"

"There were some other things," the blonde said.

"Things?" the brunette, God bless her, said. "What things?"

"OK," the blonde said. Her voice dipped all low and husky. I had to lean forward, against the edge of the stainless steel counter. "The first thing, I put my hand on the back of his head, kept it there. For, like, extra control." She laughed, almost bitterly. "I knew I was close, and I wasn't going to let him fuck it up."

"No ma'am!" The brunette made a sound like a whip cracking and laughed, and the blonde joined in. There was a silence and then just the sound of the fan faintly rattling, stirring the garlicky air out into the alley.

The brunette made a prompting noise, a musical little hum.

"OK, so also, Scott's got his other hand, his fingers, lower down. You know, touching lower down."

"No."

"Why not? He has two hands," the blonde said. "He's allowed to use both hands." She was still whispering, and it sounded even better like that, naughty and deliberate. "It wasn't like he was suffering. He was taking care of himself just fine."

The brunette hummed her little hum again.

"See, the way Scott was, I could feel him, like his hard-on, pressing against me. And the way I was, the way our bodies were, it was pressing into my knee."

"Your knee?"

"Yeah." The blonde exhaled through her nose. There was nothing happening on College Avenue. Not even the glum high schoolers were out there, choking down their clove cigarettes and spitting.

"It wasn't the front of my knee," the blonde said. "It was the back. You know, that part back there, that part that's real sensitive." The blonde giggled, extravagantly now. "Well, you know how it gets," she said.

"No, tell me."

"It gets sweaty," the blonde said. "Sweaty and slippery."

"And?"

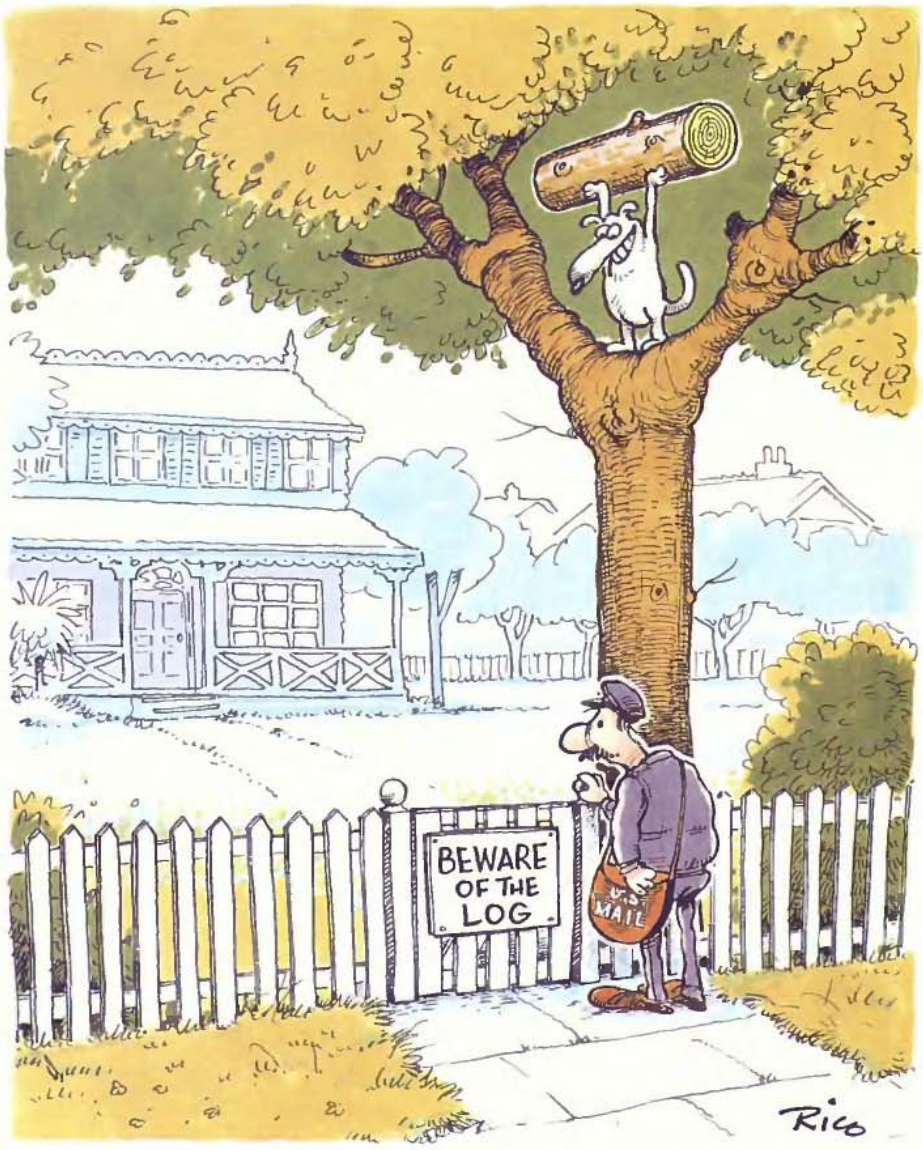
"And he felt that, you know. Scott felt that and his cock was right there, in that groove, and he just sort of began moving back and forth."

"Like humping? Like humping your knee?"

"No, it wasn't like that." The blonde sighed. "It was like, I don't know, it felt good. I could feel his cock moving against that spot, like sliding across it. He was so hard."

I had the ladle in my hand now. It was time for the sauce. I knew I had to get their pie in the oven. Soon they'd be wondering where their pie was.

"I could feel him moving back and forth, and at the same time he was down there between my legs, and I could feel that too, one hand opening me up so he



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could get to that one spot, and the other massaging lower down. I was so wet. I don't even remember how long this went on. Probably not even that long," the blonde said. "All I know is that I kept getting more and more excited, so excited I couldn't keep still, and I could feel him there, sliding against me, and kissing me and rubbing. I felt everything. I felt him start to come, felt that, how that feels, you know."

Outside, an ambulance yipped past. Someone was being rescued, hauled away from trouble and restored to life. I set the ladle down.

The blonde took a final tiny breath and I breathed in, too, the same moist air. "That's when it happened," she said. "It was like everything tightened up, every single muscle, and I had my hand on the back of his head and kept pushing. I pushed until I felt him buck against my hand. And even after that I kept pushing. He must have thought I was crazy. But I wasn't going to let him stop, because I was right in the middle of it then. And that's when everything loosened up. I swear, everything. I could feel my hips going up and down, up and down, like unpeeling from the bone. I just got—I don't know—creamy. And his fingers, Scott's fingers, they kept rubbing. Not my cunny, the other place, and because everything was so wet, so loose, they sort of, they slipped inside. One or two fingers. I don't remember."

At some unknown expense of will, the brunette held herself to a quiet gasp.

"I don't remember everything. I just remember that my legs started shaking. It felt good, like, right at the center, and I kept his head there, around down there, and his tongue and his fingers. It was, like, the pressure or whatever, I don't know. I didn't know something could feel that way. I could see my legs shaking around, but I couldn't feel them."

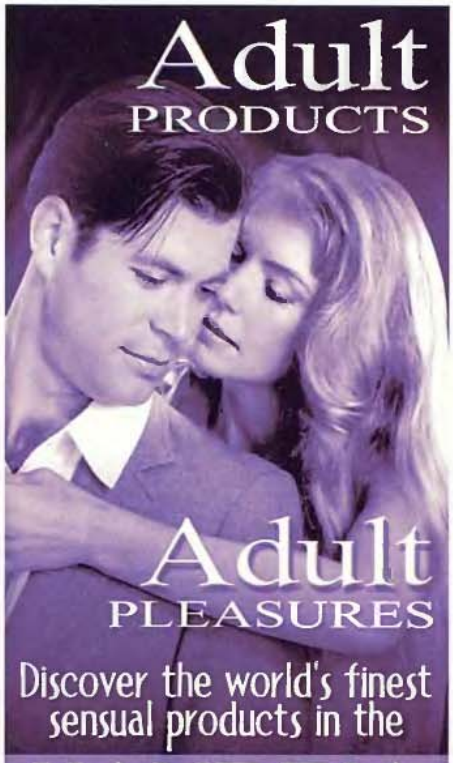
"Yeah," the brunette said. She giggled a bit, then sighed her sigh of envy. "That sounds about right."

"Yeah." The blonde fell silent. "Yeah."

There were just the three of us in the restaurant. Like I said, it was late, just a late weekday. The pie didn't take long to bake. The oven was still hot. And when I brought it to them, it was like they had just gone back to being a couple of sorority girls, scrubbed clean, appropriately bundled into their blouses.

I felt the urge, as I set the pizza down, to say something. To say, "Thank you, thank you." Or "Excellent work!" Or "Dear God, I love you both."

They didn't look up at me. But then I heard the blonde, heard what she said as she took the tip of the first slice into her mouth. "This sauce," she said. "I love how they do it." And the brunette, following suit, her tongue darting to a spot at the corner of her mouth, agreed.



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JOHN WOO *(continued from page 104)*

There's a Chinese saying, "If you don't get killed in the disaster, then you will earn a great fortune."

that featured an early appearance by Jackie Chan. Woo spent the next decade churning out one unmemorable film after another—until he teamed with actor Chow Yun-Fat to make *A Better Tomorrow*. The film about Hong Kong Triad criminals and cops became the highest-grossing action film in Hong Kong history, and forged a partnership between actor and director that reminded many Americans of Martin Scorsese's relationship with Robert De Niro. It wasn't long before Hollywood took notice. Despite a decade of working in America, the diminutive Woo struggles at times with English, but is fluent in making motion pictures that complement his artistic vision.

PLAYBOY: You claim you loathe real violence, but you're famous for stylish, bloody scenes that other directors copy. Could you please explain?

WOO: I don't think my movies are that violent. They are about dignity and honor. I try to mix emotion and action, starting with emotion. I hate to see people get hurt by evil, so when I show an action sequence, I always stand on the right side. When my heroes fight back, it's for good reason, even if they fight evil in a hard way. I also use action to send the message that we should stop crime. I might use a certain kind of style to glorify the behavior of my hero or the way I see life and death.

PLAYBOY: Where did this preoccupation with violence come from?

WOO: I'm not a violent guy, but where I grew up was pretty awful, and I've seen a lot of things. We moved to Hong Kong when I was five years old. Our family was extremely poor and the place we lived was like hell. So many gangs, so many drugs, so many evil things. I have seen people chopping each other up in gang wars. I've seen people get killed by the police. Killed in a mud slide. Killed in a riot in Hong Kong.

PLAYBOY: Who is tougher on violence, Hong Kong or Hollywood?

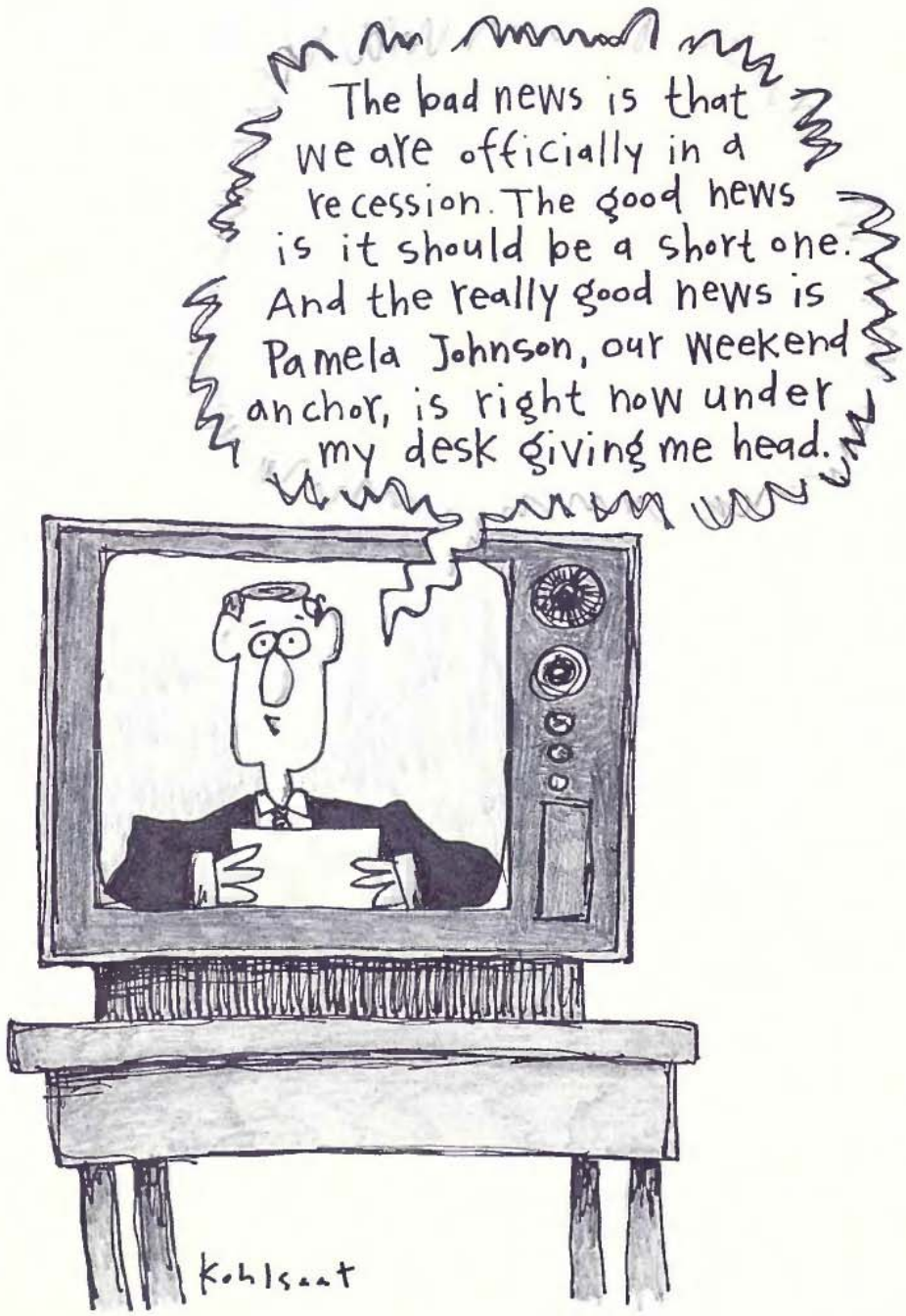
WOO: In Hong Kong there is much concern about violence, but the Asian audience got used to the Hong Kong action film—they realize the violence and action in the film is entertainment, not real. Here, I needed to adjust a little bit. I know some people are easily influenced by film, especially with a superstar who some people take as a role model. So I tone down the violence and make more action. As I get older I also feel a responsibility. I really don't want people to get a bad influence from the film. Ten years ago, I heard some kids robbed a store and when they were caught by the police, they said they learned from one of my movies.

PLAYBOY: How did you react?

WOO: I was pulling out my hair. Crying. I was sad to be that kind of influence, sad for those young people. After that, I became more careful. When I'm making an action sequence, I will change a little bit. I really want to go to extremes and I know my style, my technique, is visually pretty strong, and it easily influences people. So I have to be careful.

PLAYBOY: There is plenty of emotion in *Windtalkers*, the most serious film you've made in Hollywood. After having fun with your style in implausible films like *Face/Off* and *Mission: Impossible II*, are you worried audiences won't know how to react?

WOO: Some people still see me as an action-film director, but I want to prove that I love serious drama. And that I'm good at it. This is an amazing story, the contributions the code talkers made to our country during World War II. This is about friendship, with action, and I put my style into the emotional moments. The action sequences I wanted to look real, like a documentary, so there wasn't much room for style. I am focusing more on the serious drama.


The bad news is that we are officially in a recession. The good news is it should be a short one. And the really good news is Pamela Johnson, our weekend anchor, is right now under my desk giving me head.
Kohlsaat

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PLAYBOY: You don't like sequels, yet the biggest hit of your career was *Mission: Impossible II*. Why did you do it?

WOO: I wanted to work with Tom Cruise, who I admire as one of the great actors. When Tom asked me to do it I was pretty surprised, and didn't want competition because I felt the first *Mission: Impossible* was fun and successful. I always liked Brian De Palma's unusual style. But Tom, who produced both, told me he wanted to make each *Mission: Impossible* unlike the last. He wanted every episode to have a different director and style. He wanted a John Woo–style *Mission: Impossible*, and that got me pretty excited.

PLAYBOY: The movie took a long time to complete and there were some rumors that Tom was a controlling producer.

WOO: I think that's a little exaggerated. Of course, we had a lot of arguments, but mainly about the work. Tom and I wanted everything to be perfect and we came up with ideas and changed things all the time. Tom and his producing partner, Paula Wagner, had a lot of control on the set, and I think sometimes they overworried everything. But a good thing about Tom Cruise is he always listens, and loves when new ideas come up. What drove me crazy was that he liked to do his own stunts, like in the motorcycle scene. I suggested using a helmet so the stunt could be done by a stuntman. He refused. He got on the motorcycle and took off. And it was so dangerous. The other big argument was with him doing the rock-climbing scene. He had only one safety cable, and the cliff was really dangerous. And he was begging me to let him do the scene. I was pleading with him to use a stunt double. But he didn't listen. Those were the kinds of arguments we had.

PLAYBOY: Did he get hurt?

WOO: No, he never got hurt. He is pretty sure of himself, he knows his limits. I said, "I don't want you to fall and get hurt." And he said, "What about the stuntmen? Won't the stuntmen also get hurt?" I couldn't win that argument.

PLAYBOY: Although you now work with Hollywood stars like Cruise, Cage and Travolta, the Hong Kong films you did with Chow Yun-Fat were memorable enough to be compared to the early pairing of Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro. What made you two so special?

WOO: When I started working on the film *A Better Tomorrow* in 1985, I wanted to make a great gangster film, with an actor like Humphrey Bogart. The movie was a serious drama and we looked for a serious actor. When I was young, my idols were Clint Eastwood, Steve McQueen, Alain Delon and the Japanese actor Ken Takakura. I needed a guy like that, tough but very emotional. I had not seen his films, but I read how Chow Yun-Fat took care of orphans, that he was a man with a great heart. And as soon as I cast

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him, I realized he was the image of all my idols. He looks a little like Alain Delon. When he holds a gun, he looks pretty much like Clint Eastwood. When he's not speaking, his face is like Steve McQueen's. And when he puts on sunglasses, he looks like Ken Takakura. I wanted to be an actor but I was short and never could speak well. In the old days an actor had to be tall and handsome, and I wasn't. So when I saw Chow Yun-Fat, I thought he could represent me and fulfill my dreams. And we have a lot in common. Before I made *A Better Tomorrow*, I had failed for quite a few years and I was down. People even said, "John should retire," which really hurt me. Chow Yun-Fat also had failed and had gotten a name as box office poison. So the two failures got together for *A Better Tomorrow*. We gave it our hearts, dignity and real emotion, to prove we weren't failures, and it was the highest-grossing movie in Hong Kong history. People cried when they watched the film and it made Chow Yun-Fat a superstar. It was my turning point as well.

PLAYBOY: Chow Yun-Fat personified who you wanted to be in your Hong Kong films. Which American actor comes closest to Chow?

WOO: Nicolas Cage. He is so honest and emotional. When we work together, we don't need to say much. We don't argue or worry about anything. His acting is very natural and always gives a lot of surprises. That's the way I work with Chow Yun-Fat. I like my actors to bring real experience, even improvise dialogue. I gave Nicolas the freedom to do what he feels. I set up the camera not knowing what he's going to do. He is always surprising me and when he does something unexpected or new, it really excites me.

PLAYBOY: You worked early on with Jackie Chan. Did you imagine he'd become such a successful comic actor?

WOO: Jackie was the stunt coordinator for my first film, *The Young Dragons*. Even then, Jackie had a special quality, but he was too shy to show much of a sense of humor. He was always dreaming of becoming a movie star, but he had no luck. He worked for me as a stunt double in a low-budget movie in Korea. When we got there, the actor we were supposed to use was too old and I gave Jackie Chan that big part. He almost got killed.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

WOO: Besides acting, he was the stunt double for the villain. Our hero was supposed to kick him in the stomach, and we had six men using a cable to drag him backward. We couldn't get the timing right, so we did it seven times. The last time, I saw that he was tired and I wanted to use somebody else, but he insisted on doing it. And the back of his head hit a rock on the ground. He was bleeding and lost consciousness for about 30 seconds. We were so scared, we slapped him, tried to wake him up. After he woke up, he forgot where he was, what his name was. We were all crying—he's got tears, too. There's a Chinese saying, "If you don't get killed in the disaster, then you will earn a great fortune." He was so dedicated to his work and was never scared of anything. When he became a legend, I was so happy for him.

PLAYBOY: Many young Hollywood directors have borrowed your style for their action scenes. When you see shootout scenes in *The Matrix* that borrow heavily from movies such as *The Killer* and *Hard-Boiled*, do you feel flattered or like you've been ripped off?

WOO: I just feel flattered and happy. We are this big family, we learn from one another. I learned so much from American, French and Japanese movies. I combined them with my culture and my technique to create my own style.

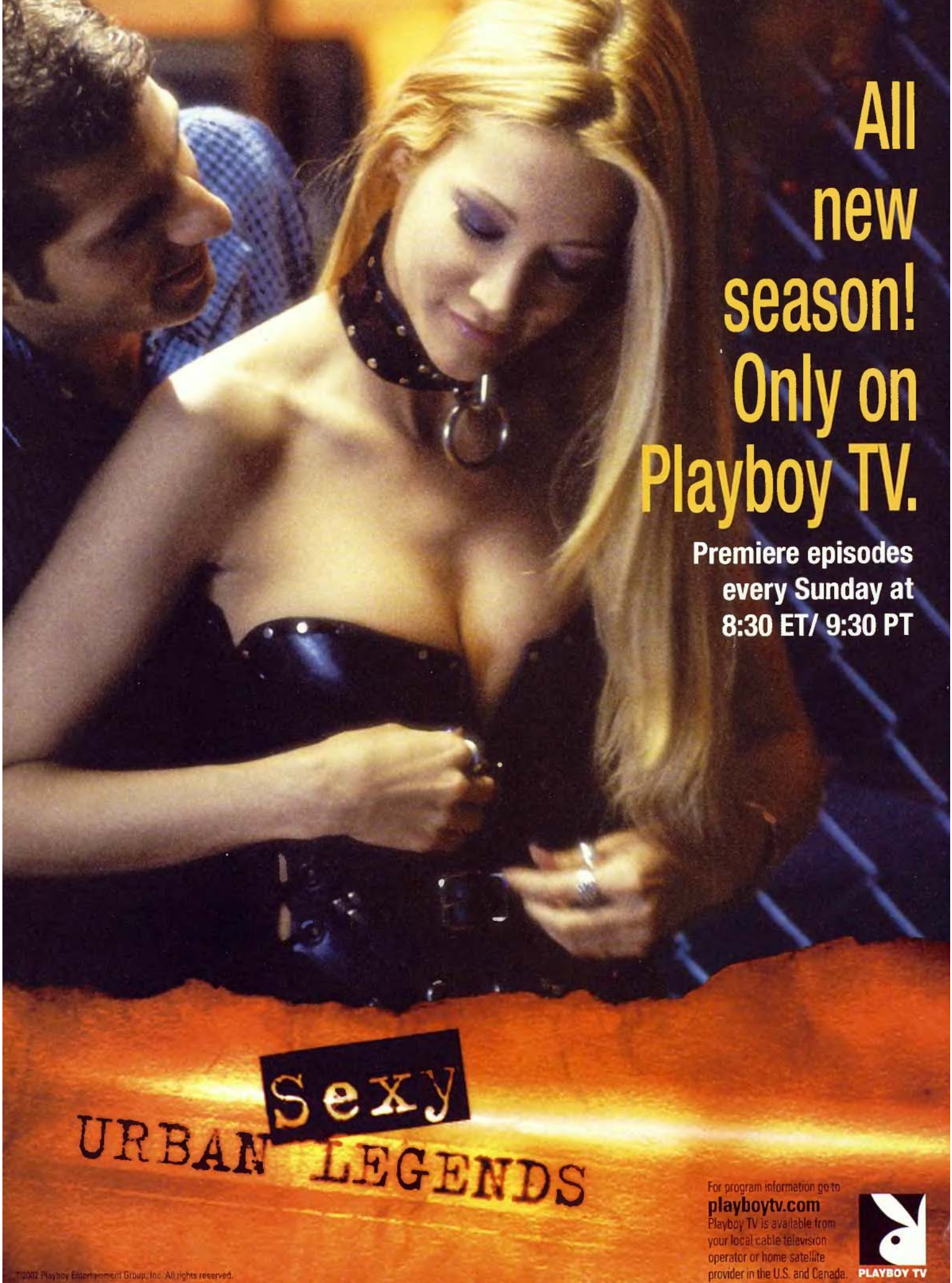
PLAYBOY: Movie stars want you to make them as cool as Chow Yun-Fat, but when you came to Hollywood and made *Hard Target*, Jean-Claude Van Damme forced the studio to let him make his own cut of your movie. How did it feel to have him suddenly take over the edit of your film?

WOO: It was shocking. I never knew that movie stars had so much power here. I wasn't happy, because in Hong Kong the director has full control. Making a movie is a simple thing, why make it so complicated? And if you hire somebody to do the job, why not have full confidence in that guy? People here find it hard to trust others, because this is an insecure business.

PLAYBOY: Hollywood executives are notorious for admiring the work of foreign directors, then sticking them into formula films and discarding them when they fail. Were you concerned that you'd be headed back to Hong Kong after the first film wasn't a hit?

WOO: No, I still was determined to stay in Hollywood because working 25 years in Hong Kong was enough. The market there is so small and everybody makes the same kind of movie. I decided I couldn't make the same movie for the rest of my life. Another reason was my family. In Hong Kong, you work like crazy, seven days a week, sometimes 14 hours a day. I shot in the daytime and edited at night. I never had any time for my family, and my children started to hate me. My family almost fell apart in Hong Kong. Because my wife is an American citizen, we decided to move our whole family. People don't work on weekends in America, so I could spend more time with my family.

PLAYBOY: The budgets that you work with are astronomically higher than those in Hong Kong, where you made your most memorable films. Have you become a better director?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WOO: Yeah. It's experience. It was harder to make a big-budget movie in Hollywood. It involves so much money and you have to have a good plan. In Hong Kong, I improvised on the set all the time. *The Killer* and *Hard-Boiled* were shot without scripts. We had a treatment that told the story, a little bit of dialogue, and we created it all on the set. That's why my movies in Hong Kong always went over budget. In Hollywood, I behave better. We plan and storyboard every action sequence. But I still like to improvise. On a big movie like *Mission: Impossible II*, the last motorcycle-chase sequence and the fight between Tom and Dougray Scott came from an idea we had on the set.

Even with a big movie like *Windtalkers*, which involved hundreds of extras and lots of explosions, only one of five battle scenes had a storyboard. The other four, I shot what I felt. I still follow my emotion. If I feel, OK, I need 12 guys to get blown up by the bomb here, then that's what I do. I always challenge myself to do something I haven't done before, some good action people haven't seen.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the violence around you, what movies influenced you when you were a kid?

WOO: I loved musicals. My favorite movies were *The Wizard of Oz* and the cartoon of *Bambi*. And Charlie Chaplin's *The Tramp*. They made me feel that life could be beautiful and gave me a lot of hope. I love the Western genre. John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Humphrey Bogart and Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy Stewart I took as my role model, the man with a pure heart. My father was an old-fashioned, traditional scholar, a philosopher, a sincere Christian. He never liked movies, but my mother was crazy about them, and she used to bring me to the theater to see American classics like *Gone With the Wind*. My father was very sick, he had tuberculosis for 10 years and all he could do was stay in the hospital. I couldn't help him and the only escape from that sadness was the theater. I wanted to escape from the hell we were living in, and in the theater I found my heaven.

PLAYBOY: You've always cited *Singin' in the Rain* as a big influence on your action films. Could Gene Kelly have been an action star?

WOO: I would have liked to work with Gene Kelly in an action film. He was one of my idols, so pure and charming. I love musicals and will make one here. I want to make a movie like *West Side Story*, which I've seen 21 times in the theater. I also love Bob Fosse. Somebody once offered me *Chicago*, but it didn't work out because I took *Mission: Impossible II*. John Travolta wanted me to do *The Phantom of the Opera*, but that didn't work out. My dream is to do a musical and a Western.

NICE GIRLS DO

(continued from page 76)

to pick her up, right? Her folks are out, so we go to her room. We start fooling around. We're making out for, like, two minutes, when she takes off her pants and says, 'You can do anything to me that you want. Except anal sex, because I have a spastic colon.'"

He burst into a surprisingly high-pitched giggle, his cherubic face turning as red as the devil's.

If it wasn't for the authentic ring of no-nonsense practicality so typical of Susie, I never would have believed him. My world was rocked. So, in fact, she had never played hard to get and was actually as overeager and easy as the rest of us. More so! Geez! "Anal sex" and "spastic colon" were not exactly regular phrases in my vocabulary. Actually, I had never heard of either. And on the first date? After a few minutes? Without the guy even asking? Gee, that kind of made Susie sort of, well, a slut!

Tom left me to repeat his tale to the rest of the partygoers. And thus a legend was born: Susie Spastic Colon. She never lived it down. And I never got over it.

So next time you pass by an ice princess, in a case of sour grapes stemming from your earlier days, turn around. You may be surprised.

PRACTICAL PAULA

You might also want to take a second look at those gals who turned you off because they seemed to be goody-goody, will-less pawns of overinvolved parents: Stepford chicks. Take my friend Paula, whose parents were either lovingly protective or Nazi assholes, depending on how you looked at it. Paula, like Susie, was a practical girl. She figured out early on that if she obeyed her parents to the letter and kept them happy, she could do exactly as she pleased. Throughout high school she complied with their draconian 10:30 curfew, never coming in even a minute late. She eschewed steady boyfriends, who, they said, might "distract her." If she went on a date, she brought the guy in to meet her parents. She called when they got to wherever they were going, and called again when they were leaving. As her parents insisted, she always had the boy take her home in a taxi and cheerfully waved to her parents, who were watching from their fifth floor window, upon her arrival.

But Paula had needs, too. So, she compensated by transforming those cab rides into her own traveling Motel 6, where she could experiment with boys. By senior year she had graduated from heavy make-out sessions to performing expert blow jobs as the yellow medallion

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

sped through Central Park. She used a technique that, with a lot of practice, let her control when he climaxed, timing it so that the lucky guy would come just as the cab rounded the corner to Lexington Avenue and home, where they'd brightly wave to her folks in the window. These were the acts of a girl driven by raging hormones, ingenuity and seen-it-all cabbies. But even after she grew up and got her own apartment and a life away from her folks, she couldn't leave her taxi lust behind. The act of hailing a taxi was erotically charged. Something about the squeaking seats, the jerking motion, the danger of being discovered by the cabbie and the urgency of getting off before it was time to get off brought her back to those many stolen orgasms of yesteryear.

One day she had to go to a business meeting crosstown with a male co-worker. She found the guy attractive but made a rule of not getting involved with people from work. But when his leg brushed against her thigh in the cab, reflex took over. She frantically unbuckled his belt and blew him, controlling her movements like a pro (I guess it's like riding a bicycle), bringing him to a rocking orgasm just as they approached the park's exit. The grateful co-worker had five blocks to compose himself. They went to the meeting and Paula, ever practical, never spoke of it again.

So next time you're turned off by some chick who's still living under the thumb of Mom and Dad, why don't you get over it, be a gent and offer to take her home. May I suggest you spring for a cab?

BACK-DOOR CATHOLIC

You may have heard this, but I swear it's true. This devout Catholic schoolgirl went to college, where she went out with a different guy every night, while supposedly remaining pure. It turns out she was having anal sex with about 10 different guys but she felt great about it because, as she patiently explained to her girlfriends, her virginity was still intact.

TOMBOY PUSSY

So what if she wears no makeup, dresses like a homeboy and could probably beat the crap out of you on the handball court. Put your pride aside and think twice the next time you pass over that plain-Jane jock. If she gives 110 percent to her team, she may do the same for you.

Matt had been going out with Nancy since their freshman year. Though she wasn't your typical beauty—approaching six feet, large-boned, with size 10 calloused and beat-up boats—Matt was crazy for her. Normally shy, she was an aggressive dynamo on the ice, where she captained the women's varsity hockey team. But she was also fiercely loyal and devoted to her man.

For Valentine's Day their junior year, Nancy wanted to do something special to show Matt she did indeed have a girlie wild side. So Matt walked into his room after class and found Nancy waiting for him, naked and spread-eagled on his bed, the soft glow from the Lava lamp revealing her normally bushy bush shaved into the shape of a hairy heart. Boy, was Matt surprised. In fact he was shocked, and kind of grossed out at the topiary confronting him. Where was his tomboy? But not wanting to hurt her feelings, he put a brave face on it as he put his face in it, and gamely brought her to orgasm. Two weeks later he made her promise never to do it again. But Matt ended up marrying Nancy. Any gal who would go to those lengths to please him was a keeper.

Remember, this was in the Eighties, before pussy-shaving became a common part of a gal's predate ritual. Now little girls practice on rainbow-snatch Barbie.

SO SARI

Are you frightened off by foreign gals, thinking your cultural differences are so vast that if you shake her hand her brother will start some trouble? Well, tread gingerly and with respect, but for Buddha's sake, don't turn tail and flee. Those labyrinthine codes of conduct may lead you straight into the heart of the maze.

My friend Tim told me about a raucous party he was at with his fun-loving buddy Shep. Shep met Magwa, a regal Indian beauty. He was intrigued, but Tim's girlfriend warned Shep that Magwa was a traditional girl, and not to mess with her. Magwa was indeed reserved, clad in a modest sari, and seemed totally out of place in the rowdy postcollegiate frat atmosphere.

Shep tried his best moves on her, but Magwa appeared baffled and alarmed by his come-ons. Nevertheless, before she left around midnight, she slipped Shep her cell phone number. Shep, astonished, asked Tim, "Do you think I should call her?" Tim said, "I don't know what it'll get you, but why not?" So Shep called Magwa, who, much to his surprise, agreed to meet him that night back at his apartment.

When she showed up around two, the first thing Magwa did was sternly warn Shep that although she would spend the night, she would not let him sleep with her. Bewildered, and afraid to frighten her off, Shep readily agreed.

Half an hour later she was naked and on top of him, gyrating like a stripper. "I don't know," Shep bemusedly related to Tim. "I may not be sleeping with Magwa, but I'm fucking her!"

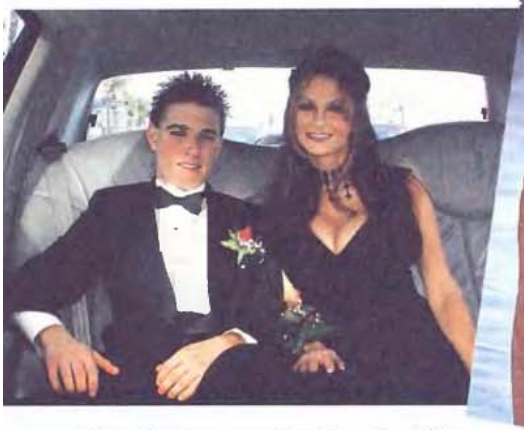
So remember, in your never-ending quest for tail, not to overlook the much-maligned goody-goodys. They are good. And they're waiting for you.

"We do a service to humanity by culling out the weak, the sick and the surfers."

PLAYMATE NEWS

PETRA'S PROM NIGHT

Toby Hocking became the envy of his high school buddies when he landed Miss December 1989 Petra Verkaik as his prom date. The story made national headlines. "Toby's mom is a friend of mine," Petra says. "She told me that he didn't have a date. It was a girls-ask-the-guys situation. I told her I would be his date if no one asked him." Not surprisingly, Toby caught wind of Petra's offer and opted to go with her. "I kind of put it off until the day before," Petra says. "Then I thought, Oh shit, I need a dress, a boutonniere, a limo. I need to get my hair done. I felt like I was 17 again with all the typical girl stuff." Petra had to pass one test with the school administration before the date. "I got called into the principal's office!" she says. "I think he was scared I was going to show up in a hoochie-mama outfit. But the principal was grinning the whole time we talked. He just wanted to be careful." At the prom, Toby's friends were impressed by Petra as well. "While we were dancing, all of his friends kept cutting in. I was looking at him like, Aren't you going to do anything? You're my man on this date!" Unfortunately for Toby, Petra said goodbye and went home at midnight. "He was a perfect gentleman," she says. "At the end of the date, he gave me a kiss on the cheek and took off with his buddies to an after-prom party. It must have been a great bash, because his mom called me at eight in the morning, wondering where her son was!"

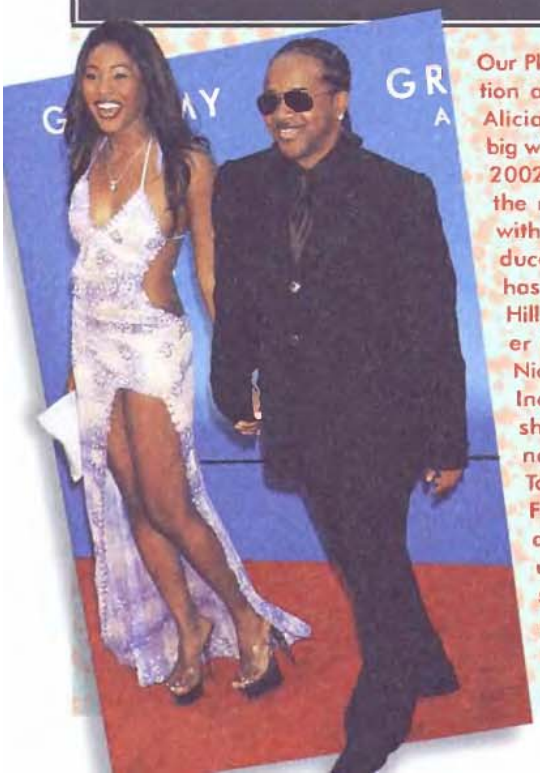


25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Sondra Theodore.

Miss July 1977 Sondra Theodore filled out the magazine's first Data Sheet. Her turnons? "Honesty and someone who cares." Turnoffs? "People who don't live life to the fullest." She dated Hef for years, then got hitched to Vanna White's manager, Ray Manzella, at the Mansion in 1985. (Later, Manzella dated Jenny McCarthy.) "Sondra loved Hef," says photographer Ken Marcus. "I don't think she took a thing from him. She arrived in a Volkswagen Bug and she left in a Volkswagen Bug."

GRAMMY GALS



Our Playmates watched the action an Grammy night, when Alicia Keys and U2 were the big winners. Left: Miss January 2002 Nicole Narain walked the red carpet—and talked with Joan Rivers—with producer Jermaine Dupri, who has collaborated with Dru Hill, TLC, Mariah Carey, Usher and Lil' Kim. What's in Nicole's CD player? "I love Incubus and Limp Bizkit," she says. "I'm into alternative music and R&B." Top right: Presenters Jamie Foxx, Pamela Anderson and Ja Rule recite the requisite—and often stupid—award-show banter. Bottom: Tammy Lynn Michaels, her girlfriend Melissa Etheridge, Pamela and Kid Rock work the press line.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Arsenio Hall

I absolutely love **Ava Fabian.** But it's hard to not put in a plug for Pamela Anderson. She is a good friend, and she'll kill me if I don't say she's one of my favorites.

REMEMBERING ELISA

Miss December 1994 Elisa Bridges passed away on February 7, 2002 at the age of 28. The coroner has concluded that her death was due to natural causes. On hearing the news, we were flooded with letters and e-mails from PLAYBOY readers. Here are a few that touched us:

I just heard about Elisa Bridges. Even though I never got the chance to meet her, I feel deeply saddened. She was one of the top 10 Playmates. God must have needed an angel for a specific duty. We will miss you, Elisa!

Todd Dusek
Sagamore Hills, Ohio

Elisa was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Although I never met her, she seemed like the perfect woman. I pray for her family and all of her friends during this tragic time.

Brent Ross
Huntington Beach, California

I am shocked by the death of Elisa. Her Centerfold has been hanging in my home for years. I would like to share my sympathy with her family.

Peter Heinemann
Wuppertal, Germany

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

July 9: Miss November 1985
Pamela Saunders
July 11: Miss April 1973
Julie Woodson
July 15: Miss June 1981
Cathy Larmouth
July 16: Miss June 1956
Gloria Walker
July 25: Miss June 1992
Angela Melini

SUMMER, SUMMER, SUMMERTIME

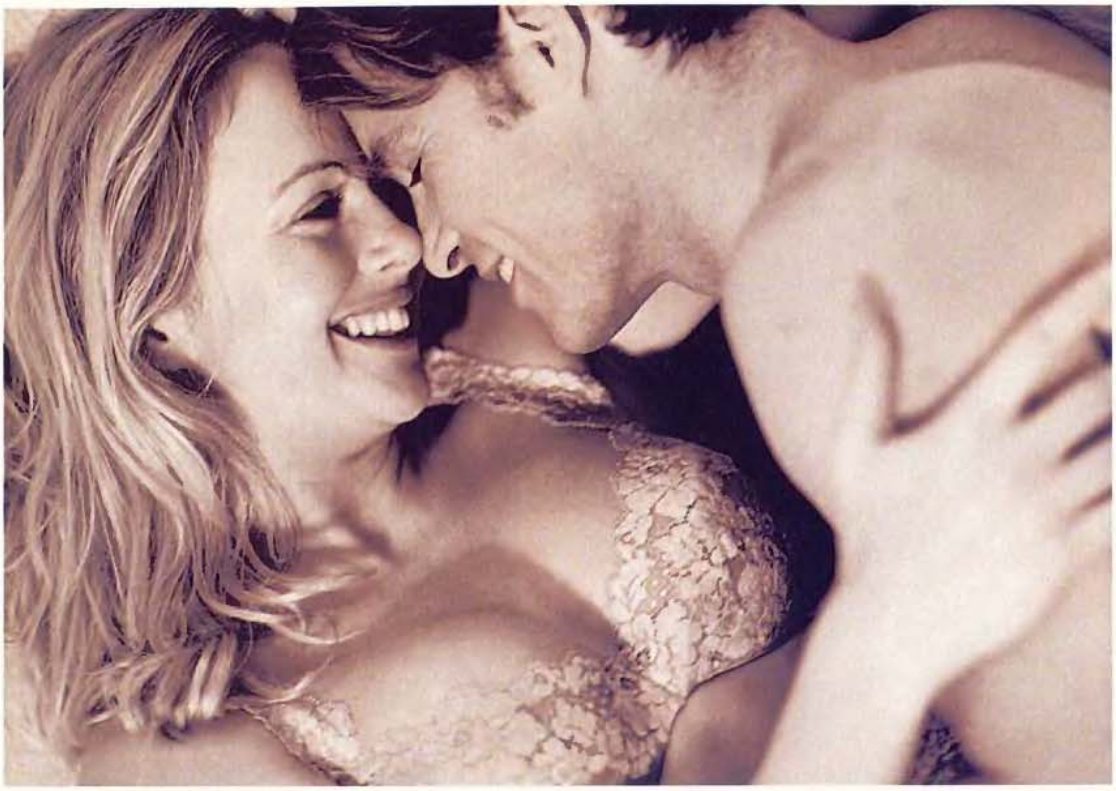
The next Playmate to become a household name? Summer Altice, who appears in *The Scorpion King*. "I worked with the Rock for three months," she says. Summer's other happenings include, clockwise from left: the premiere of *Hart's War*, *The Fast and the Furious* party, getting made up at Sundance, and a party for PlayStation 2.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Congrats to **Jenny McCarthy** (below), who is expecting her first child with husband **John Asher** any day now. . . . **Anna Nicole Smith** was awarded $88.5 million in damages from a lawsuit over the fortune of her late husband, **J. Howard Marshall II.** She's been fighting for the money since 1999. . . . **Pamela Anderson** announced that she has hepatitis C. "I have undergone outpatient treatment at UCLA Medical Center," she says. "I contracted hepatitis C while sharing a tattoo needle with **Tommy Lee.**". . . **Nikki Schieler Ziering** and her boss, *Price Is Right* host **Bob Barker,** appeared on *The Bold and the Beautiful*. Nikki and **Ian Ziering** are divorcing after nearly five years of marriage. . . . **Buffy Tyler, Suzanne Stokes, Tina Jordan, Stacy Fuson, Stephanie Heinrich, Jami Ferrell, Irina Voronina** and **Kimberley Stanfield** join **Hef** on the cover of **Gene Simmons'** new magazine, *Tongue* . . . **Layla Roberts** appears with **Jason Alexander** in a commercial for KFC. . . . **Neriah Davis** hosts E's *Wild on New Orleans*. . . . If you're heading to Vegas, look for these gals in print ads: **Nicole Lenz** for the Luxor Hotel's Club Ra, **Cara Michelle** for Whiskey Sky and **Tishara Cousino** for the musical *Tease*. . . . Irina Voronina and **Crista Nicole** (below) chatted with fans at the Magic convention in Sin City. Word is they caused a royal flush or two.

Jenny: Preggers!

Magic mamas.



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That's why I created the Testosterall System. It's the complete performance boosting system I developed for men who are starting to feel their age.

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If you feel like half the man you used to be, don't give up. I can help you regain your youthful stamina and drive. Boost your performance and be all the man you can be with the Testosterall System.

Best regards,

R. Cohen, MD.

Dr. Richard Cohen

"After a few weeks of taking Testosterall, my wife and I felt like we were back on our honeymoon again. And after 35 years, that's quite an accomplishment. I just feel like I'm back in my 20's or 30's."

Jack – Manhasset, NY

"When I tried Testosterall, I thought, "Wow! I've got a lot more energy and my sex drive is increased." It's really made a difference."

Gregg – Mesa, AZ

"After three or four days, I did notice I had increased energy. I also noticed I was starting to experience an increased libido."

Larry – Wilton, ND

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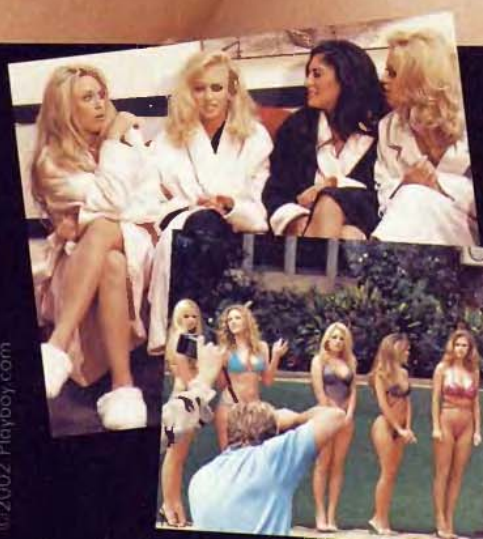
See what they couldn't show you on FOX!

TOO HOT FOR TV!



The contestants met. They bonded. Then they got wild. Comparing bikini lines, getting wet in the hot tub, grappling and groping like curious, lustful sorority girls. This is the footage that network censors edited out of FOX's *Search for a Playboy Centerfold*. Now, you can see it all in the Cyber Club!

cyber club

cyber.playboy.com/join/0702/

©2002 Playboy.com

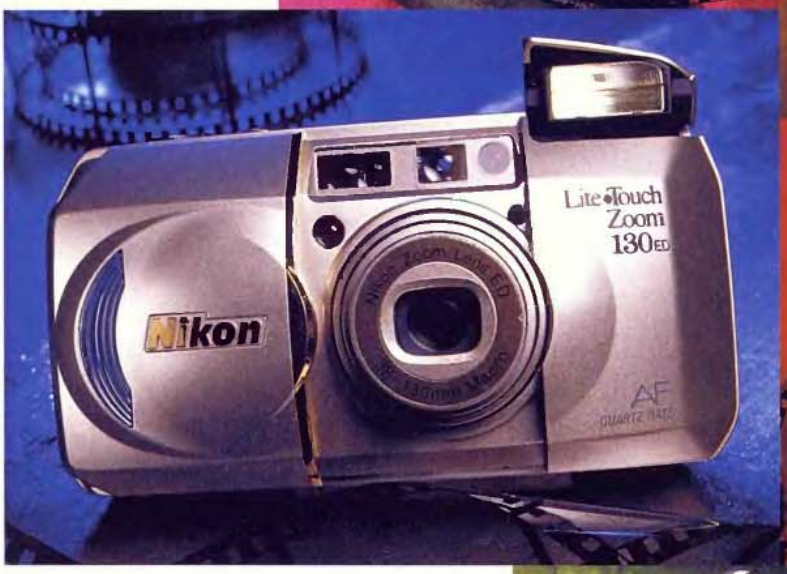
PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

STRAIGHT TO THE POINT

Digital cameras haven't killed the 35mm format. If anything, the fervor over digital has given a boost to film-based counterparts, namely from companies that hope to create 35mm cameras to compete with the convenience of digital. As a result, photo processors now offer to create a CD-ROM of your photos or post them online after your film is developed, while manufacturers produce smaller cameras with better zooms and more features. The Stylus Epic Zoom 170 Deluxe by Olympus has a range from 38mm to 170mm, the most powerful available in a pocket camera. Easy-to-use features such as auto flash and auto focus are what earned point-and-shoot cameras their name. The auto-focus system used in Canon's Sure Shot Z155 identifies the main subject without the need to lock the focus and recompose the image. By evaluating three focusing points, it detects off-center subjects even as the 37mm–155mm lens is zoomed. Minolta's Freedom Zoom 160 has the largest auto-focus area, and its predictive-focus feature instantly adjusts if a subject moves. Other models such as Fujifilm's Zoom Date 1300 and Nikon's Lite-Touch Zoom 130 ED/QD offer multiple auto-flash and auto-focus modes and powerful zooms. All of them take great pictures—even if you can't connect them to a PC.

—JASON BUHRMESTER



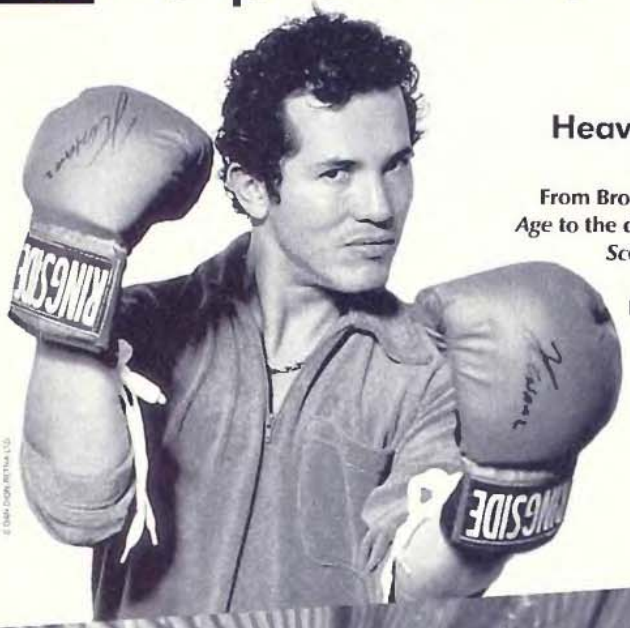
GEORGE GEORGIOU

Top left: The auto focus in Minolta's Freedom Zoom 160 is the fastest for compact cameras. It uses a 32-bit processor to calculate the subject's distance, location and brightness before you touch the shutter release ($199). Above: A sliding lens cover in Nikon's Lite-Touch Zoom 130 ED/QD protects the retractable zoom from scratches and dirt. The lens has a range of 38mm–130mm and uses the same optical glass available in a high-end Nikon lens ($255). Right: Fujifilm's Zoom Date 1300 has a 28mm–130mm zoom and several photo modes, including night portrait and landscape. The digitally programmed zoom flash adjusts for distance and ambient light. The remote control can operate from up to five meters away ($350).

Top right: The Olympus Stylus Epic Zoom 170 Deluxe is equipped with a 38mm–170mm zoom and the company's visual confirmation finder, which darkens the image in the viewfinder at the moment of shutter release to confirm that you got your shot ($560). Above: Canon combined its auto-focus and auto-flash sensors into a single chip, giving the Sure Shot Z155 greater exposure control. The sensor analyzes the lighting conditions of 16 zones in any focus point and will compensate for low light and backlight ($300).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.

Grapevine



A Heavyweight Punch

From Broadway to *Ice Age* to the documentary *Scene Stealers*, JOHN LEGUIZAMO is having a knock-out 2002.

She's Hot and Cool

No Doubt's GWEN STEFANI has music awards, an engagement ring and a platinum CD, *Rock Steady*, to cheer about. But we're definitely intrigued by her belly button. Thank you, Gwen.

Elizabeth Backs Into Our Picture

She has appeared on Playboy TV and in *Rude Awakening* on Showtime. We're behind ELIZABETH REEDER all the way.

Miri, Miri, on the Wall

Runway and advertising model MIRI CHAMDI will soon be seen promoting the movie *2012*. But you're seeing her much sooner in *Grapevine*.

Young Blood

SYLEENA JOHNSON inherited her pipes from her soulful father, Syl, but her first CD, *Chapter 1: Love, Pain and Forgiveness*, is all her own. R. Kelly penned the single *I Am a Woman*. Yes, she is.

A Pat on the Hat

KENNY CHESNEY, *Country Weekly*'s hot bachelor and Academy of Country Music top male vocalist nominee, has a tour and a CD—*No Shoes, No Shirt, No Problem*—on the heels of a double-platinum *Greatest Hits*. Give the man a hand.

Hood Ornament

LAURIE WALLACE has appeared in Playboy Special Editions, on *The Howard Stern Show* and in movies such as *Big Daddy*. Currently producing a series of erotic adventure videos, Laurie gives new meaning to riding shotgun.

Potpourri

DRIVING PRIVILEGE

Want to see what the rich and famous once drove? Drop by the Petersen Automotive Museum, 6060 Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles between June 14, 2002 and January 12, 2003 to check out the exhibit Million Dollar Cars: The World's Most Valuable Vehicles. Below is the 1939 Bugatti 57C once owned by the shah of Iran. If that doesn't get your motor revving, maybe Steve McQueen's 1956 Jaguar XKSS will. Call 323-930-CARS for more information.

HERALDING HAROLD

Harold Lloyd acted in more silent films than Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton combined, and the image of him hanging from the hands of a clock in *Safety Last* is synonymous with Lloyd's style of thrill comedy. To celebrate the comedian's talent, Abrams has published *Harold Lloyd: Master Comedian* by Jeffrey Vance and Suzanne Lloyd (Harold's granddaughter). It's filled with black-and-white photos of Lloyd's life and films. Price: $45.

SEX TO GO

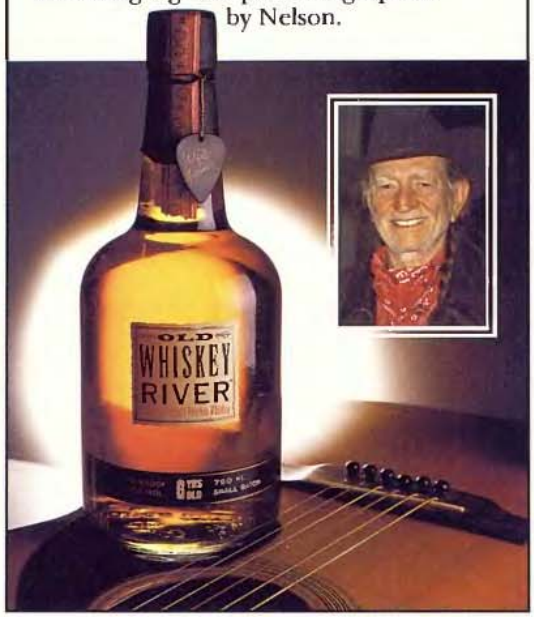
We've all imagined having sex with a beautiful mysterious woman in a strange city. But whether your fantasies occur while you're flying on the Concorde or when you're ensconced in your easy chair, we have the perfect reading companion. *Erotic Travel Tales*, featuring 21 stories of sexual shenanigans, takes you from the exotic temples of Bombay to the sex clubs of New Orleans, with stopovers in Venice and Athens. The price: $14.95. Call Cleis Press at 800-780-2279, or go to cleispress.com to order. Mitzi Szereto, who wrote *Erotic Fairy Tales: A Romp Through the Classics* (another Cleis title), is the editor of the book.

COLD ON THE ROCKS

To rock your next party, serve your shooters in shot glasses made of ice. "Any shooter that should be served cold tastes better and goes down faster when served in a ShotRock," says Lisa Jean, the company's Ice Princess. To create a frozen glass, fill a ShotRock mold with water or fruit juice—liquor won't work—and freeze for four to six hours. Get creative, adding food coloring, lemon rinds or olives. When it's party time you'll be able to have your glass and eat it, too. Cool! Not recommended for hot buttered rum, spiced cider or Irish coffee, obviously. Price: $18.95 for a four-glass tray from shotrock.com, or call 888-746-8762.

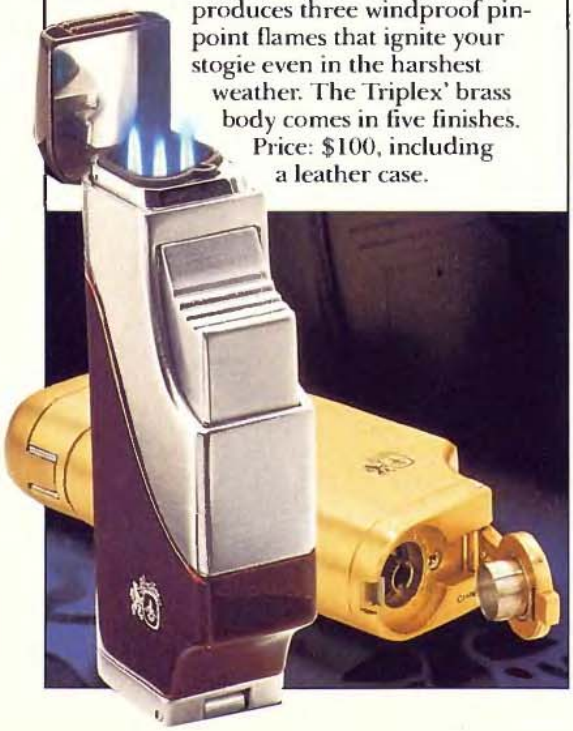
WHISKEY RIVER, DON'T RUN DRY

Old Whiskey River Kentucky bourbon has more going for it than smooth taste and rich flavor. Every batch of the 86 proof, six-year-old liquor is made with grains grown on independent, family-owned American farms. Willie Nelson helped craft the whiskey and has been promoting it. Price: about $28 a bottle, including a guitar pick autographed by Nelson.



FLAME IS THE NAME OF THE GAME

Half the status in firing up a premium cigar comes with what you use to light it. The hot one to flaunt is Colibri of London's Triplex butane lighter with a built-in cigar punch. Its ignition system produces three windproof pinpoint flames that ignite your stogie even in the harshest weather. The Triplex' brass body comes in five finishes. Price: $100, including a leather case.



I'M AN AMERICAN GIRL

The images of lovely flag-waving ladies in the $11.95 softcover *Patriotic Pin-ups* from Collectors Press are tame by today's standards, but the artists (such as Rolf Armstrong, who drew the girl pictured here) knew how to capture the spirit of July 4th. Other books in the Artist Archive series are *Playful Pin-ups*, *Cowgirl Pin-ups* and *Pin-up Nudes II*. Mystery and cheesecake maven Max Allan Collins wrote the introductions to each book. Call Collectors Press at 800-423-1848 to order a copy.

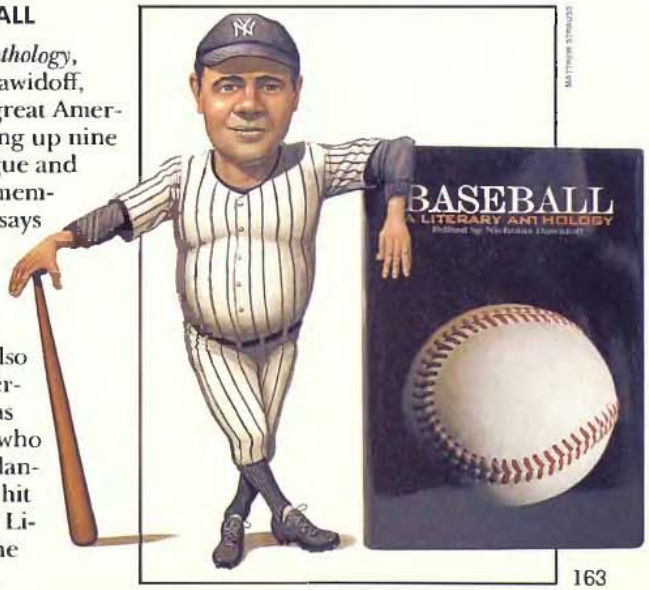
DAN CLINE

OFF THE ROAD AGAIN

Kawasaki's new midsize all-terrain vehicle, the Prairie 360, offers most of the features of the company's larger Prairie 650, but at $5500 it's $1500 cheaper. The engine is an air-cooled, single-cylinder four-stroke. The automatic transmission has selectable two- or four-wheel-drive capability. Mud and slippery trails aren't a problem, thanks to another feature, front-wheel power-on-demand. For more information, log on to kawasaki.com.

LITERARY BALL

Baseball: A Literary Anthology, edited by Nicholas Dawidoff, pays homage to the great American pastime by serving up nine innings of major league and bush league stories, memoirs, news reports, essays and profiles by literary heavy hitters, including Ring Lardner and Damon Runyon. There are also anecdotes about lesser-known players such as Moe Berg, a catcher who could speak a dozen languages "but couldn't hit in any of them." The Library of America is the publisher. Price: $35.



MATTHEW STRAUSS

Next Month

PLAYBOY TO THE RESCUE

CALLGIRL WARS

TWENTY-FOUR/SEVEN

DOUBLE-DIPPING

THE WOMEN OF ENRON—MOST OF YOU SAT AROUND AND STEWED WHEN THE ENERGY GIANT WENT BUST AND HARD-WORKING WOMEN GOT PINK SLIPS. PLAYBOY TOOK ACTION. A PICTORIAL WITH NO HIDDEN ASSETS

THE 24-HOUR PICKUP ARTIST—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIT ON EVERY WOMAN YOU MEET? **COREY LEVITAN** PROVES HOW EASY IT IS TO GET BUSY AT THE LAUNDROMAT, THE DMV, EVEN IN TRAFFIC. FOLLOW HIS LEAD AND YOU'LL BE FIXING HER BREAKFAST TOMORROW

JACKPOT—DAVID EDWARDS HAD NO JOB, NO HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA, TWO EX-WIVES, $8000 OF DEBT, A PRISON RECORD, A BAD BACK AND NO PROSPECTS. THEN ONE DAY HE PLAYED THE LOTTERY AND WON $28 MILLION. BUT COULD ALL THAT DOUGH WIPE AWAY A TRAUMATIC PAST? ARTICLE BY **PAIGE WILLIAMS**

THE DEADLY CALLGIRL WARS—WHEN HEIDI FLEISS WENT TO JAIL, RUTHLESS RUSSIANS STEPPED UP, FIGHTING FOR CONTROL OF LOS ANGELES' HIGH-END PROSTITUTION RACKETS. **WILLIAM STADIEM** INVESTIGATES A WEIRD DEMIMONDE WHERE LIFE IS AS FRIVOLOUS AS "SEX-UVS"—AND AS SERIOUS AS MURDER

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—IT'S A HIGH-WIRE GAME OF ESPIONAGE BETWEEN THE AMERICAN SPYMASTER AND HIS DODGY RUSSIAN PAL. MOSCOW, IT TURNS OUT, IS AS DEADLY AS EVER. FICTION BY **JOHN WEISMAN**

THE TENISON TWINS—IN 1990 RENEÉ TENISON BECAME THE FIRST AFRICAN AMERICAN PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR. RECENTLY, HER IDENTICAL TWIN SISTER, ROSIE, JOINED HER FOR A PICTORIAL SHOT ON THE BEACH IN CUBA. THE ISLAND NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD

TWENTY-FOUR/SEVEN—SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS ARE UBIQUITOUS ACROSS AMERICA. BUT DO THEY MAKE US SAFER? **MARK BOAL** SPIES ON THE SPIES AND DISCOVERS A LOT OF WASTED FILM

AMANDA PEET—THE INTELLECTUAL DREAM GIRL WITH PERFECT COMIC TIMING GIVES **ROBERT CRANE** A 20Q CHUCKLE. DISCUSSED: BEING HOT FOR TEACHER, HOW TO BEAR FIREARMS WHILE TOPLESS, FLASHING BEN AFFLECK AND SCREWING IN AN AIRPLANE. DID WE MENTION THAT SHE'S DROP-DEAD CUTE?

HARRISON FORD—THE ULTIMATE GUY'S GUY TALKS ABOUT INDIANA JONES VERSUS HAN SOLO, MOTORCYCLES VERSUS AIRPLANES AND HOLLYWOOD ACTORS VERSUS THE RELENTLESS MEDIA IN A STRAIGHT-TALKING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

PLUS: THE NEW RANGE ROVER, THE BEST NEW SEX LITERATURE, SMALL AND FAST MOTORCYCLES, SUMMER RUNWAY LOOKS YOU CAN ACTUALLY WEAR, ENERGY COCKTAILS THAT WORK, CENTERFOLD **ANGELA LITTLE'S** SEX TIPS AND PLAYMATE **CHRISTINA SANTIAGO**